



DESIGNED FOR THE DEFENCE AND PROMOTION OF
BIBLICAL TRUTH,
 AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION IN
THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

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AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

A PLAIN DINNER.

"Flo not back, ay? Ha, Mr. Smith, I'm glad to see you in my house. I hope I shall often have you here. You are hungry, I suppose; I am," said Mr. Newbolt hurrying into the drawing-room, after a brief visit to his dressing-room. "Ring the bell, Ida, and let's have dinner, for we are late. I'm not scolding about it, for the fault is mine, or rather, that noodle Tamworth's, who would persist in holding me by the button, when I wanted to be off, and told him in plainest terms that his twaddle would delay my dinner."

To be kept waiting for his dinner was a keen provocation to the host, who always had a fierce appetite for good meat and drink five minutes before the clock struck six. Respectable fathers of families sometimes are testy under the searching importunities of the stomach. But though John Harrison Newbolt was visibly eager for the over-due repast, he was very anxious not to punish Ida or his guest for the sin of "that noodle Tamworth." So he kissed the former, and shook the latter very cordially by the hand; after which demonstrations of affection and hospitality, he repeated his question, "Flo not back?"

His heart told Edward who "Flo" was.

"No, they must have kept her to early dinner at Clapton."

"She'll be back soon, I hope," observed the giant, quickly, clearly not relishing Flo's absence.

"She'll certainly be back in time for tea," answered Ida.

"Dinner is served, sir," said a footman, opening the door; the servant was not Mr. Turvey, but Mr. Turvey's lieutenant, Thomas.

"Good," exclaimed Mr. Newbolt, jumping up from a chair in which he had seated himself a moment before. "Mr. Smith, give your arm to Ida; I'll follow you."

In a minute, the three were sitting at table in a lofty dining-room, furnished in antique fashion with old carved furniture of black-brown oak, and resembling the rest of the house in the completeness and costliness of its appointments. The ceiling was eighteen feet above the rich Turkey carpet that covered the floor; the sideboard was bright with enough glass for a large dinner party; on a buffet was a display of gold and silver plate, the like of which few rich men set forth, even on state occasions. Mr. Turvey stood in easy dignity behind his master's chair; Thomas, in claret and gold livery, took up a position in the rear of Ida; and an indescribable nervous sensation in the back of his head assured Edward that the under-footman, Arthur, in dress uniform with that of the superb Thomas, was gazing intently at the curls which rested on his (Edward's) coat-collar. Upon the whole, the young artist was agreeably excited by the splendour and pomp of his entertainer's domestic arrangements. The dining-room of the Clock House was a striking

contrast to the hot, crowded coffee-room of the Duke's Head, where he was accustomed to eat his beef-steaks and mutton-chops. A raw lad, fresh up from a Devonshire village or a Scotch farm-stead, and introduced for the first time to so grand a banqueting hall, would have feared discomfiture on points of etiquette and social usage—have had harrowing doubts of his ability to deal with knotty sauce and gravy problems—have had misgivings as to the right rules for selecting from the various dishes and condiments held round by the silent servitors. But there was no danger that Edward would tie his napkin round his neck, or satisfy thirst with the scented water of his finger-glass; for, notwithstanding the seclusion and simplicity of his past life, he had had some practice in the art of disposing of complicated dinners, having made two pedestrian excursions from St. Malo to Paris with his father, when he had dined at the *table d'hôtes* of first-class hotels and restaurants in the Palais Royal and on the Boulevards. Moreover, it was not in his nature, singularly devoid as it was of affectation and personal vanity, to trouble himself with fears lest he should be guilty of small solecisms of manner, or to dread being taken for that which he really was—an untutored, unsophisticated youngster.

Mr. Newbolt took his soup, an honest pound of salmon, and four large glasses of sherry in profound silence.

Then the giant, feeling himself refreshed, began to talk, and to the end of the repast went on eating, drinking, and talking with equal energy. The strong life of the man was conspicuous in everything he did. "There's go in him; he'll never say die," his brother brokers used to remark of him in the City. "Whatever John Harrison Newbolt does, he does out-and-out, does it thorough, and no mistake. He eats more, drinks more, talks more, walks more, rides more, works more, plays more than any other man in London. But he never eats too much, for he has the carcass of an elephant, and room for what would provision a garrison for a twelve-month; he is never the worse for drink, for a whole pipe of wine wouldn't knock him off his legs; he never talks too much, for even when he talks his wildest, what he says is worth listening to; and as for his walking, and riding, and working, and playing, why it would be impossible for him to do too much of them, for there's nothing can knock him up." In the City John Harrison Newbolt was greatly, if not universally, admired. The unflagging energy and noisy heartiness of the man made him a favourite east of Temple Bar. Moreover, in business circles his honour was spotless, his word standing high amongst the highest. It was told how years back he had bought the entire sugar produce of two great West Indian firms, at a certain fixed price, for two years; how the agreements were verbal, without a scrip of writing to enforce them if they had been unscrupulously set aside; how the bargains were disastrous for the London broker, since throughout the first year the price of sugar never came up to the rate at which he bought the prodigious supply, and from the beginning to the end of the second year steadily fell lower and still lower; how John Harrison Newbolt said as little as possible about his blunder, paid for consignment after consignment as the ruinous sugar came into dock, and



without grumble or hesitation dropped fifty thousand pounds—on the verbal understanding. "You are a strange man," said a friend who learnt the facts of the case from rumour, "to throw away money in that fashion." "Pooh!" was the answer, "I haven't thrown away the money; I have only been gilding a good name with it; the yellow stuff will stick *there*." Which reply assuredly may not be remembered amongst the many thousand foolish speeches uttered by the strong man, during the course of his noisy, contentious existence. At Westminster and at the West-end clubs he was less popular than in the City; patrician leaders in both houses complained that he lacked good breeding (which to some extent was true); that he was overbearing, dogmatical, insolent, and intolerant of opposition (which charges were altogether true); that he was a wiseacre (and, unquestionably, he *was* a wiseacre to some politicians of all parties): but if at a general election he had lost his seat for Harling, and the new parliament had met without having him in their ranks, his most strenuous opponents would have regretted his absence, and hoped that the House of Commons would ere long regrouped once more with his loud voice and outrageous personalities.

"Plain dinners, no kickshaws or ostentation here, Mr. Smith," observed the advocate of republican simplicity, towards the close of dinner, glancing from his guest to the buffet of costly plate, as the liveried servants handed round some French dishes—"all quiet, simple, plain, in the hearty old English style. No arrogance or noise here, my young friend, but a cordial welcome to those who are content to take us as they find us. Simple fare and plenty of it, but no luxury. Have another glass of that hock—the champagne is a trifle too much iced. Turvey, the hock to Mr. Smith. We must make the most of our time, for I must leave you at ten o'clock—have promised to be down at the House by a quarter to eleven. Mind, Thomas, that the carriage is here, punctual to a moment—as I ordered it. Let's see, I can take you back to town with me, Mr. Smith—drop you at the end of Tottenham Court Road."

"Perhaps," said Ida, "Mr. Smith would like to go on with you to the House, and hear the debate. Possibly he has never heard a debate."

"He can do that if he likes. I can get you into the Speaker's gallery, Mr. Smith."

"I should much like to hear the debate," said Edward, promptly snapping at the offer. "It will be a novel treat to me, for I have never seen the inside of either house. Will there be much going on to-night?"

"Umph! I shall make a row about something or other," said the giant, stoutly.

"Mr. Smith will enjoy hearing you make a row," observed Ida with her arch smile.

"Well, then, ne'd better come, for *I mean to be howled down!* Ah, I am a quarrelsome fellow out of doors, but I'm a lamb at home. How has everything been going on to-day, Turvey? Those baidlers making more haste at the stables? lazy fellows!"

"They're going hon quicker," said Mr. Turvey.

The visitor noticed that Mr. Turvey did not finish off his reply with the word "ar."

"You've been bullying 'em, ay?"

"Hi've been hincussant in hexpostulating with 'em, and keeping my hi hon 'em."

"That's right. You'd hardly believe the trouble it is to get a little job done in this place. The air of the hill, Mr. Smith, seems to make people lazy. The number of fellows I have here, bothering about my little garden, you'd hardly credit me if I told it to you; and yet the place is hardly fit to be seen."

"I haven't discovered its defects. It seems to me a lovely and a magnificent place," said Edward, paying the compliment which had been fished for.

"All the neighbourhood round here is very picturesque," modestly returned Mr. Newbolt.

"It's being built upon very fast," observed Edward.

"Ay," returned the proprietor of the Clock House, in his most benevolent vein, "and it is truly pleasant to think what a number of happy families there are, cozily packed in rural cottages, that might be reached by rifle-shots from my grounds. I can remember when the 'Clock House' stood alone in its glory; and now, in every lane and nook round about us there are good, substantial mansions, or rows of semi-detached villas—each of them with its trim garden. London people have grown much more sensible since the time when they persisted in living the whole year round in close, stuffy houses. Ah! much more sensible! Children now get pure, invigorating country air, and constant exercise. By my word! sir, the results on the rising generation will be stupendously beneficial."

"There's room for a score good villas, and a street or two in your grounds," suggested Edward, not without an object. "I dare say you could find a building company ready to speculate upon the land."

"I should like to see the agent who'd dare to make the proposal to me," broke forth the master of the house, colouring with indignation, and shaking his great head viciously. "What! cut up my grounds for the sake of a parcel of city clerks, and Chancery Lane attornies, so that their precious brats and clattering nurse-maids might squall and wrangle aloud under my fine trees! Catch me at it! Let me, too, only catch the man with brass enough in his face to put such scheme before me in sober earnest! What would you do, Turvey, to the fellow who came up here with such a proposal?"

"Hi'd cover him with derision," briefly answered Mr. Turvey, looking sublimely contemptuous behind his master's chair.

"Cover him with derision, indeed!" shouted the master. "I'd have out the dogs, and hunt the fellow from here to Tottenham! That's how I'd cover him with derision."

Whereupon Mr. Newbolt laughed aloud at his own comical affectation of savagery, and Ida smiled at her giant, thinking that he was getting somewhat too turbulent, and had better be soothed down with a smile; and Edward, reflecting on the words which had just fallen, chiefly in play, but a good deal in earnest, came to the conclusion that there were limits to Mr. Newbolt's affectionate concern for the welfare of the people, and that however much he might, as an ardent republican, affect to hold class distinctions at a cheap rate, he was not unconscious of his social superiority to City clerks and Chancery Lane attornies.

When the servants had withdrawn, after placing

dessert on the table, the conversation turned on the topics of the day, the news of the morning papers, and for a few minutes upon art; on all which fields of discussion Edward showed discernment and sufficient information. In 1846, art students and young artists took narrow views of life, and felt greater interest in the scandals, and gossip, and petty events of the studios, than in the more important doings of the outer world. Their talk was much more on the prices of pictures, the dodges of picture-dealers, the embarrassments of distinguished artists, and the abominable endeavours of academicians, than on matters engaging the chief attention of the wisest and best of their fellow-countrymen. Of the Spanish marriage they had little to say, except that young people ought to be allowed to marry and enjoy themselves, if they could afford to set up housekeeping. And if they took lively concern in public affairs of highest moment, they regarded them from a purely professional stand-point, considering them only as they did or might affect their peculiar vocation. Soobraon and Alival were but subjects for grand battle-pieces; of the railway panic they thought little, save as a scene of social madness, of which Hogarth, had he been still alive, would have put on canvas inimitable illustrations; the great conflagration of St. John's, Newfoundland, might be done something with, by an expert and bold handler of colour. Of course they read the daily papers carelessly, to see "what was up," and over their pipes they talked lightly of "whatever was up;" but they seldom made any attempt to reach the hidden and solemn significance of passing events; and classing all varieties of current incidents under the general head of "news," gave the same amount of heed to grand and to trivial matters—to the Hounslow flogging case and the action for breach of promise against Earl Ferrers, the Irish famine and the occurrences at Epsom and Ascot, the fight for free trade and the success of General Tom Thumb. Be it remembered that these remarks refer to the young artists of 1846, not of 1863.

But in this respect, Edward was superior to the students of his time. Though he had taken submissively and without reply John Buckmaster's reproof, when the master scolded him for saying that an artist had nothing to do with politics, and though he in some degree pleaded guilty to a charge of taking too little interest in affairs not connected with his profession, in reality he was by no means a narrow and unsympathetic observer of life. Passing most of his time in steady labour or solitude, and talking but little in the student cliques (who deemed him cold, reserved, haughty), he was singularly free from the slang and unsound thought that were far too prevalent in them. His mind rested on public events, did not pass lightly over them; and on many matters he was, with all his simpleness and modesty, a far more persistent and original thinker than others deemed him—far, far more so than he deemed himself. Moreover, close intercourse with Rupert, who, though he was shallow and sippant, took a wide range of observation, and had no narrowing prejudices, had been beneficial to his intellectual growth.

He was therefore well qualified to bear a most conspicuous part in dinner-table talk on most subjects; whilst on art, though he was unaware of his strength, he

spoke with an amount of judgment, feeling, and perspicuity which gained him ready listeners. And he was, and ever remained too genuine and natural a man to be restrained from talking freely on the subject best known to him, by the false dignity and foolish vanity which sometimes make young men silent, when they might speak to good purpose, through fear of being laughed at for "talking shop," and through dread of having it supposed that because they talk well about the pursuits by which they earn their bread, they cannot converse on other matters.

When Ida Newbolt rose and left the dinner-table, Edward sprung to his feet and opened the door for her. Perhaps some critical readers may ask how he came to pay the lady that ordinary attention, since he was unused to the ways of polite society, and had never before dined in company with a gentlewoman. Certain it is, the young man had received no instruction on the point from his tutor, Rupert; had spent no time in preparing himself for his *début* in civilised society over the pages of a manual on etiquette. The explanation of the puzzling fact is, that he was by nature a gentleman; and being so, he saw at a glance an opportunity for doing the lady a courtesy; and seeing it, he quickly and instinctively seized it. And herein may be seen the key to a riddle which has perplexed some honest people—the cause whence it comes that Nature's gentlemen, who have spent their lives in humble positions, so readily adapt themselves to the manners of drawing-rooms. The ease, and dignity, and confidence of Robert Burns, in the presence of the great ladies who presided over the fashion of Edinburgh, surprised many persons, who, if they had been taken suddenly from a plough-tail to a ball-room, would have carried with them the tone and style of ploughmen. But the puzzle was easy of solution. The most important rules of good society are no more than a code of laws by which all persons, without learning them, would regulate their conduct, if they were truly and at heart made of gentle stuff; and Nature's gentlemen being so made, are always inspired with the spirit, although they may not know the letter of the laws. Polite life has, of course, its arbitrary and variable usages—its edicts, affecting only the surface of social intercourse; but Nature's gentlemen, in whatever rank they may have been born, may and do observe or disregard them according to their pleasure—the chief end of which *pleasure* is, under all circumstances, to give pleasure to others.

When Ida Newbolt had retired, Mr. Newbolt drew his chair to a window, which commanded a good view of the grounds, together with the lodge gate and the carriage drive; and when he had so seated himself, according to his wont on summer evenings, he invited Edward to take a chair by his side.

Scarcely had Edward complied, when Mr. Turvey entered, and placed on a small table before his master a fresh bottle of Burgundy; whereupon John Harrison Newbolt said, "Here, Turvey, take a glass of it; you like Burgundy as well as I. Come, old friend, there's a brimmer."

"Your health, Mr. Newbolt—and your remarkably good health, Mr. Smith; and may you live to be the recognised Father of Hart!" observed Mr. Turvey,

raising the brimmer to the light and eyeing it, before he poured the mellow wine down his throat.

"An excellent man that," observed the giant, when his butler had left the room. "Turvey has lived with me for years; indeed, he has been an inmate of the Clock House ever since he was a boy. He was in the late Mr. Harrison's service long before I ever thought I should be the prosperous man I am. Ah! he's a valuable, noble fellow; the world regards him as my servant—I call him my friend. Dear, good man; he and I have our little trifles; sometimes he tyrannises over me, and sometimes I bully him; but at heart we love each other like brothers. You see, I never let him call me 'sir'; I hate to be called 'sir' by my servants; but I find it best to submit to it from the ordinary fellows who wear my livery. It's a mistake to think you can teach the rabble to respect themselves and their employers at the same time; they can't do it. But a man like Turvey doesn't lose sight of his own position, because you treat him as an equal on the ground of that common brotherhood which embraces all ranks, and takes no note of class distinctions. Still, don't think I object to your calling me 'sir' now and then, as I notice you do. I like the respectful title from youngsters. There's poetry in the word when it comes from a boy's lips, as you use it—not to a rich man who means to buy your pictures, but to an old man who has seen something of the world."

The insolence and the genuine amiability of this speech were equally amusing.

Very droll were the attempts of the overbearing, success-proud man to persuade himself that he was at heart a simple republican, caring nought for rank and pomp.

The child's play was so manifest and transparent, that Edward, though he was not a keen discernor of character, smiled at it.

(To be continued.)

UNITARIANISM NOT "THE TRUTH."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN SULLIVAN."

L.—INTRODUCTORY.

WHITE. Oh, Edward, is that you? How do you do? I missed you yesterday, both at the morning and evening service, and feared that you might be unwell. Where were you?

OWEN. Oh, I was at Newton. Thompson asked me on Saturday to walk over and spend the day with him; and I did not get back till nearly ten o'clock at night.

WHITE. Thompson! but how did he and you get on together? He is a Socinian, or Unitarian, is he not?

OWEN. Yes; and I felt a sort of wish to know exactly wherein they differed from us; so I went to chapel with him, both morning and evening.

WHITE. I doubt if that was a proper way of spending the Sunday. But what did you hear?

OWEN. Not enough to enable me to form an opinion. The morning sermon was what you would call a moral discourse. That in the evening did touch a little on the points of difference between Unitarians and other denominations; and

afterwards Thompson and I had some conversation about it as we walked home. But I have not a very clear idea of the system of belief which they adopt: indeed, he confessed that on many points they had differences among themselves. I should rather like to talk the matter over with you.

WHITE. Well, I can have no objection. I once saw a good deal of these people, for a brother-in-law of mine was somewhat taken with them. Latterly, however, they have been very quiet, and I am inclined to hope that they are gradually dwindling away. Indeed, their declining condition is, on their own ground, a strong argument against them.

OWEN. How so? You do not mean, I suppose, that truth and falsehood are determined by majorities; for in that case the Papists must be right, and the Protestants must be wrong.

WHITE. No, I do not mean anything so absurd as that; but your illustration partly explains what I do mean. In Spain, for instance, there are 15,000,000 Papists, and, probably, not 1,500 Protestants. Yet there was a time when a zealous Spanish Papist could say that, "had not the Inquisition taken care in time to put a stop to those preachers, the Protestant religion would have run through Spain like wild-fire." And therefore the whole power of the Government and of the Church was exerted, in the sixteenth century, to extirpate Protestantism by fire and sword. The Inquisition sought it out in every town, every village, and every house, and many thousands perished at the stake. Still larger numbers fled, or were banished, or died in prison. Thus the Protestant faith was put down, or extirpated, in Spain by mere force. Clearly, to conclude from the subsequent unanimity of Spain in the Romish faith, that Popery must be the truth, would merely be to reckon that "might is right," and that he who can silence an opponent by force must have the best of the argument.

OWEN. But I thought that you did assume, from the weakness of Unitarianism in England, that its argumentative position could not be strong.

WHITE. I did, and I do, simply because England is not like Spain, but all creeds may have a fair hearing; and every man is at liberty to adopt any form of belief that he prefers. We meet every day with young men who have been brought up Churchmen and who have become Dissenters, and with the sons of Dissenters who have gone over to the Church. Many zealous Protestants have the grief of seeing their children embrace Popery; and devoted Quakers find their sons admiring cathedral music. It is this entire freedom which enables me to argue, that if Unitarians had really had the truth on their side, they would probably have made visible progress among educated men. But I believe that the fact is quite the other way. In the days of Priestley and Belsham, Unitarianism was stronger, when compared with other denominations, than it is now. The active part of the Church of England has bestirred itself, and has enormously increased. Dissenters and Methodists, also, have greatly augmented their numbers, and have probably three times as many chapels and congregations as they had in the year 1800. Meanwhile, the Socinians, or Unitarians, have made no such advance. It is sometimes doubted whether there are as many now as existed sixty years ago. But, assuredly, they have not

increased with the increase of population, or in any degree resembling the increase of other religious denominations. And as they have not been persecuted, but can print, and publish, and preach, and associate, and subscribe, as freely as Churchmen, or Methodists, or Dissenters, it is fair to argue that they have presented their views to the British population, and have failed to gain a verdict.

OWEN. But would you make truth or error depend upon the verdict of a multitude?

WHITE. Certainly not; nor would I argue, from these facts, that Unitarianism must certainly be wrong. But it is fair to remark that Unitarians themselves do constantly invite a decision on this ground. Their main reliance is on human reason. They assume that the Unitarian creed is manifestly right, and Trinitarianism manifestly absurd. They insist upon it that they want only a fair hearing to carry the day. I remark, therefore, that they have now, in England, a far more fair and tolerant hearing than the apostles had in the first ages of the Church; but, instead of gaining converts by tens of thousands, they can scarcely hold their ground. Surely, then, having chosen their tribunal, and having appealed to the common sense and reason of their countrymen, they may very properly be reminded that the verdict is not in their favour. I, indeed, do not hold that the popular opinion is always right; but they, I think, scarcely admit any higher tribunal in this world than the reason of man. Still, I offer this merely as a remark in passing.

OWEN. Yes; I understand. And I think, too, that I heard an expression or two from the preacher at Newton, which sounded like submitting everything to the authority of the written Word.

WHITE. I am glad to hear it, for in that case the argument is greatly simplified.

OWEN. But would he not remind you, if he were here, that, if not in England, still, in other countries, such as Geneva, and Switzerland, and some parts of Germany, and among the Protestants of France, views resembling those which he holds have gained ground, and have become quite predominant among the Reformed Churches?

WHITE. Probably he might; to which I should answer, that wherever Christianity has faded away, and lapsed into a state resembling that of the Laodicean church of St. John's day, there it was very natural that an emasculated creed, like that of Unitarianism, should be taken up.

OWEN. But do you think that he would admit that Christianity was emasculated or dimmed, when the creed became that which he holds to be scriptural and true?

WHITE. Probably not; but my appeal would be to notorious facts. I say that in those Protestant lands where the faith of the Church has gradually become Unitarian or Socinian, it is a plain matter of fact, open to every one's observation, that religion has dwindled down to a mere name. Go, for instance, into a Swiss or German town, where the common belief, and the teaching of the Church, is Rationalistic (which is Socinianism under another name); at nine o'clock on the Sunday morning you find the people, or those of them who still profess any religion, hurrying off to church, to an early and short service; and you learn, on inquiry, that it is the only service of the day, and that it is

held at an early hour, and made as short as possible, that the chief part of the day may be given to rifle-practice. Will not any candid man admit that, among such a people, religion is at a low ebb—that it is reduced to a mere form? Again, inquire in any second or third-rate English town, and you will generally find that the sums of money annually contributed by the people, in the various churches and chapels, for the spread of the Gospel among the heathen, amounts to some hundreds, or even to a thousand pounds. But go to a similar town in Germany, Switzerland, or Holland, where the preaching is Rationalistic or Unitarian, and you will easily learn that their interest in the spread of the Gospel is not warm enough to lead to a contribution of as many pence. Again, therefore, I say that there can be, in fact, very little religion where the Saviour's last command is so generally disregarded; and that I am not at all surprised that where a living faith, which abounds in good works, has nearly expired, there a barren, rapid, and valueless creed, like that of Unitarianism, should be generally adopted.

OWEN. Of course you are assuming all this—assuming, I mean, that Unitarianism is barren and valueless. But as to the trifling efforts of Unitarians to send missions to the heathen; I learnt last night that one main cause of this inertness is, that they do not take so serious a view as we do of the peril in which the heathen stand; but that, believing that a man will be judged according to that which he hath, and not according to that he hath not, they trust that the poor Hindoos and Caffres will, in some way known to God, find a home at last in the "many mansions" prepared in the skies.

WHITE. Oh, yes, I know that is the plea always advanced for sparing both their pockets and their personal exertions, when appealed to for efforts resembling those put forth by all other denominations of Christians. But you can hardly fail to observe one fearful aspect of this plea. In our Lord's last interview with his disciples, he gave them his final commands—commands clearly reaching to all their successors through all time. And these commands chiefly turned upon one duty then committed to them. Their Lord said, in the plainest and most emphatic manner, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," Mark xvi. 15. The whole extent of the world has not yet been reached; nor have all its inhabitants heard this message. The obligation, though ill discharged, has scarcely ever been denied, until in these latter days. The Unitarians and Rationalists do not hesitate to declare that they know better than the Lord Jesus. The Gospel, in their view, is not necessary for the salvation of the heathen, and it is even doubted whether the heathen may not have an easier sentence, if left ignorant of it. Thus do poor worms of the earth, without shame or hesitation, conceive it possible that they may be more competent judges of these things than He who made the world; who died to redeem his people; and who now sits at the right hand of God, "the Prince of the kings of the earth." Surely this monstrous audacity, exhibited by creatures of yesterday, who "know not what a day may bring forth," must excite the wonder of angels, accustomed as they are to continual exhibitions of man's arrogance, ignorance, and self-sufficiency.

OWEN. Well, I will say nothing more on this head; but when shall we enter upon the whole subject?

WHITE. Let me see; I think we may spare a little time to-morrow evening; but I would recommend you to think of the matter beforehand, and to pray for a proper frame of mind in which to enter upon it. There is something very awful in any kind of lightness of spirit, when such creatures as we are attempt to deal with so deep and solemn a question as that of the nature and character of God. I suppose that the first point we ought to take up is that of the objections started by Unitarians to a belief in a Triune God.

(To be continued.)

THE "GROTTO OF THE NATIVITY."

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, F.S.A., F.R.G.S.

It is recorded in the Gospel according to St. Luke that Joseph and Mary went up from Nazareth, in Galilee, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, in order to be taxed;* and that Mary brought forth there her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a "manger," because there was no room for them in the inn. Bethlehem was called the city of David because it was there that Samuel anointed the son of Jesse. The Scripture had said that Christ should come of the seed of David, and out of the town of Bethlehem; and thus, in the words of Dr. Hales, did the "fierceness of man turn to the praise of God, and to the fulfilment of prophecy, that Christ should be born at Bethlehem, so far from his mother's residence."

The Eastern people, it is to be observed, have, generally speaking, no mangers, and Christian art is in error when it figures such. The word in the original, Dr. Hammond has justly observed, means a stable, or place where cattle stand. Modern heresy, like that of Corinthus, against which the aged and venerable St. John peculiarly wrote his Gospel, rejects the narrative of St. Luke, as written to meet the exigencies of prophecy, and it asserts that Jesus was born at Nazareth. But such scepticism has neither legend nor tradition in its favour—still less the authority of the Gospel. It is true that St. Mark is silent in respect to the infancy of our Saviour, but the text of St. Luke is corroborated by St. Matthew and St. John. Of what avail is it, then, to say that Jesus was born in Nazareth, because Joseph and Mary dwelt in that place, when we have positive historical statements to the contrary? It is putting a mere assertion in opposition to recorded fact; conjuring up at once a fallacy and an anti-scriptural statement, for the purposes of an idle and unfounded hypothesis.

When Jesus was born, according to St. Matthew, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, inquiring of Herod, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the

east, and are come to worship him." According to St. Luke, angels came to the shepherds who were tending their flocks in the same country, and the glory of the Lord shone about them, bringing good tidings of great joy. The expression of Matthew, "star in the east," has been supposed to be figurative of light, rather internal than external—the sense of an event, rather than the vision of the thing—the inspiration of the Holy Spirit in opposition to the mere intimations of the flesh. Most learned divines look upon the text, however, as literal. Bishop Pearce, for example, says, "Probably this star or light was of the nature of what the Jews call the Shakinah, or Divine glory. Perhaps it was the same 'glory of the Lord,' or miraculous light which 'shone round about the shepherds,' which may have appeared to the magi, on the same night, at a great distance, diminished to the size of a star." Dr. Hales suggests, and Bishop Porteus argues, that it was plainly some new appearance which they, whose profession led them peculiarly to the study of astronomy, had observed in the heavens.

At any rate it was some clear luminous appearance, as we read in Holy Scripture (Matthew ii. 9), "And, lo, the star, which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was."

There is a curious Mohammedan legend connected with this pilgrimage of the magi to Bethlehem, which attests that the event was even traditionally associated with an important incident in the history of pyrae, or fire-temples. It is related by Yakut, in his "Mojem el Buldan," on the authority of Abu Dolef Moser, son of Moehlehl, the poet, as follows:—This is what they relate of the circumstances which led to the foundation of Shiz: King Hormuz was informed that a child, blessed by God, was about to be born near Jerusalem, in a village called Bethlehem, and that he must present offerings to it of perfumes, oil, and milk. He entrusted these presents, together with a considerable sum of money, to a confidential person, and bade him go to Jerusalem to obtain information with regard to this child. When he should have found him, he instructed him to present these offerings to his mother, congratulating her at the same time in having given birth to a man whose glory and whose virtues would spread over the world, and begging that she would pray for Hormuz and for his kingdom. The messenger duly presented himself before Mary, gave to her the things with which he had been entrusted, and informed her of the blessings which waited upon her offspring. When he was on the point of taking his departure, Mary gave him a sack full of earth, and said to him, "Advise your master to raise an edifice with this earth." The messenger returned to his own country, and arrived at the spot where is Shiz, and which was at that time a desert place; he fell ill, and, finding his end approaching, he had the sack buried, after which he died. The Persians pretend that King Hormuz, having been informed of the circumstance, bade one of his officers go to the place where the messenger had died, and construct a fire-temple there. The officer inquired how he should discover the spot: the latter replied, "Go, and

* A difficulty has arisen respecting the words in St. Luke (i. 2), that the taxing was made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria, it appearing from other historical records that Cyrenius was not made governor of Palestine till ten or twelve years after the birth of Christ: but it would appear that Cyrenius was, at that epoch, governor of Cilicia, which was included in Syria, so that there is no occasion for the supposition advanced by Archbishop Paley, Dean Prideaux, Dr. Hammond, and others, that Cyrenius was, by anticipation, called by that title.

* Bishop Porteus has justly remarked, that it is not meant that they saw the star to the east of themselves; but that they, being eastward of Judea, saw the star, seeming to hang over that country.

have no apprehensions; you cannot fail to find it out." Arrived at the site of Shiz, the messenger found himself in a state of great embarrassment as to how he should acquit himself of his mission; but scarcely had night come on than he saw a great light issue forth from the ground near him. He at once traced a line round the locality whence he could perceive the flames issue; and the next day he had the foundations of a fire-temple laid on the spot, which afterwards became the celebrated Pyraus of Shiz. Obeid Allah (Yakut), the author of this humble book, adds, as a good Mussulman, "All that has been read is extracted from Abu Dolef Moser, son of Moehlehl, the poet, and I in no way make myself responsible for the authenticity of this narrative; for his stories are not free from exaggerations or falsehood. I have simply transcribed it as I found it. God knows the truth!"

Obeid Allah was, it is to be observed, of Greek origin. He was called Yakut, "the ruby," for his good qualities; and upon his conversion to Islamism he took the surname of Shehab-din, "the hearth of faith;" yet he may still have had some hankering after his pristine faith, which he was equally careful to disavow; but the tradition itself is so puerile, and so replete with anachronisms, as to have no interest save one; and it is for that that we relate it—namely, that it tends to show that the same traditions of the presence of magi at the birth of Christ were current among the fire-worshippers themselves, as well as among Jews and Gentiles.

It is generally supposed that the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, a devout Christian, who visited Palestine about A.D. 325, determined the position of most of the holy places; but this was certainly not the case with regard to Bethlehem. The "house of bread," or Ephrathah, "the fruitful," now Beit Lahm, "the house of flesh," was mentioned in the history of the patriarch Jacob (Gen. xlviii. 7); and it became afterwards known as "the city of David." It is described as the place of the nativity by Justin, the Samaritan philosopher, who suffered martyrdom under Antoninus Pius (see his "Dialogue," sect. 78), and who speaks distinctly of the Saviour's birth, as having occurred in a *grotto* near Bethlehem. Origen, who wrote about A.D. 252, described "the cave" as venerated, even by those who were aliens from the faith (comp. Celsus, lib. i. p. 39); and St. Jerome records that the place was overshadowed by a grove of Thammuz, that is to say, a Syrian deity, the same with the Phœnician Adon, or Adonis, for whom the Hebrew idolatresses were accustomed to hold an annual lamentation (Ezek. viii. 14), from the time of Adrian for the space of 160 years, or from A.D. 135 to 315. The Empress Helena had, then, other grounds, besides Scriptural records and local traditions existing in her own time, for erecting the magnificent basilica (Eusebius "Vit. Constant.," iii. 41, 43) over the place of the nativity, which still exists. In the following century, Bethlehem became the chosen resort of the most learned of the Latins and the scene of their important labours in behalf of sacred literature, chief among which must be reckoned the Vulgate translation of the Bible by St. Jerome.

What was there, it may be pertinently asked, to be seen at Bethlehem in the earliest ages, after the Empress Helena had signified her acceptance of the tradition which attached to this spot the unrivalled

interest of being the birth-place of our Saviour? At the extreme eastern angle of the village—for the so-called "city of David" was little more—there was "a sort of *natural half-cave*," the *outer part* of which was consecrated as the place of our Lord's birth; the inside was called our Lord's manger. The whole of this cave was covered with precious marble. Over the place where our Lord was more especially said to have been born, stood the great church of St. Mary. Near the wall was a hollow stone, which received from the well the water in which our Lord's body was said to have been washed; and has ever since (as it was probably before) been full of the purest water, without any diminution. If by any accident or service it had been emptied, it quickly became as full as before. This is taken from the narrative of the Gaulish Bishop Arculf, written from his dictation by Adamnan, Abbot of Iona, who visited the spot some four centuries after the cave had been lined with marble, and "the great church of St. Mary" had been erected under the superintendence of the pious empress. In the valley to the north of Bethlehem, Bishop Arculf saw the tomb of David, in the middle of a church, covered with a low pyramidal stone (a form of sepulchral monument still adopted by the Jews in many countries) unadorned, with a lamp placed above it. In another church, on the slope of the hill to the south, was the tomb of St. Jerome, equally without ornament. About a mile to the east of Bethlehem, "by the tower of Adar," that is, "of the flock," was a church containing monuments of the three shepherds, to whom, on this spot, the angel made known the birth of our Lord. Cave or grotto springs of the description noticed here—that is to say, which have no general issue, and yet if emptied will fill themselves after a greater or less length of time, and sometimes with a rill of pure water trickling from them, at others with an abundant flow—are not uncommon in Syria. There is a rock-spring of the first description in a cave dedicated to the apostles on the hill-side above Antioch; there are several in rocks above Deir-i-Saffran, or "the yellow monastery," where dwelt Mar Gregorius Abul Faraf, better known as Abulfaragus, the Primate of all the Jacobites; and near Jezreh-ibn-Omar—the Bezabde of the Romans. Yet many would smile at the worthy bishop's statement as a pious fable.

But already in the eighth century we find a change coming over the scene. When Willibald, who travelled between 721 and 727, visited Bethlehem, he described the place where Christ was born as being *once a cave*; but it was then already cut out of the rock into the shape of a square house, the earth being dug up and thrown from it all round, so as to obliterate the entrance, a church built above it, and an altar placed over the site of the Birth. Again, when the monk surnamed Bernard the Wise visited Bethlehem, in A.D. 867, he found there "a very large church in honour of St. Mary," in the middle of which was a crypt under a stone, the entrance of which was from the south, and the egress from the east, in which was shown the manger where our Lord was laid, on the west side of the crypt. And the place where our Lord cried was professed to be shown, with an altar over it, where mass was said. The cave had thus been by that time enclosed, and had become a

crypt, with one passage for entrance, and another for egress, to meet the exigencies of the influx of pilgrims, and an altar had been raised. The excavations in the rock necessary to carry out these changes had, no doubt, tarried the sources of the little rock-spring; for we hear no more of it afterwards. The supply of water being derived from the percolation, and oozing out of drops, instead of from a stream, however insignificant, coming from other beds or strata, it is easy to understand how the slightest change of circumstances, the interception of the beds, and the inclosure of the cave, would lead to the extinction of the little basin of water.

In the time of Sæwulf, A.D. 1102, the Saracens had destroyed everything (as in the other holy places without the walls of Jerusalem), except the monastery of the Virgin Mary. In the church there was a crypt under the choir, about the middle, in which was seen the place of our Lord's Nativity, as it were, to the left. A little lower, to the right, near the place of the Nativity, was the manger where "the ox and ass," which figure so much in Christian art, stood when the child was placed before them in it; and the stone which supported the head of our Saviour in the sepulchre, which was brought there from Jerusalem by "St. Jerome the presbyter," was to be seen in the manger. Sæwulf adds that St. Jerome himself rested in the same church, under the altar, and not, as Arculf states, in another church on the slope of the hill to the south; and the innocents who were slain for the infant Christ by Herod, he likewise adds, lay under the altar on the north part of the church, as well as the two most holy women, Paula, and her daughter Eustochium. There was also the marble table on which the Virgin Mary ate with the three magi, after they had given their offerings. There was further a cistern in the church, near the crypt of our Lord's Nativity, into which the star was said to have fallen. There also was said to be the bath of the Virgin Mary.

We find, then, many additions already introduced in the twelfth century to the careful and minute descriptions of earlier pilgrims, and which, not being alluded to in those primitive accounts, may be fairly set down as monkish legends. The cistern alluded to above, and to which a miraculous and unfounded story is made to attach itself, is to all appearance the little basin which in earlier times was always full of water; but although Benjamin of Tudela especially describes the country around Bethlehem as abounding in his time in rivulets, wells, and springs of water, it appears that it was at that epoch already dried up. The monkish legends continued to grow in numbers and extravagance with the progress of time. That most credulous of all travellers, Sir John Maundeville, relates that near the choir of the church, "at the right side, as men go down sixteen steps, is the place where our Lord was born; which is full well made of marble, and full richly painted with gold, silver, azure, and other colours. And three paces from it is the crib of the ox and the ass. And beside that is the place where the star fell, which led the three kings, Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar; but the Greeks call them Galgalathe, Malgalathe, and Saraphie; and the Jews call them in Hebrew, Appellius, Amerius, and Damasus. These three kings offered to our Lord gold, incense, and myrrh;

and they met together by a miracle of God; for they met together in a city in India called Cassak, which is fifty-three days from Bethlehem, and yet they arrived at Bethlehem on the thirteenth day, which was the fourth day after they had seen the star, when they met in that city; and thus they were nine days from that city to Bethlehem; and that was a great miracle."

Passing down to modern times, Maundrell describes himself as having seen in 1697, at Bethlehem, the place where it is said our blessed Lord was born, the manger in which it is said He was laid; the chapel of St. Joseph, his supposed father; that of the Innocents; those of St. Jerome, of St. Paula and Eustochium, and of Eusebius of Cremona; and lastly, the school of St. Jerome. We have then few additions made after the lapse of the middle ages, and then of such a trifling character as to require no discussion. Maundrell, it is however to be further added, notices a well as being "near the convent, where you are told it was the star appeared to the eastern magi, to their exceeding joy." The monks, unwilling to lose the legend attached to the original cave-spring, had, as is not uncommon with them, connected it by that time with another well in the neighbourhood. One of the next and most competent travellers (although Maundrell leaves nothing to desire in regard to accuracy), who have described Bethlehem, was Dr. Pococke. He describes the stable in which our Saviour was born as a grotto cut out of the rock, according to the eastern custom. This was not, however, we have before seen, the original condition of the cave. There are many different kinds of grottoes in the East. Many were used as dwellings, and the idea of such, it has been justly remarked, is so interwoven into the imagery of Scripture, as almost to become a special feature in its language. Rock dwellings constitute, indeed, a familiar part of the domestic economy of the people. From Selenia Pieria to Siloam and Engaddi, from the caves of Upper Egypt by Petra, to the grotto towns of Cappadocia, we everywhere meet with examples. Sepulchral grottoes are also met with wherever the rock by its nature and disposition is favourable for the hewing out of such. There are also the well-known pear-shaped granaries, and the tanks sunk below a level rock surface; but many of these have been natural caves fashioned afterwards by the hand of man. And such was undoubtedly the case with the grotto at Bethlehem. Such caves are in most regions used as stables, or even as places for shelter and repose; as we know to our cost during lengthened peregrinations in the East, for the dung of cattle and horses breeds in hot climates hosts of little pests.

Dr. Pococke also tells us how the church of the Empress Helena, embellished by Constantine the Great, and therefore belonging up to that time to the Western or Syro-Greek Church, was obtained by the Latins "from the Grand Signor, by means of the French Ambassador, on the birth of the present Dauphin." Pococke traveled about 1740, so that the Dauphin alluded to must have been the unfortunate Louis XVI. The Latins, he said, at that epoch kept possession of the grottoes below, and of the high altar; the Greeks might celebrate at the altars on each side, "which is a privilege they will not now make use of;" and the

east end of the church was separated from the rest by a partition. The Latins, Armenians, and Greeks had at that time convents about the church. The first were governed by a guardian, who continued there only for three months; and the French, Spaniards, and Italians equally shared in this office, and they had under them about ten monks. Pococke speaks of the Christians dwelling at Bethlehem as leading a disreputable life, and he adds: "I will not venture to say whether too great a familiarity with those places in which the sacred mysteries of our redemption were acted may not be a cause to take off from the reverence and awe which they should have for them, and lessen the influence they ought to have on their conduct." Pococke further notices many grottoes at the village belonging to the shepherds, which "serve for the retreat of cattle during the winter nights, and where the shepherds and their families live at that season, to take care of them." He also gives the details of several legends which had sprung up in connection with neighbouring localities, in modern times, which would carry us too far to enter upon here. The number of such legends keeps naturally increasing, the more we get removed from primitive times; yet it is with the primitive legends that we can alone have to do, as in any way authentic. It was, probably, however, the knowledge of the impositions practised by the monks in this respect upon the pilgrims that led to the demoralisation of the resident Christians, more than the familiarity with the holy places themselves.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE NAILS IN THE POST.

THERE WAS once a farmer who had a son named John, a boy very apt to be thoughtless, and careless as to doing what he was told to do. One day his father said to him, "John, you are so careless and forgetful that every time you do wrong I shall drive a nail into this post, to remind you how often you are naughty; and every time you do right I will draw one out." His father did as he said he would, and every day he had one, and sometimes a great many nails to drive in, but very seldom one to draw out. At last John saw that the post was quite covered with nails, and he began to be ashamed of having so many faults; so he resolved to be a better boy, and the next day he was so good and industrious that several nails came out; the day after it was the same thing, and so on for a long time, till at length he came to the last nail. His father then called him, and said, "Look, John, here is the very last nail, and now I am going to draw this; are you not glad?" John looked at the post, and then, instead of expressing his joy as his father expected, he burst into tears. "Why," said his father, "what is the matter? I should think you would be delighted; the nails are all gone." "Yes," sobbed John, "the nails are all gone, but the scars are there yet." So it is, dear children, with your faults and your bad habits; you may overcome them; you may by degrees cure them; but the scars remain. Now take my advice, and whenever you find yourself doing a wrong thing, or getting into a bad habit, stop at once, for every time you give up to it you drive another nail, and that will leave a scar on your soul, even if the nail should be afterwards drawn out. Yet for the removal of those scars there is a remedy; the blood of Jesus can wash them out. It will if you ask him, and try to have no more to remove.

Memorials of Illustrious Women.

MRS. ISABELLA GRAHAM.

THE life of the excellent woman whose biography is given in this chapter was one of exemplary goodness. She was not called upon to occupy a position of prominent interest, nor to move in the higher or more influential walks of society. The incidents of her early life were, however, not without stirring incident and adventure, and in her sphere she was greatly honoured and truly useful. As a mother and Christian philanthropist, she "abounded in the work of the Lord," and deserves to be held in remembrance among "those women who have laboured in the Gospel."

Isabella Marshall was born on the 29th of July, 1742, near Hamilton, Lanarkshire, Scotland. Her parents were both pious, and her mother, whose maiden name was Janet Hamilton, is said to have possessed a mind of energetic character and great vivacity, by which qualities her daughter was also distinguished. From an aged relative the young girl inherited a legacy of £100. Young as she was, she showed the soundness of her judgment by requesting that this money might be spent in giving her a good education. The desire was readily complied with; and when ten years old, she was sent to a boarding-school, conducted by a lady of superior abilities and true piety, under whose care she remained during the next seven years. In after life, Mrs. Graham delighted to speak the praises of her early instructress, and to inculcate upon her children the maxims of one to whom she believed herself indebted for laying the foundation of her subsequent usefulness, by instilling into her mind principles of self-denial and active benevolence.

From the earliest period of her recollection, Isabella Marshall was instructed in the doctrines and precepts of Holy Scripture, and almost in infancy she learned to pray. In the woods that surrounded her father's dwelling, she selected a bush, whither she went to "say her prayers." Here, when hardly ten years old, she remembered making a childish dedication of herself to the Saviour; and to this favourite spot she was in the habit of going when her little heart was burdened with a sense of wrongdoing.

But although there were these early religious convictions in the mind of the child, they somewhat resembled the early dew that vanisheth away, and she afterwards said it was not till her seventeenth year she began to regard religion with serious earnestness. Speaking of this period of her life, she said—

I then solemnly accepted the Lord's Christ as God's gift to a lost world, and committed my condemned, perishing soul to this Jesus, exhibited in the Gospel as a Saviour from sin. My views then were dark, compared with what they now are; but this I remember, that, at the time, I felt a heart-satisfying trust in the mercy of God, as purchased by Christ, and, for a time, rejoiced with joy scarcely supportable, singing almost continually the 103rd Psalm. I took a view of the promises of God, and wrote out many of them, and called them mine; and among the foremost, that in the 89th Psalm, 36th verse, and following; and well has the Lord kept to it, and made it good; for never did the children of Israel's conduct in the wilderness depict any Christian's heart and conduct, in Gospel times, better than mine; and just so has the Lord dealt with me.

It appears that, about this time, she went to

reside in the town of Paisley, where she attended the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, afterwards President of Princeton College, of whose church she became a member. In the year 1765, she was united in marriage to Dr. Graham, then a practising physician in Paisley, a man of liberal education and of respectable standing in society. About a year after this event, the doctor, who was surgeon to the 60th Company of the Royal Americans, was ordered to join his regiment, then stationed in Canada. Before sailing for America, a family council was held, and it was determined that Dr. Graham should take the earliest opportunity of selling his commission and purchasing a tract of land on the Mohawk River, with a view to becoming a permanent resident in the new country, whither his wife's father, Mr. Marshall, and all his family were to follow him.

On their arrival in America, the newly-married pair resided for several months in Montreal, where the regiment was quartered, and there Mrs. Graham gave birth to her eldest child, a daughter, named Jessie. They afterwards removed to Fort Niagara, on Lake Ontario, and continued in garrison there during the next four years—a period, in some respects, of much enjoyment to Mrs. Graham, who always remembered it as the happiest part of her life in a temporal point of view. Here she formed some valuable friendships. The officers of the regiment were amiable men, and lived on terms of mutual good-will and affection. A few of them were married, and their wives associated happily together, being dependent much on each other for society and companionship. Shut out from the world by the peculiar circumstances in which they found themselves placed, exempt from the collision of individual and separate interests, which frequently gives rise to so much discord in large communities, they were studious to promote each other's happiness, and consequently enjoyed the pleasures which arise from the peaceful interchange of kindly actions.

But there was one lamentable drawback to the highest well-being of this little society. In consequence of the isolated situation of the fort which the garrison occupied, there was no provision made for the religious instruction of the men, nor was Divine service publicly performed. In short, there was an utter destitution of the means of grace, and, under such deplorable disadvantages, Mrs. Graham found reason to lament that the vital spirit of piety sank to a low ebb in her soul.

One blessed habit, which she had early formed, now acted as a safeguard to her, and prevented the entire extinction of holy thought and feeling. A conscientious observance of the Sabbath, which throughout life she maintained, proved to her at Niagara of unspeakable benefit, and preserved her in the conscientious remembrance of God's Word and commandments. On that sacred day, she invariably retired to hold communion with the Father of mercies, and to cherish the sweet remembrances of her native land, while she kept holy the season appointed for the communion of saints in the ordinances of public worship. Alone, or with her little one in her arms, she wandered into the wood which then surrounded the mighty flood of waters, and there studied her Bible, pondering its truths, and communing with her own heart as her spirit made diligent search, while her conscience responded to

the appeals of the great Searcher of hearts, speaking to her by his own Word.

"There," she says, "I poured out my soul in prayer to my covenant Lord;" and thus the Divine life was preserved from extinction, and the wanderer was checked and reclaimed. She used afterwards to confess, with self-reproach, that, through the remaining days of the week, the attentions of her friends, her domestic comforts and employments, and the amusements pursued in the garrison, too much occupied her time, to the exclusion of religious thoughts and duties.

At the commencement of the revolutionary struggle in America, the small community of which we have been speaking was dispersed, it being judged necessary by the British Government to order the removal of the 60th Regiment from the quiet station it had so long occupied to a foreign post. Their destination was the island of Antigua, and, without delay, Dr. and Mrs. Graham, with their family, consisting now of three infant daughters and two young Indian girls, crossed the woods from Niagara to Oswegatche, from which place they descended the Mohawk in batteaux (or flat boats) to Schenectady. Here Dr. Graham left his family and proceeded to New York, for the purpose of completing a negotiation which he had entered into for the sale of his commission, it being his purpose to settle (according to the original plan) upon a tract of land situate on the river they had just descended. He had met with a suitable location, and everything appeared to promise a satisfactory result. However, he found himself destined to disappointment; for, on arriving at the capital, the gentleman with whom he had been in negotiation declared himself unable to perfect the necessary arrangements, and the affair was consequently delayed. Under these circumstances, it became necessary that Dr. Graham should accompany his regiment to Antigua, and he wrote to his wife informing her that such was the case, at the same time leaving it optional to her to remain where she was, awaiting his return, or to accompany him. Without a moment's hesitation she decided on the latter alternative, and, hastily making her preparations, soon rejoined him in New York.

In that city they made a short stay, experiencing much kindness from many friends, especially from the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, and the relatives of families belonging to the officers of the 60th Regiment, amongst whom were the parents of Mrs. Graham's very intimate friend, Mrs. Brown, for whom she entertained a warm attachment through life.

There must have been something very prepossessing in Mrs. Graham's manners, for she left behind her, notwithstanding the shortness of her visit to New York, an impression so favourable, that, after the expiration of many years, she was remembered with interest, and urged to return and make that city her home.

Proceeding to Antigua, Dr. Graham established his little family at St. John's, where they became acquainted with two gentlemen, brothers, of the name of Gilbert, men of property and of great piety, who, by their zealous exertions and exemplary lives, were instrumental in doing much good upon the island. The society of these excellent people, and the hospitality and friendship of many worthy families resident at St. John's, proved a great comfort to Mrs. Graham during the absence of her

husband, who was obliged in his medical capacity to accompany a military force under Major Etherington, sent to St. Vincent's to quell an insurrection which had broken out among the natives.

On his return to Antigua, after being away several months, Dr. Graham was greatly distressed at finding his wife in the utmost grief on account of the loss of her beloved mother, the tidings of whose death she had just received. So overwhelming was her anguish that she refused to be comforted, and was only roused from this painful state of feeling by her husband saying that "God might perhaps call her to a severer trial by taking himself away also." This warning appeared prophetic. On the 17th of November, 1774, he was attacked with a feverish disorder, which at first excited no alarm in the minds of his medical attendants, but which afterwards increased with such violence and rapidity as to terminate his existence in a few days. As soon as his wife apprehended his danger, her whole anxiety was absorbed in the thought of his eternal interests; and it was with feelings of deepest gratitude she saw him calmly look forward to his approaching end, and express his humble resignation and confident reliance on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. When he breathed his last, joy that he had been enabled to commit himself in faith to his Redeemer supported her through the terrible crisis; and for a short time her mind preserved its equanimity. But after the last solemn scene was over, when the beloved form was lowered into the grave, and the words "dust to dust and ashes to ashes" announced that he was for ever hidden from her sight—when, retiring to the solitude of her own chamber, she felt her loneliness, and knew that she was a widow indeed—then all the tenderness of her soul, all the love of her heart came in a rushing flood-tide of tumultuous emotion, and severe and agonising was the struggle that followed.

Indeed, her case was a melancholy one. Her husband, her companion, her protector was gone: a man of superior abilities and of cultivated taste, of warm affections and domestic habits. The fondly-cherished anticipations of reunion with her family, and of domestic happiness in the land of her adoption, all had vanished as in a moment; and she was left forlorn and without a clue as to the direction of her future course. The eldest of her three orphan daughters was not more than five years old, and she was expecting her confinement in a few weeks. To add to her anxieties, she found herself without provision for the maintenance of her family, and with but a small sum for the supply of present necessities.

Thus the change in her circumstances was as great as it was sudden, and the claim upon her energies was of the most stringent nature; so much so, that she was immediately roused to exertion by the sense of necessity. The care and support of her infant family she knew must devolve upon herself alone, and, seeking wisdom and strength from above, she addressed herself to the duties which immediately pressed upon her attention.

After careful examination into her late husband's affairs, she found there remained not quite £200 sterling in the hands of his agent. In order to increase this small sum as much as possible, it was advised that the two Indian girls, the property of Dr. Graham, whom they had brought with them from America, should be sold. This proposal

shocked her feelings, and was in direct opposition to her principles; she accordingly refused her consent, nor could all the importunity of her friends overcome her scruples. She determined to adhere to the commandments of God, and to suffer no selfish interests to induce her to make merchandise of her fellow-creatures. Nor did she find reason to regret this righteous decision. In the consciousness of integrity, and in the happiness of seeing these poor outcasts protected from injury, she reaped an abundant reward. One of the girls afterwards accompanied her to Scotland, where she married and settled. The other died in Antigua, expressing in her last moments her grateful sense of the kindness shown to her.

(To be continued in our next.)

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

IN the stable, poor and humble,
Of a lowly village inn,
Lay the Child whose manhood's anguish
Saved the world from guilt and sin.

Near Him loved the kine, but o'er Him
Angel hosts their vigils kept;
And His mother, the most blessed,
Watched beside Him as He slept.

Sages brought their gifts before Him,
Precious gifts of jewels fair,
Gold, and myrrh, and costly incense—
All things beautiful and rare.

At this season of rejoicing,
With a glad and thankful heart,
In the giving of the angos
We, O Christ, would take a part.

Poor, indeed, who nought can bring Thee,
Gift of word or gift of deed!
Are there none whom we can comfort?
Are there none our bread can feed?

Poor, indeed, who brings no offering!
Sympathise with those who mourn—
All have hearts, though in the dwelling
There abounds not wine and corn.

Give, oh, give your loving greeting;
Give forgiveness of all wrong;
Charity and deeds of mercy
Shine the costliest gifts among.

Give your sympathy and counsel;
Trust, though you have been deceived;
These the gifts we bring the Saviour,
And our gifts shall be received.

Jesus, Saviour! we implore Thee
Send the peace we long to know,
O'er the plains now strewn with corpses,
Gashed with many a sabre-blow.

May the corn soon stand and ripen,
Blossom forth the olive tree;
Break the yoke of the oppressed,
Set the bond and captive free.

Let old wrongs be all forgotten,
On this blessed Christmas night;
Hands should join in frank forgiveness;
Send, O Lord, thy longed-for light

Unto every Christian dwelling,
Unto hearts bowed down with care,
Send a guest to grace our Christmas;
Send us peace, an angel fair.

Send thy richest consolation
On the poor heart, sad and lone,
Yearning for the missing greeting,
And the loved face lost and gone!

Jesus I send to each thy blessing;
Send thy Spirit, which is light,
And thy peace, that passeth knowledge,
On our homes this Christmas night.

HOW TO TRAIN THE MEMORY ARIGHT.

BY W. BOWEN ROWLANDS, ESQ., B.A.

ONE of the most valuable faculties bestowed upon the human mind by God is, beyond all doubt, that one which, in the language of Dugald Stewart, "enables us to treasure up and preserve for future use the knowledge we acquire. A faculty," as he goes on to say, "which is obviously the great foundation of all intellectual improvement, and without which no advantage could be derived from the most enlarged experience." So sensible, indeed, have men in all ages shown themselves of its incalculable advantages, that it would be needless to insist on them here. Still, like many other gifts and graces, while we all allow its possession to be a thing most desirable, we are slow to put ourselves to the trouble of so improving and exercising the faculty itself as to render it truly valuable. We prefer imitating the bee in sipping the honey from intellectual flowers, rather than in storing up that honey in such due order and arrangement as to be able to produce it again at a moment's notice. We jumble together the stores of learning in our mental warehouse, without caring so to dispose them that we may put our hand on any required article with readiness. Some men have been conspicuous for a naturally retentive and well-ordered memory, so that the subjects of their reading, or the daily incidents of life, took deep and instant root in it, and neither withered nor decayed, so long as their powers remained unimpaired. Such was the memory of Bishop Jewel, who used to say, that if he were to deliver a premeditated speech before a thousand auditors, shouting or fighting all the while, they would not put him out.

Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, in order to put Jewel's memory to the trial, wrote out some forty or fifty Welsh and Irish words. Jewel took the paper, and after reading over the words twice or three times, laid it aside, and repeated them backward and forward in precisely the same order as they were set down. At another time he did the same with ten lines of Erasmus' Paraphrase, which, being read over confusedly by the Lord Keeper, Bacon, he presently repeated them again, after a few moments' thought.

Another such memory was that of Bishop Sanderson, of whom Dr. Kilbri, the Rector of Lincoln College, said that he had "a matchless memory." The Emperor Titus had a marvellous power of recollection; and it is said of the great Scaliger, that in one-and-twenty days he committed all Homer to memory! Nor are such powers extinct

in our own day, for but recently there was a graduate of the University of Cambridge who could repeat, with very little trouble, the Four Gospels, the Psalms, and the greater portion of Virgil, by heart. Now, though it may be difficult, if not impossible, for the generality of us to attain such perfection as the instances we have just cited, still, there is no question but that we might all of us render our memories much more strong and useful to us in our daily pursuits in life than we at present do. For there are few, if any, states or callings to which a good memory is without its use. To the learned professions its advantages can scarcely be over-estimated. Take the case of a barrister; any one will at once understand the service that a vigorous recollection would be to him.

The celebrated Roman orator, Hortensius, the rival of Cicero, spared no pains to perfect his great natural powers in this direction; and finally brought them to such a pitch as to be able to go through all the arguments of an opponent in their proper order; and an anecdote is even related of him, that being one day at a public sale, he recited, at the end of it, the names of all the buyers, the articles sold, and their prices, with perfect exactness. Again, in the humbler walks of life, how serviceable would this faculty prove, to enable us to perform our duties regularly, and shield us from those sharp reproofs which forgetfulness often justly entails on us! How, then, may we best improve this faculty, which all confess to be most useful? how lend additional strength to that which is already strong, or remedy the defects of that which is naturally weak? These are interesting questions, and a few plain, practical rules may not be amiss upon this point.

The first rule certainly is, continual exercise and practice. Inaction breeds rust within the mind, as well as on material substances; and sloth degenerates into lethargy. Learning a certain amount by heart every day, increasing the quantity with our increasing powers, is an excellent plan towards this end. We may begin with a little at first, and add to it by almost inensible increments, until at length, to our own surprise, we shall find that we can master with ease a passage which at first we should have looked at in hopeless despair.

The next caution is one closely connected with the preceding: never overburden the memory with a mass of mere useless matter. Learn, more especially at first, what is more directly useful and necessary, and, the habit once attained, you will be able to strike out in as many directions as you please. Youth, of course, is the great season for laying up stores of knowledge, and cultivating the memory. The glad morning of life is the genial season when such mental vigour is in fullest play, and when the mental powers may be increased to a marvellous extent. Yet if, unhappily, youth has been more or less neglected, we should none of us, on that account, sit down with folded hands, and cry by despairing "Too late!" The bright sun does not refuse to gild the western sky, because his rising was in rain and clouds; nor the nightingale to pour forth her mellow plaint in the darkling hours of the night, because she sang not in the garish sunlight.

Old Humphrey Burton, of Coventry, was able, at the advanced age of eighty-three, to give the sum of any chapter in the New Testament, and of those in certain books of the Old, without the least

hesitation, and in any order; and we know that the proverb, "It is never too late to learn," is as generally true as the other, "It is never too late to mend."

Another excellent rule is to accustom ourselves to association—to connect ideas with things, and things with ideas—and to group them well together in our mind, so that the sight of an object may revive a train of thought, and *vice versa*; and that we may be able to set our hands upon either the one or the other, so that, like the letters indicated upon one dial plate of the electric telegraph, corresponding figures may be traced upon the other.

We may usefully attach ideas to natural objects with which we are familiar, and in a little while the thing signified will be as clear and as well known to us as the tree, wall, or flower which we have made use of to signify it. This will have the additional advantage of investing our walks with a real and beneficial interest—relieving them of that purposeless vagueness under which they too often labour; and we shall read, like the ancient sibyls, weird and mystic lore upon the very scattered leaves of the trees that the autumn breeze sends feddying in the air. To accustom young people to such interweaving of the material with the mental, would be one of the greatest benefits their friends and instructors could confer on them.

One caution by no means to be overlooked is, that we should endeavour as much as possible to methodise our knowledge—arranging each day's store in its separate cell; carefully labelling the jars on our memorial shelves. Nothing hinders advancement so much as want of clearness; and this renders our acquisitions useless to ourselves, and robs them of the pleasure they might otherwise confer on our friends and acquaintances. Take the instance of quotations: how much do apt and judicious quotations enliven conversation, point a story, and give keen edge and flavour to wit and pleasantry? and yet no man can use these well who has not carefully trained and disciplined his memory.

But there remains a rule which is perhaps the most important of all, and that is embodied in the old prayer for "a sound mind in a sound body." In vain shall we look for vigorous memories if our bodily systems are deranged; in vain expect to draw a shining blade from a damp and rusty scabbard. Early rising is as great an assistant to good powers of recollection as can possibly be imagined. Temperance, strict temperance, both in eating and drinking, are positive necessities, if we would have our memories in good working order; and the excessive use of tobacco is, I feel sure, decidedly prejudicial.

The memory, like much other mental machinery, depends more on the stomach than we are generally willing to allow. From dyspepsia proceed what we vulgarly term "thick-headedness," indistinctness, unwillingness to work, and inability to do so, even were we willing. Those, then, that would have their memories powerful and active, must be "temperate in all things," and rise with the larks, these "ploughmen's clocks," as our great Shakespeare terms them. So far for natural aid to memory.

Are artificial systems, then, of any use? As subsidiary aids they undoubtedly are; but only as such. They should never be suffered to usurp the place of those legitimate modes of strengthening the memory, some of which I have mentioned above.

For examinations where ready knowledge of a great number of dates is required at a short notice, they are perhaps, indispensable. But even then they should be used with caution; and if the student have already well trained and disciplined his recollecting faculty, he will have no occasion whatever to resort to "Technical Memories," as they are styled.

There is also a moral use of memory, which we must never dare forget: the recollection of past benefits conferred on us by Providence and our fellow-men; for ingratitude is the forgetfulness of such, and ingratitude is the worst of faults. And we should remember, too, our once prosperous friends when they are in misery; and no one can make a better use of his powers in this respect than was made by Dr. Fuller, the author of "The Worthies of England."

He possessed a prodigious memory, and could name in order, we are informed, all the signs, on both sides of the way, from the beginning of Paternoster Row at Ave Maria Lane, to the bottom of Cheapside at the Mansion House. He once made a visit, in the days of the great Rebellion, to a committee of sequestrators, who were sitting at Waltham, in Essex. These gentlemen very soon began to talk about Dr. Fuller's great powers of memory, to which he replied, "Tis true, gentlemen, that fame has given me the report of a memorist, and if you please, I will give you an experiment of it." The party were delighted, and told him they should consider it a great favour if he would so far oblige them; and laying aside all business, they prepared themselves to listen. "Gentlemen," said the worthy Fuller, "I will give you an instance of my good memory in that particular. Your worships have thought fit to sequester an honest, poor, but Cavalier parson, my neighbour, from his living, and committed him to prison; he has a great charge of children, and his circumstances are but indifferent. If you please to release him out of prison, and restore him to his living, I will never forget the kindness while I live."

It is said that the committee complied with the request, and immediately released and restored the poor clergyman. Among the more showy uses to which we may from time to time put our memories, let us not forget, when occasion serves, to use it for so good an end as did the worthy Dr. Fuller.

(To be continued.)

Department for Young People.

"I DIDN'T THINK."

FRANK DALE was a merry, wild little boy, full of fun, and very fond of having his own way. He was always quite sure he could do anything he saw his elder brothers doing, and often frightened his mamma very much by trying to climb up trees and hang upon branches by his hands and feet; in fact, anything Tom and Charley did, Frank tried to do.

One day, when he had been taken by his mamma to see some friends, one of them offered him a beautiful young canary, and Frank, quite delighted, ran to his mamma to ask if he might take it home, promising so faithfully to take great care of it—never to forget to feed it; and

when he was tired of it, to be sure and give it to his mamma. So the canary went home, and was hung in a nice cage in Frank's own little bedroom. For about a fortnight Frank thought of nothing but "Dicky." He cleaned out the cage, and fed him before breakfast; then took it into the garden, and hung him in the sun; and, sitting down, he would watch him taking his bath in his saucer, and listen to him singing for hours.

One day it happened that some one bought Frank a Noah's Ark, and he was so busy playing with the beasts, making them all walk two and two, and finding out their names, that he forgot to bring the cage in from the garden until, the blinds being all down, he heard the rain pattering against the window. Glancing up to see if any one was looking at him, and perceiving they were all employed some way or other, he crept softly out of the room, and carried the bird in, feeling very much ashamed of himself, and sorry when he saw the poor little thing wet, and shivering with cold, ruffling up its feathers, and looking very unhappy.

Next day he took extra care of it; but the day following that he again left it out, and this time never thought of it until Tom came to call him in the morning, and asked what had become of the canary? Oh, how ashamed Frank was when he told his brother, and he could scarcely help crying when Tom, having run off for the cage, brought it in, and Frank saw poor little "Dicky" sitting in the wet sand at the bottom, all cramped and stiff with the cold. When he took it in his hands and tried to warm it, it looked up in his face so sadly, just as if it wanted to say, "Why did you leave me in the cold?" After a great deal of coaxing, Dicky began to peck at the seed, and Frank's face brightened, for he thought he was getting better. But his hopes were soon crushed, for the bird could neither fly on to the perch, nor sit there when Frank lifted it up; so, bursting into tears, he ran into his mamma's room with it, and told her all that had happened, saying, over and over again, "I didn't think, mamma; I didn't think!" His mamma saw that Frank was very sorry just then, and that the little bird would most likely die, so she told him to put it upon a piece of flannel in the warm sun. Dicky lay still with his wings spread out, panting and opening his little bill wide every breath he took. Once he gave a little chirrup, and tried to fly, and Frank's cheeks grew hot as he cried out, "Oh, mamma, it's getting well!" He had hardly spoken when the bird drew its wings together, and fell over upon its side, dead. Frank's tears and sobs came fast enough now, as he smoothed the pretty yellow feathers, and thought he would never hear it sing again.

"Are you very sorry, my boy?" his mother asked.

"Oh, yes, mamma; I don't know what to do, I'm so sorry."

"What made you leave it out all night?"

Frank looked surprised when his mamma asked him that, and replied, "Because I didn't think, mamma; I never remembered a bit about it until Tom came this morning."

"Then it was because you didn't think, that the poor bird is dead. You often say, 'I didn't think.' Franky, you must try to think. Remember the canary, and that when you put poor birds into a cage, you must think of their wants."

Frank was very quiet for that and the next day,

then he forgot about the canary, and began to romp about as much as ever, and came in day after day with his clothes torn, and the excuse always ready, "I didn't think." "Didn't think, again, Franky?" his mamma used to say. "Remember the canary;" and Frank held down his head, blushing and ashamed, determined to take more care next time.

About a month after the death of the canary, Frank's elder brothers went to school, and left the rabbits in his charge, he faithfully promising to be very regular in feeding them, and particularly careful in shutting the door when he came out of the house in which they were kept. All this Frank attended to very carefully for a short time. Once or twice he forgot them for a part of the day, but always managed to feed them once in the day, until one morning, when he was dressing, his papa came in and said—

"Would you like to go fishing with me, Franky? you may if you like."

Of course Frank liked, and was so delighted that he not only forgot the rabbits, but forgot to be hungry, and could scarcely eat a bit of breakfast. When he was driving along to the river with his papa he thought of the rabbits, and wished he had given the gardener charge of them for the day, but he hadn't, and there was no help for it now. So directly they got home again, Frank ran off to feed the rabbits, and was watching them eating a large cabbage when the tea-bell rang. "I'm hungry, too," thought Frank, as he dashed out of the shed, slamming the door behind him, but never pausing to see whether it closed properly or not.

While they were all sitting at tea, two of the dogs raced past the window after something white, and as one of the children called out that Carlo was running after her white cat, Mr. Dale went after the dog, but soon saw that it was no cat, but one of the rabbits; and just as Frank came up, the setter caught it and ran back with it, the poor little rabbit squealing dreadfully. Then up came the gardener—

"Oh, sir! somebody's left the rabbit-house door unlatched, and the dogs have got in and killed them all."

Frank's heart began to beat; he knew it was his fault, and that he had never looked back to see if the door was shut; and his father, seeing from his face that he knew about it, said—

"When were you with the rabbits, Frank?"

"Just before tea, papa."

"Did you latch the door when you came away?"

"I pulled it, papa, but I was in such a hurry I didn't think of looking back."

Frank's face was very red; and seeing his mother's eyes fixed upon him, he turned away, and walked in the direction of the rabbit-house, followed by all the others, and the first things he saw there were the torn and bleeding bodies of the poor rabbits.

"You are a careless boy, Frank," said his father, "and shall not have charge of anything again until you know how to think."

"Come with me, Frank," said Mrs. Dale; and taking him by the hand, she led him away, walking along silently, until they were close at the house, then she said, "I didn't think" is very cruel, Frank; it made you leave the poor canary to perish in the cold: it has now killed all your

brother's pet rabbits." Frank sobbed. "You must try and think, my boy. Now go to your bed. I must write to your brother Charley, and he will be very sorry."

It was a good long time before Frank forgot the lesson taught him by the loss of the rabbits, but he did forget. It happened that his papa and mamma had gone to spend a few days in London, and Frank, who was very fond of making boats and hearing about sailors, fancied he could have some nice fun on the pond if he got one of the washing-tubs down. So he persuaded his little sister Mary to help him, and between them they dragged a tub down, and launched it, Frank jumping in just as it was on the water. Directly he touched it, the tub, having no proper balance, and being round, went over, pitching Frank head foremost into the deep, cold water. Mary began screaming as loud as she could when she saw what had happened; and a man, who was working near, ran down. Fortunately, he was able to swim, and got Frank out in time to save his life, but the shock and wetting brought on a very bad illness, and it was weeks and weeks before Frank was sensible of what was going on when he was out of danger. The first thing he said to his mother was—

"Oh! mamma, I'll never say 'I didn't think' again. I know what a naughty boy I've been, but I'll think now. Dear mamma, help me to ask Jesus Christ to teach me to think;" and Frank put up his little, thin hands, and listened, repeating the words after his mother, his eyes brightening as she ended, and he said—

"Now I'll be a good boy."

And he kept his word; for little Frank is now a great and very good man, and so thoughtful of everything that people say he never forgets anything.

Biblical Expositions,

IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. M. (Aberdeen).—*Where do we find that God appointed the first day of the week as the Christian Sabbath?*

Certainly there is no passage in Scripture which asserts the formal and direct ordaining of the first day of the week by our Lord as the Christian Sabbath; yet it cannot be doubted but that it is nevertheless a Divine institution. In respect of not having any direct assertion of its ordinance in the New Testament, it is only in the same condition as several other highly important points of Christian practice which we do not hesitate to consider as emanating from Christ and his apostles. To go, however, into a detailed examination of all the passages and arguments from which it may, as we think it can, be clearly inferred that the observance of the "Lord's-day" was practised by the apostles and early Christians from the very period of our Lord's resurrection, and that, too, probably in obedience to express commands of our Lord, given during the solemn forty days before the Ascension; and further, to show, as can be shown, the necessity, both on religious and social grounds, of keeping the Sunday holy, would be quite impossible within our prescribed limits. Let any one who wishes to see the

whole subject discussed honestly and reverently refer to Dr. Hessey's "Bampton Lectures for the Year 1860," where he will find the question of Sunday, its authority and obligation, fully worked out. With the greatly disputed question as to the identity or not of our Sunday with the Jewish Sabbath, except in the day, we are not here called upon to meddle. That also is discussed ably and fairly in Dr. Hessey's book. It may not, however, be amiss if we quote a passage from a great and venerable author, which gives, in a short compass and with considerable cogency, the heads of the arguments for the Divine institution of Sunday. "I believe," says Richard Baxter, author of "The Saint's Rest," "1. That Christ did commission his apostles to teach us all things which he commanded, and to settle orders in his Church. 2. And that He gave them his Spirit to enable them to do all this infallibly, by bringing all his words to their remembrance, and by leading them into all truth. 3. And that his apostles, by this Spirit, did *de facto* separate the Lord's Day for holy worship, especially in church assemblies, and declared the cessation of the Jewish Sabbath. 4. And that, as this change had the very same author as the Holy Scriptures (the Holy Ghost in the Apostles), so that fact hath the same kind of proof that we have of the canon, and of the integrity and uncorruptness of the particular Scripture books and texts; and that, if so much Scripture as mentioneth the keeping of the Lord's Day, expounded by the consent and practice of the universal Church from the days of the Apostles (all keeping this day as holy, without the dissent of any one sect, or single person that I remember to have read of); I say, if all this history will not fully prove the point of fact, that this day was kept in the Apostles' times, and consequently by their appointment, then the same proof will not serve to evince that any text of Scripture is canonical and uncorrupted; nor can we think that anything in this world that is past can have historical proof."

H. H.—*"And upon the first day of the week; when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them."—Acts xx. 7.*

This probably refers to the *agape*, or love-feast, which, in the early days of the Christian Church, always accompanied the celebration of the sacrament. From St. Chrysostom we learn that, whereas the Christians at first had all things in common, afterwards, when this ceased, as it did in the apostles' time, then *agape*, or love-feasts, came in its room. He says that although the rich did not make all their substance common, yet upon certain days appointed they made a common table, and when service was ended, and they had all communicated in the holy mysteries, they met at a common feast, the rich bringing provisions; and the poor and those who had nothing being invited, they all feasted in common together. So St. Jerome, Theodoret, Theophylact, and other ancient authorities relate also. These are the holy entertainments of which St. Jude says, "There are spots in your feasts of charity." There seems some doubt as to whether they were held before

* Richard Baxter: "The Divine appointment of the Lord's Day, proved as a separated Day for Holy Worship, especially in the Church Assemblies, and consequently the Cessation of the Seventh Day Sabbath."

or after the celebration of the Eucharist; and evidence seems to show that there was a difference of observance in this respect in different congregations and churches. As to the obligation to celebrate such feasts now, or to administer the holy communion every Sunday, because such was the practice in the time of the apostles, it is sufficient to say that these are points of Church discipline which, in common with many others, must be left to the authorities of the Church from time to time to determine. Many practices which were desirable and proper in the infancy of the Church are not necessarily incumbent upon us now, that in profession, at least, Christ's religion is firmly established. The frequency of the observance of the Lord's Supper, or the holding of such assemblies as the *agapa*, are matters of discipline, and not of doctrine; and being such rest not with the individual, but with the collective Church, as represented by its authorities, of which the individual is a member.

E. P.—*Reconcile the passages in which Christians are told to separate themselves from the world, with those in which both the good and the bad are bidden to "grow together until the harvest."*

We confess we cannot quite understand the difficulty which our correspondent feels. Does it not arise from a confusion in his mind between the visible Church and the invisible Church of Christ? In the former, "the evil must ever be mingled with the good," to show which the parable of the wheat and tares and the example of Judas are surely not inapplicable evidence. The invisible Church consists of all the really faithful. To distinguish, however, between the two must be left to God alone; and it will not be until the last great day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, that it will be given to us to say with certainty of any person whether his fellowship with Christ's Church is only nominal or whether it is real and vital. We should be violating the first great principle of the Gospel, the law of charity; we should go against the command not to judge others lest we ourselves be judged, if we presumed to say of any man, not convicted of manifest sin, that he was ungodly and unfit to remain a member of Christ's Church.

As to the question which "E. P." puts, as to what a worldly, ungodly man should do with reference to joining a congregation in singing hymns of a highly spiritual and devotional cast, it seems to us that it is rather paradoxical. He asks, "What attitude *should* a worldly person assume when a devotional hymn is being sung in a promiscuous assembly at which he is present?" A fair answer surely to this is to say that, if such a person really feels the incongruity of his position and his own unsuitableness to the place and the worship, he has made the first step towards amendment—a step, perhaps, which may never be followed up, but still it is a sign of awakened consciousness of sin and unworthiness, and so far the joining in the worship has done good. It is the man who is utterly and completely indifferent to holy things who either joins in such acts of worship without the slightest misgiving or compunction, and simply regards it as a meaningless form, or else avoids all occasions where he may be called upon to do so.

C. M. R.—The difficulty as to the source from which 1 Cor. ii. 9 is taken is an old one. Origen says that it is not found in any regular book, unless it occurred in the "Secrets of the Prophet Elias," which is a lost apocryphal book. Chrysostom and Theophylact suppose it to be a paraphrase of Isa. lli. 15. Dean Alford suggests that it may be taken from Isa. lxiv. 4.

NOTES FROM A PASTOR'S DIARY.

BY THE REV. EDWARD SPOONER, M.A., VICAR OF HESTON.*

No. 5.—THE DWELLINGS OF THE POOR.

How a sufficient remedy is to be provided for the overcrowding of the poor in their habitations it is difficult to conceive. They do not feel the evil themselves, and yet that very evil is the greatest enemy to religion, morality, and to every effort that is made for the social elevation of the people. The Lodging-house Act has undoubtedly done some good; but the evil in towns lies in the letting out of houses in separate apartments to separate families in a manner which entirely evades that Act; and in the country, in the way in which small proprietors, for an increase of rent, wink at every kind of enormity, and large proprietors refuse to expend money on cottage property because it is often unremunerative; yet the Squire will often spend on one election or one race, or Madam squander on one party, a sum more than sufficient to rebuild properly all the cottages on their estates. Thank God, the influence of the public press of late has done much to ventilate this question, and to arouse the feelings of proprietors on this point; and I know many parts of the country where no complaints can really be made; but I have seen in country villages, as well as in crowded towns, many a disgusting and terrible scene.

I was once dining with a wealthy and influential young gentleman who had large cottage property, and was broaching my views on the subject. My host pooh-poohed me, and said it was a useless refinement to talk of three bedrooms in a cottage. I answered at once, "I will not argue with you, Sir W—, but I will tell you what I have seen this day in one of your own cottages. You know John F—; he lives in — yard. He has a wife, a boy of five years old, a girl—a very pretty one—of above sixteen, and a lad of about eighteen. All these live at home, and have but one bedroom. I went to-day to see the mother, who has just been confined again, and who is very ill. I asked where her family were to sleep, as two beds literally filled up the room.

"Oh, master and little Jack and baby will all sleep with me."

"And Bill and Fanny?"

"Oh, they'll sleep together."

My story told, my host simply said—

"Thank you, sir; I will take care that in any future cottages I build no such occurrence shall necessarily happen, and I will remove the difficulty as soon as possible in all my old ones."

And he has well kept his word.

It is difficult for any one not used to such scenes to imagine the amount of misery which can be

* "Parson and People." Seeley and Co., 54, Fleet Street.

cramped into a small space. I remember once "a swell" of *Punch's* kind coming to lunch with me when I was a London incumbent. He was really a good-hearted fellow; his swellishness, long since worn off, being in some respects a fault of association, and not arising from a positive defect in the brain and heart, and yet he was laughing at "you parsons, who often say you see such sights!" A little nettled, I said, "Come, my dear fellow, I am just off for an afternoon's visiting; will you come with me?"

"Yes, I will," was the reply.

We went out. I am afraid I was a little malicious, but I turned into a small street, consisting of nineteen six-roomed houses, in which I knew that nearly four hundred men, women, and children lived. The first house I went to, No. 3, contained six families. It was the depth of winter; the weather was intensely severe; the people in that part were chiefly ground labourers or odd jobbers, and were for the most part out of work. The distress was very keen, and all we could do was slightly to alleviate it; almost all the furniture of the street was at the pawnbrokers', and the destitution, appalling enough in reality, seemed more appalling than it really was to those who did not know all the secrets of the place. When we entered No. 3, we walked into the first room on the ground floor. There lived a respectable old carpenter and his wife; they had some means to subsist on, and their room was comfortably furnished. The man, however, was melancholy mad, and could not be left for a moment. Nothing seemed to give him relief but my visits; and if I was able to visit him, read a chapter, and pray with him, he would be quiet afterwards for three or four days or a week. I read and prayed with him, my friend sitting quietly by. We then went to the next room; that was locked up; both husband and wife were at work. We mounted the stairs, and knocking at the first door, entered the room. The stench that met us almost overpowered us. A woman, the wife of a rough Irish navvy, lay on the bed. She was in the height of an attack of erysipelas—the face one mass of eruption. Four dirty, unwashed, and half-clad children lay about the floor; and at the foot of the bed lay another little child, who had long been an invalid, just drawing its last gasp, while the mother was too ill to attend to it. No one had been in to her that day, the window had never been opened, the slops never emptied; the husband was away on the tramp, looking for work, and the neighbours were frightened at her terrible malady. The moment I entered, the poor woman began to speak to me about her soul; and I had to read, talk, and pray with her, before I could get away to get a nurse to attend to her and her dying child.

As soon as I could get out, leaving my friend on the staircase, I hastened away to a good Samaritan, who I knew would aid me; and giving her the means of procuring what was necessary for the sick woman and dying child, I returned to my companion.

We then tapped at the next door; and a little, thin treble voice bade us enter. I knew I was going into a bright scene. A dear little boy, one of my scholars, lay there on a bed on the floor. The bedstead was pawned, and so was everything else but a broken chair and table; mother was out

charing, father looking for work, brothers and sisters were at the Ragged-school.

"Well, Patsy, how is it to-day?"

"Oh, very well, sir, only the cough."

He was dying of decline, hastened on by insufficient food.

"Well, what shall I do for you?"

"Oh, do read to me about Jesus!"

Again I read, and again I prayed; and the bright, sparkling eye told me how earnest a listener and hearty a fellow-worshipper I was addressing. My friend could scarcely keep from tears, and absolutely frightened Patsy with the amount of the present he gave him.

One of the rooms above contained a man suffering from low typhus; the other, a child ill from some similar attack. Both were visited, and we descended the stairs.

"Come on, my dear fellow; we have plenty more to see."

"Oh, no," he exclaimed; "it would kill me to go into another scene; I never could have believed it possible."

"Well, good-bye, old man; but think a little before you laugh again at working parsons."

He left me, evidently thinking, and I went on for some hours more amidst such scenes. Of course I do not mean to represent this as an every-day occurrence; it was a rare case; yet I have often seen as much, or even more, in one day's visiting.

I entered a double room once to ask after some children who had not been to school, and found the whole family, with the exception of the father, "down," as they called it—four ill with small-pox, three with typhus fever.

I was sent for once to baptise a cabby's child. I entered the room about four o'clock in the morning. The mother and a neighbour—another cabby's wife—who had been put to bed about the same time, occupied the bed, with their two babies (the two husbands were sleeping together in the next room), and five little children were bedded down about the floor, which was as clean as it could possibly be under the circumstances—indeed, the whole room was wonderfully clean. A candle placed on a chair, with a basin of water beside it, afforded me light and material for the service, so I commenced. When I was ready to baptise the child, I laid down my Prayer-book on the chest of drawers on something white. After I had baptised the dying infant, I turned round to take up my Prayer-book again, and saw, to my horror, it had been resting on a child's coffin. That coffin contained the body of another little child, who had died that day of convulsions, and who was to be buried on the morrow.

What to do with the bodies of the dead is a very serious question with the poor in our towns. The habits of our people make them revolt from the hasty funerals of the East; they *will* wait for some days; but what to do with the body sorely puzzles them. I have seen a mother ill of typhus fever, with the coffin of her son, aged twenty, who had died of the same complaint, at the bottom of her bed. I have seen the coffin under the bed, under the table, on the table, on the chest of drawers, and over the bed-head. I am not speaking now of the crowded centre of London—I have never worked there—but of the outskirts of town, in parts which persons can scarcely be persuaded to believe are real scenes of want and misery. I cannot but think

that if a small and decent mortuary chapel were annexed to some of our churches, the bodies of the dead would be taken there previous to burial; and yet such is the force of habit, that it would be long before they would generally be used.

But, talking of dead bodies, I must relate one scene I once witnessed. One of my district visitors had told me that a dear little girl of about seven years of age, one of my school children, was very ill. I went next day to see her. She, again, was a cabby's child; her father and mother lived in a wretched mews; and you had to go through his stable, behind the horses' heels, to reach the staircase which led up to the rooms where the family lived. It was sometimes really a work of peril to reach the stairs, when there was any horse there who had a tendency to kick heartily. I mounted the stairs, but soon found I was too late; the mother and father were sitting by the fire weeping bitterly. The little one was dead, and was already in its coffin. I comforted them as best I might; and, when I had prayed with them, the father said—

"Of course you would like to see Fanny, sir?"

I have none of that morbid love of seeing dead bodies which many show—I have rather a hatred of such sights—but I knew he would feel wounded if I hesitated, so I consented. He led me into the next room—a long, narrow loft, with open cross beams, and a lean-to roof. In this room there was no furniture, save one small bed and a chest of drawers. The coffin was on the chest of drawers; it was one of those light-blue coffins so often used for children. In it lay the little one, in life as sweetly beautiful a face as I had ever seen, and now so calm, so peaceful in death. There is little terror in the sight of a child's dead body, for no traces of long years of responsibility are settled there; but "death seemed to have come most lovingly" on little Fanny. I was naturally moved; but what touched me most was, the little bouquet which lay upon her breast. It was composed of the choicest light-coloured geraniums from Covent-garden, which I found the poor father had fetched that morning; expending, it is true, nearly his last penny in the purchase (as it was only February, they were doubly expensive); but he had done it out of love for his own little plucked flower. Let who will moralise on the folly of such an act of extravagance at such a time, I freely confess it brought tears to my eyes; and, kneeling down again, we prayed that, when our summons came, we might be ready to be transplanted, with that dear little flower, to our Father's garden.

Literary Notices.

The Romance of Natural History. By P. H. GOSSE, F.S.A. London: James Nisbet and Co.

MANY of our readers may have met with the following proverb, expressed, possibly, in different words: "Ignorance is the mother of admiration!" that is to say, the less a man knows of all the strange things going on around him, the greater cause he has for wonder. Now, we beg leave to differ very decidedly from the above notion. So far from ignorance being the mother of wonder, we cannot fancy any one with less cause for wonder than an ignorant, illiterate man. We

feel almost tempted to say that we have met with stolid agricultural labourers who will wonder at nothing; partly, doubtless, because the horizon of their knowledge is so contracted; but chiefly, we are inclined to think, because the faculty of wonder had not been roused into a state of activity. This faculty, the cause of such intense pleasure to many, is no doubt existent in all; but so long as the world of wonders is shut out, so long as the mind is left to vegetate in an atmosphere of mere material occupations, the faculty is not more than existent: it misses its due share in the economy of man's life; for no one can scan, even with moderate attention, the physical world around, without finding how great an influence over his mind does this faculty of wonder exercise, and also for how much healthful enjoyment in life he is indebted to it.

We are led to make these few observations, after reading Mr. Gosse's book, because really every page of it "almost teems with wonders. It is, indeed, a very "*Romance of Natural History.*" It does not require the reader to struggle through pages of science, dry as dust, before arriving at anything pleasurable. In fact, no scientific knowledge is needed for its perusal, though it treats of the gems of natural science. As the writer very truly says in his preface, "There are more ways than one of studying natural history." There is the merely scientific, or (as many of our readers might think) the dry way; there is the poetical and æsthetic; and lastly (as we are sure all our readers will find), the amusing way. Mr. Gosse has chosen the latter, and most ably has he carried out his plan. Partly from his own travels and personal observations, partly from the accounts of others, he has gleaned the most interesting facts from the wide field of natural history; and these facts he has laid before his readers in a pleasant and attractive fashion. We can easily imagine one, who has dipped into his book, being led on almost insensibly to a further pursuit of the same study. We can hardly fancy one, who has from thence, for the first time, learned some of Nature's marvels, remaining satisfied with the passing sight of them which this book gives.

But now we will let the book speak for itself, though it is hard to choose one passage as more worthy of selection than another. Every page contains matter we could wish to transcribe; and in trying to bring before our readers specimens of the wonders it contains, we feel inclined to stop and take up our pen at almost every paragraph.

Let us try to fancy ourselves in Newfoundland. It is early morning, and the eastern sky is waxing more and more ruddy, while the sounds of waking life break by degrees the solemn stillness. Lying flat down on a lake side with our insect-net ready at hand, we watch in the clear water the movements of the busy inhabitants.

The merry little boat-flies are frisking about, backs downwards, using their oar-like hind feet as paddles; the triple-tailed larvae of day-flies creep in and out of holes in the bank, the funny appendages at their sides maintaining a constant waving motion; now and then a little water-beetle peeps out cautiously from the cresses, and scuttles across to a neighbouring weed; the unwieldy caddis-worms are lazily dragging about their curiously built houses over the sogged leaves at the bottom, watching for some unlucky gnat-grub to swim within reach of their jaws; but, lo! one of them has just fallen a victim to the formid-

able calliper-compasses wherewith that beetle-larva seizes his prey, and is yielding his own life blood to the ferocious slayer. There, too, is the awkward, sprawling, spider-like grub of the dragon-fly; he crawls to and fro on the mud, now and then shooting along by means of his curious valvular pump; he approaches an unsuspecting blood-worm, and—oh! I remember to this day the enthusiasm with which I saw him suddenly throw out from his face that extraordinary mask that Kirby has so graphically described, and, seizing the worm with the serrated folding doors, close the whole apparatus up again in a moment. I could not stand that: in goes the net, the clearness is destroyed, the vermin fly hither and thither, and our sprawling, ill-favoured gentleman is dragged to daylight and clapped into the pocket-phial, to be fattened at home, and reared "for the benefit of science."—Page 15.

A most successful plan adopted by our author for bringing the vast subject of natural history as graphically before his readers as the limits of one volume will permit, is to forsake the usual track of scientific writers, and the regular scientific sequence of the subjects, and to group them under heads, chosen for their picturesque rather than their scientific fitness. As, for instance, "Harmonies," "Discrepancies," "*Multum e parvo*," "The Vast," "The Minute," and so on. Of this method of grouping, we will, as far as our limits will permit, give a few extracts as specimens. Under the head of "Harmonies"—by which is meant that natural fitness which we see between wild animals and the scenes and climates to which they belong—we may notice the following account of the hyena.

We are at Tadmor, in the Syrian desert, that ancient city of the wilderness,

Whose temples, palaces—a wondrous dream,
That passes not away—for many a league
Illumine yet the desert.

It is nightfall, and we are bid to sit down amid the ruins and to watch the strange scene.

Everywhere around are the remains of the glorious city; walls and gateways, and columns of polished granite of rosy hue, or of marble that gleams like snow in the bright moonlight; many standing in their desolation, but many more prostrate and half buried in the drifted sand. . . . But while you gaze there is a change. The breeze, which had lifted the sand in playful eddies, drops to perfect calmness. Black clouds are collecting over the mountain range that forms the distant horizon. . . . A hurricane suddenly sweeps through the ruined palaces. . . . The rain now comes down in one universal deluge. . . . Flash follows flash in one continuous blaze of blinding light, bringing out the grim marble towers and pillars against the black clouds of midnight with an awfully sublime distinctness; and crash after crash, peal after peal of thunder are blending into one uninterrupted roll.

But amidst the deep roar rises from the gaunt heaps of stone an unearthly sound, like the laugh of a demon. Again, the cackling mirth echoes along the ruined halls, as if exulting in the wild war of the elements, and in the desolation around. Lo! from out of you low arch, in the palace of tombs, gleam two fiery eyes, and forth stalks into the lightning the fell hyena. With bristling mane and grinning teeth the obscene monster glares at you, and warns you to secure a timely retreat. Another appears, bearing in its jaws a loathsome human skull, which it has found in the caravan track. You shudder as you hear the bones crack and grind beneath the powerful teeth, and gladly shrink away from the repulsive vicinity.—Page 39.

In the chapter headed "*Multum e parvo*," where are shown some curious examples of great results arising from small and seemingly insufficient causes, we find among other wonders a very interesting account of the coral islands of the Pacific. To the un instructed they are pretty islands, dangerous reefs, and nothing more;

to Nature's student they are almost the wonder of the world. What can we do but wonder, when we think that the thousand isles of the Pacific, the endless reefs, the huge barriers that curb the utmost strength of ocean, are the work of tiny, soft-bodied sea-anemones! We must not, however, be tempted to dwell on a subject which is far too interesting and too important to be treated of in our short space; but before we pass on to another head, we must notice a phenomenon which would seem utterly incredible, if the account of it were not so well authenticated:—

In certain parts of the Arctic Ocean, the water, instead of being colourless and transparent, is opaque, and of a deep green hue. Scoresby found that this was owing to the presence of excessively numerous microscopic *madusæ*. He computes that within the compass of two square miles, supposing these creatures to extend to the depth of 250 fathoms (which, however, is scarcely probable), there would be congregated together a number which 80,000 persons, counting incessantly from the creation till now, would not have enumerated, though they worked at the rate of a million a week! Yet it is calculated that the area occupied by this "green water" in the Greenland sea is not less than 20,000 square miles. What a union of the small and the great is here!—Page 103.

Under the head of "The Vast," we have grouped together all the huge wonders of the animal and vegetable world. Land and sea and air contribute their "subjects" to this chapter of big things; and we feel almost ashamed of our own littleness as we read of their giant frames and marvellous powers. Whales and elephants, and huge serpents and colossal sea-weeds; canes as long as the mast of a first-rate, and mammoth trees, as tall as a church spire, form an assemblage of big things which may well be called "The Vast."

A very interesting part of this chapter is that wherein Mr. Gosse tells us about serpents. There is a good deal of disappointment often felt on this subject. Travellers tell of such wondrous adventures with serpents; they give people such gigantic notions of them, that even the python, the largest serpent yet brought to England, falls far below the general expectation. We cannot believe that the sleepy, variegated, barrel-like object, rolled in a corner of its cage, is the terrible monster we hoped to see; or that the motionless reptile, no thicker than a man's leg, can crush a buffalo in its coils, and afterwards swallow the entire body. It is gratifying to find that our author does not condemn the tales we read in ancient history of the monstrous serpents of Africa as hopelessly extravagant. We are not called upon to blush for our former credulity. He does, however, warn us that the skins only of those monsters were sent to Rome, and that the skin, when torn from the body, becomes, by stretching, far longer than the body. This fact, no doubt, accounts for the very great difference we find in travellers' measurements from any taken of the living reptile; for most certainly we never see in zoological gardens, or at itinerant menageries, any serpents as large as those we read of. Of their strength and fierceness we can, of course, form no idea from the specimens we see in England; we must see them gliding through the dense jungle, or coiled round the arm of some forest tree; we must hear their fierce hiss, or be fascinated by the glare of their demon-eye, before we can understand what is meant by a box or a python.

The following encounter with an enormous boa may not be without interest:—

A traveller on the banks of a river in Guiana, being awaked, as he lay in his boat, by the cold touch of something at his feet, found that a serpent's mouth was in contact with them, preparing, as he presumed, to swallow him feet foremost. In an instant he drew himself up, and, grasping his gun, discharged it full at the reptile's head, which roared into the air with a horrid hiss and terrible contortions, and then, with one stroke of his paddles, he shot up the stream beyond reach. On arriving at his friend's house, it was determined to seek the wounded serpent, and several armed negroes were added to the party.

They soon found the spot, where the crushed and bloody reeds told of the recent adventure, and proceeded cautiously to reconnoitre. Advancing thus about thirty yards, alarm was given that the monster was visible. "We saw through the reeds part of its body coiled up, and part stretched out; but from their density the head was invisible. Disturbed, and apparently irritated by our approach, it appeared, from its movements, about to attack us. Just as we caught a glimpse of its head we fired, both of us almost at the same moment. It fell, hissing and rolling in a variety of contortions." Here one of the negroes, taking a circuit, succeeded in hitting the creature a violent blow with a club, which stunned it, and a few more blows decided the victory. "On measuring it, we found it to be nearly forty feet in length, and of proportional thickness."—Page 125.

But large as are some of the animal kingdom, even the most monstrous, the great rorqual whale, which reaches the enormous length of 120 feet, cannot excite our wonder as do the giants of the vegetable world. Fancy, for instance, a sea-weed, the *nereocystis*, with a stem no thicker than whipcord, upwards of 300 feet in length, bearing at its free extremity a huge hollow bladder, shaped like a barrel, six or seven feet long, and crowned with a tuft of more than fifty forked leaves, each from thirty to forty feet in length! Or, again, the *macrocystis*, another sea-weed, which branches out at its extremity into a floating mass of foliage, some hundreds of square yards in surface, and anchored by a thin stem sometimes 1,500 feet long! Who would think that our common cane, the terror of naughty boys, is part of a tree, which in its native forest reaches a length of 500 feet!

But here we have only length without thickness; let us look at examples in which length and thickness are united. In the Brazilian forests there are specimens of locust-trees of such enormous dimensions, that fifteen men, with outstretched arms, can hardly embrace one of them. In a forest in Tasmania there have been found gum-trees rising almost to the height of the Monument in London before branching! One measured fifty-five feet and a half round its trunk at five feet from the ground, being seventy feet round at the base, and rising to the height of 230 feet! A specimen of what are called swamp-gums was found to measure, at three feet from the ground, 102 feet in circumference, and on the ground 130 feet! But the exhibition of the bark of the "mammoth tree" at the Sydenham Palace has assured us of the otherwise incredible fact that there are even larger trees than these. Upper California is the home of the most gigantic of vegetable productions as yet discovered; and the account given of some of those trees (*Sequoia Wellingtonia*) in the Mammoth Tree Valley is full of the deepest interest, and will repay perusal to all lovers of the marvellous.

But if we wish to exercise our faculty of wonder, we need not linger amid the giants of earth. Small things are quite as capable of exciting our wonder; and our author has given us a most charming series of views of little things under the head of "The Minute."

Without ocular proof by the aid of the microscope, who could have believed the following account of one of the commonest of animalcules, the *Meliceria*?—

The smallest point that you could make with the finest steel pen would be too coarse and large to represent its natural dimensions; yet it inhabits a snug little house of its own construction, which it has built up stone by stone, cementing each with perfect symmetry, and with all the skill of an accomplished mason, as it proceeded. It collects the material for its mortar, and mingles it; it collects the material for its bricks, and moulds them; and this with a precision only equalled by the skill with which it lays them when they are made.—Page 150.

Here, again, is an account of one of these living atoms inhabiting, with thousands of others, a few drops of stagnant water:—

Several tiny creatures are labouring with the most praiseworthy industry among the close leaves of the plant. Here is one which may remind us of a guinea-pig in its general outline; but you must suppose the two hind feet to be changed into a divergent fork, and the fore feet to be obliterated. It is a most restless little rogue; ranging among the filamentous leaves of the *Myriophyllum* with incessant activity, he now pokes his way through some narrow aperture, using his curious-forked foot as a point of resistance, now pauses to nibble among the decayed rind, and now scuttles off through the open water to some other part. We see his large eye, shining with the colour of a ruby, and set, like that of Polyphemus, right in the middle of his forehead, and his curious apparatus of jaws, the points of which are protruded from the front of his head, and vigorously worked, when he is grubbing among the decaying vegetable matter, adding continually morsel after morsel to the great mass of yellow-green food, which is already swelling out his abdomen to a pig-like plumpness. And when he swims away, and gives a fair view of his back to us, we notice the evolution of a pair of hemispherical swellings, one on each side of the broad head, and which are evidently connected with his locomotion.—Page 165.

But our limits now warn us to bring our pleasant task to a close. Wishing to linger, we are compelled to hurry on. We pass by chapter after chapter which contain numbers of passages we are tempted to transcribe—"The Memorable," "The Recluse," "The Wild," "The Terrible," "The Unknown"—that we may say a few parting words on the last, "The Great Unknown." Can our readers guess who this illustrious stranger is? No one less than the great sea-serpent! The whole chapter is, in our opinion, most interesting; and in its conclusion, in which Mr. Gosse decides in favour of the existence of the monster, most convincing. It is on this subject that our author "has bestowed more than usual pains;" and he certainly has worked it up in a way which speaks well for his industry and judgment. We thank him for his very pleasant volume, and we heartily recommend it to the notice of our readers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. T.—We do not admire your scruples. To persist in affixing your own sense to the passage rather than that in which every authority deserving of respect assures us it may be taken, is a symptom of pride, or of weakness, rather than a proof of conscientious sincerity. This remark applies to many scruples.

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON,

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE YOUNGEST CHILD.

IDA having left the host and guest together, Edward thought that Mr. Newbolt would forthwith refer to the proposal made three days before in Furnival's Inn, and ask what determination he had formed respecting it.

But this expectation was not fulfilled.

The entertainer did not bring that matter on the carpet, until he had talked freely and loudly about other matters.

"There, man, fill your glass," he said, passing the jug.

"Thank you, I have had enough wine."

"Fudge! nonsense! anyhow have one glass more, just to keep me company, and see how you like the wine. It's something rather particular, I can assure you."

So Edward yielded, and for the last time that evening filled his glass.

"There, that's the right sort of drink for kings, ay?" observed the giant, eyeing Edward's face, as the young man tasted the fresh wine. "I see you relish it. A man's face, when the glass is at his lips, always shows how much or how little he enjoys his drink. But you're quite right not to try to drink with me glass for glass; and I won't ever press you to take more than you wish. Too much wine is very bad for any one, almost as bad as too little. A young man had better far be a teetotaler than a drunkard; there's no such enemy to the intellect as sottishness. I have never in the whole course of my life been the worse for wine; and for years past I have never gone to bed without being the better for it. A prodigious quantity of wine I swallow in the course of a twelvemonth; though it won't do for you to try to copy me."

Saying which, he took the last third of his first glass of Burgundy, allowing it to rest for a minute under his palate, before it slipped down to the many glasses of other wines that had preceded it.

Then he filled his glass again, and resumed talk about himself.

"Yes, I like my third bottle to be just such a wine as this. It suits me. Bless you, I shall go down to the House an hour or so hence, talk the Ministry into a frenzy of rage, be pitched into by half a dozen whipper-snapper hangers-on of the 'ins,' get back here to bed at three o'clock in the morning, and be in the City by half-past nine with a fresh pink in my button-hole. It's a glorious thing to have a fine constitution; and by my word, I have a constitution—and no mistake about it. Well, then, Mr. Edward (I shall begin to call you Mr. Edward; I have no liking for Smith—it's a poor, common sort of name; just what a cabbage is amongst vegetables, all very well for vulgar use, but nowhere at all as an article of luxury and taste; I dare say I shall drop the Mr. soon, and call you Edward, if I like you as well as I hope to do), so you intend to work hard, do you?"

"It's more than mere intention. I have been a worker for some time past."

"Good! there's nothing so good as hard work for young fellows; nothing, you may take my word for it. Ah, I've known a little hard work in my time. When I was fourteen years old I began the battle of life on my own account; a mere office-boy in old Sam Harrison's house, a mere office-boy, engaged to run errands and sweep out the place at five shillings a week. No grand start in life that, you'll allow. But I was determined that nothing should keep me back. My master saw I was a bright lad, found that I could write a good hand, and manage figures nicely—for a mere lad, that is to say. So he raised me from an errand-boy to a clerk, perched me on a high stool at a yearly salary, and now and then had me up here on Sundays, to eat my dinner, and walk to Hornsey Church with his step-daughter. Well, I rose; made a position for myself—mind, *for myself*, and *by myself*; old Sam Harrison would never have given me sixpence beyond scant wages, if I hadn't made it worth his while to trust me, and take me into his confidence. So I went on steadily. Sam Harrison took me into partnership, let me marry his step-daughter (he married the Widow Venables, who had a daughter by old Black-lead Venables—he was always called Black-lead Venables, and was a character in the City when George the Third was a middle-aged man), and when he died left me his business, this little place, and a nice little lump of personal property. It's just the story of the virtuous apprentice over again; but by my word, the virtuous apprentice doesn't get the reward of virtue, unless he has some stuff in him besides mere virtue. If your virtuous apprentice hasn't energy, dogged determination, brains, he'll never marry his master's daughter, and come in for his business and accumulations."

All which biographical sketch was true enough, as far as it went; but from not going quite far enough, it was, like many personal histories which may be found on the shelves of libraries, a most misleading as well as deficient memoir. John Harrison Newbolt, M.P. for Harling, liked to flatter himself that he was in all respects a self-made man; so, in his reminiscences of past times, he never mentioned that Sam Harrison (his early patron) was half-brother of his (Mr. Newbolt's) father, who died at an early age in needy circumstances, leaving a motherless boy behind him. The giant did not think it worth while to dwell on the fact that Sam Harrison paid for his schooling at a commercial academy at Stratford-le-Bow; or deem it worthy of notice that, while he served his patron as office-boy, he was boarded and lodged, free of charge, at said patron's place of business, and received the five shillings a week (about which sum he made so much noise) merely as an allowance for pocket-money. Successful men, when they romance about their early struggles, and boast of the qualities which "made men of them," frequently overlook trifling particulars which, when they are known, lessen the grandeur of their achievements, and prove them to have been not less lucky than enterprising.

"But here I am, you see, alive and hearty at sixty-six years of age; and I take it," continued Mr. Newbolt, as he emptied his glass and filled it again, "few people

will charge me with bragging, when I say that I am one of the foremost men in the City of London, and one of the most remarkable men in the country. There are not many people who don't know John Harrison Newbolt by name—either to bless him, or curse him."

As the giant went on in this absurd vein of noisy arrogance and jovial egotism, his words came from him with increasing speed and loudness; but his voice was clear as a bell, without a touch of the indistinct utterance which shows when men have upset their nerves with wine. He was boisterous, animated, alert. The Burgundy was clearly at work; for the short, iron-grey hairs on his head stood erect like the bristles of a wire-brush, on either side of his bald crown. On each temple, over and round either ear, the short, grey-brown hair clumped out like a hedgehog's back. The long, dark bristles moved about like leeches over his flashing eyes; and momentarily his great massive face and huge frame seemed to grow bigger and bigger. Edward thought he should thoroughly enjoy painting his portrait.

"Come," exclaimed the giant, draining the last drop of Burgundy, "I shall have a cigar now. You smoke?"

"No, sir; I don't."

"Well, I don't want you. I despise the youngster who smokes simply because he thinks it's manly, though every pipe he takes throws him into a cold sweat. But you don't object to the smell of smoke, I suppose?"

"By no means."

"That's good again. Then I'll light up," returned the host, taking his cigar-case from his pocket, and proceeding to light up.

"Yours is a good cigar; it smells well," observed Edward, as the first fumes of the tobacco reached him.

"I believe you, Mr. Edward," replied the patron, sending out from his lips a full, round cloud of aromatic smoke. "When a City man pays a shilling a-piece for his cigars, they ought to be good ones. Ah! you look uncommonly well through the smoke. I do enjoy looking at people through the clouds of my own cigar." (Puff, puff—a minute's silence broken by puff, puff.) "And how many persons like to do just the same thing in a different position." (Puff, puff.) "They light up their little crotchets, and fancies, and prejudices" (puff, puff), "stick them in their mouths, and puff away, looking at their neighbours through the vapour of their imaginations" (puff, puff); "but the worst of that sort of smokers is, they think the world is really affected by their smoke-clouds, which have no influence whatever" (puff, puff), "except on the vision of the smokers themselves. There, that's a pretty thought: almost foolish enough for a novel!"

Having given utterance to which quaint conceit, Mr. Newbolt smoked the first half of his cigar in silence. Smokers did not approve the giant's way of smoking. He smoked far too quickly. Whatever he did was done quickly, if not too quickly.

"And how about my proposal?" abruptly asked the smoker, when he had finished the first half of his cigar. "Will you teach my young friend?"

"I have spoken to Mr. Buckmaster," began Edward.

"Well," interposed Mr. Newbolt, sharply, "he is

not such an idiot as to advise not to do what I wish you."

"He tells me that he has no doubt of my capacity to instruct, and since I can spare the time for teaching a pupil twice a week, he advises me to accept your offer."

"He's a sensible fellow," said Mr. Newbolt, evidently relieved of a disagreeable fear by the answer; "a very sensible. He's a little cranky and touchy at times, as all you artists are, but in the main he's a very sensible fellow."

"So, having only my own misgivings——"

"Tut! push for your misgivings! You're a young man of power; and a young man of power should think himself able to do everything—should undertake any job for which he is going to be well paid. If the Government asked you to take Westminster Palace in hand, you'd be a fool to have any misgivings of your ability to complete the building. Your only answer ought to be, 'Pay me well, and I'll do your work.' Young men of power never get anything by modesty. Men who haven't power can't do better than keep their hands in their breeches' pockets, and let their betters shove them into the gutter."

"Well, sir, my misgivings of my own fitness for the task won't prevent my undertaking the one you are so good as to propose to me. I merely mention them now, so that if I should be so unfortunate as not to give your friend satisfaction, you'll hold me to some extent blameless."

"Oh, yes, I'll hold you blameless; no fear about that. Then, you'll come up to Muswell Hill twice a week, and receive a guinea for each lesson. Will that satisfy you?"

"Indeed, it will!"

"Then, it's a bargain."

"And who, sir, is to be my pupil?"

Instead of answering the question, Mr. Newbolt sat up suddenly in his lounge-chair, and made a movement which indicated that familiar and pleasant sounds had caught his ear—sounds coming from a distance.

"Hark!" he exclaimed, raising his right hand to enjoin a continuance of silence, and then in an instant fitting the fingers round his right ear, to assist his powers of hearing. "Yes, that's Tatter's bark; that's Chloe's sharp yelp; it's she—she'll be here in a minute."

Very excited had the great man become, and very joyful his face. Pleasure clearly was at hand for him.

In another thirty seconds a blood-hound and a large Newfoundland dog having scrambled over the Lodge gate, were racing at full speed up the drive. Then the gate was flung open, and a young lady, wearing a sky-blue habit and a plumed cap, and mounted upon a well-bred brown pony, cantered up the drive.

"Heigh, Flo! this way, my darling," exclaimed the giant at the top of his voice, springing through the open window, the sill of which was but a step from the lawn.

The girl reined up her pony sharply, turned from the gravel drive to the turf of the smooth lawn, and rode at walking pace through the flower-beds, up to the open window, and her excited father.

Twilight was approaching; but there was still so much daylight left to the balmy June evening, that, standing in the shade of the window's crimson draperies, Edward could see distinctly every line of the girl's happy face—every smile of her radiant loveliness—every sparkle of her gleeful eyes, as she sprang from her stirrup into her father's arms, and kissed him before her feet touched the ground. He needed not to gaze at her to assure himself that she was strangely beautiful—with a beauty that, in his opinion, united every charm of form, expression, air, colour that man could look for in an English girl's face. It was she and no other—the child-woman—whom he had seen once, and had never forgotten.

"Down, Tatler, you scoundrel! Hold your row, Chloe, you noisy jade! Here, Peter, take your mistress's pony, and don't do more harm to the flowers and turf than you can help," cried Mr. Newbolt, speaking to the dogs and groom, as he still held Flo to his side, after he had let her slip down from his first embrace, so that she could stand on the grass.

"Here, Flo, come in this way. Mr. Smith is in the dining-room, and wants to make your acquaintance," continued the father, leading her another step towards the window, so that Edward, standing behind the curtain, could have stooped and touched her blue habit.

She required no more formal introduction.

Escaping from her father's hold, and preceding him, Flo gathered up her long riding skirt into her left hand, put a dainty foot upon the window-sill, leaned forwards, and crept up—like sunlight stealing up a wooded slope—under the eyes of the young man who loved her, though she had never before looked at him.

"I am very glad to know you," said the girl, turning up her countenance to the stranger's gaze, with that entire absence of diffidence and constraint which marks young girls of high natures who have been reared in an atmosphere of love, and have been preserved from the bitter anguish which sensitive children endure, when they are repulsed by morose guardians, or are chilled by the indifference of unsympathetic elders. "I hoped to have had the pleasure of dining with you, but I could not get away so soon as I wished from my sister's house at Clapton."

"You have had a long ride," answered Edward, experiencing so much novel confusion, that he was not ill-pleased at noticing how the evening was fast closing in—was glad to think that the dimness of the room, and his position with his back to the light, secured him in some measure from Florence's observation. "It is some distance from here to Clapton."

"Oh, no," she answered, "it's but a short way. I am afraid you don't know much of the geography of this side of London: and I am used to horse exercise. Like the Arab, I can say, 'My saddle is my home.' A twenty miles' ride is nothing to me."

"And what kept you so late, my pearl of pearls?" asked her father, who, it seemed to Edward, grudged the few words and slight attention his darling was bestowing on a stranger.

"Grace kept me to dinner," was the explanation;

"and then, not having had enough of me, I suppose, Grace kept me after dinner. She has a will of her own, you know, and I can't hold out against people with strong wills."

"So Grace detained you both before and after meat!" laughed the father; "the after-dinner grace must have been a very long one."

"Is it a daughter's duty, Mr. Smith, to laugh at her papa's puns?" inquired the young lady; and then, without waiting for an answer, she added, playfully, "But I will make a low courtesy to you for the present, gentlemen, and shall hope to see you in the drawing-room in a few minutes."

Whereupon, the girl, smiling at her own pretty mockery of stateliness, made her courtesy, and moved to the door, which her father had opened for her.

"Don't trouble yourself to dress, my charmer," said the father, as she tripped past him into the hall; "you look rarely well as you are."

Edward heard her merry laugh once more, and then, as she disappeared, heard her silver voice reply, "Thank you for the compliment; as to the advice, I must have my maid's opinion before I act upon it."

For twenty seconds John Harrison Newbolt lingered at the door, with his eyes following that lovely child of his riper years, as she crossed the marble floor.

When he could see her no longer, he closed the door, and, turning to the artist, said, "Let us take a turn on the grass for a few minutes."

Upon which suggestion Edward stepped through the window, and he had scarcely put both his feet upon the cool, green turf, when the giant gently laid a large, heavy hand upon his shoulder, and guided him over the lawn.

"She's a sweet, pretty creature—ay? don't you think so?" asked the giant in a low tone. The noisy man seemed strangely subdued by the scarce three minutes of intercourse with his girl, on whom his warmest affection, and the gentler, purer part of his pride centred.

"Very, very," said Edward, his heart beating fast; for the young man was astonished at the question, and wondered what was coming next.

"As an artist, you think so? Of course I only put the question to you as an artist—who is also my friend. Speaking critically, you think her very lovely?—ay?"

"I do, indeed—I think her very lovely," answered Edward, making a great and not unsuccessful effort to speak with his customary calmness.

The assurance evidently gave much satisfaction to the father, who delighted in hearing his child's praises, even when the praises were extorted from unwilling admirers.

But for five minutes no word passed from his lips, as he walked with his hand still lying on his young friend's shoulder, pacing to and fro under the silent trees, through which no breeze was stirring.

"You see," he observed, when he at length spoke again, "she is my only child by my second marriage. I had five daughters by my first marriage; Flo is the whole of my second family. It's the common frailty of old men to dote on their youngest born. Well, for all my energy and bluster, I am an old man—growing much older every year. I feel it, though I don't show it;

so I may be excused for my one senile frailty. I worship that girl, Mr. Smith; if I see her tread on a daisy as she crosses this lawn, I go and look at the daisy, pluck it, carry it into the City with me. In all that concerns her, I am a fond old fool—no better; but my folly does me good, softening and humanising me—carrying me back to times when I had sparks of true poet's feeling in me—when I dreamt of being something better than the stormy, riotous, self-sufficient demagogue I am. In my heart, and to you, I can confess that I have just nothing in life that I really care for but that child. Ida, in a way, is dear to me; but if Flo were taken from me, I shouldn't survive her loss a month. Heaven help me! what should I do without her?"

All this speech was made in a low voice, widely different from that of the speaker's previous after-dinner utterances; the last words were delivered with true pathos. The quickness with which the strong, overbearing man had passed from a mood of boastful egotism to a display of exquisite parental tenderness was very striking; but it scarcely surprised Edward, for the man's excess of fondness for his beautiful child somehow accorded with the extravagance of his arrogance to the rest of the world. Edward liked him the better for this exhibition of feeling. The tumult of his own breast enabled him to sympathise with the ardour of his companion's; by his own romantic love of the girl whom he had seen but once before, he could understand the love cherished for her by her father.

"I hope I shall live to see her well settled—well married, I mean," continued Mr. Newbolt, laying aside much of his gentleness, and resuming much of his ordinary hardness, but still speaking in a low voice. "Yes, before I die, I should like to see her the wife of an honourable gentleman." Having said which, the giant paused.

"She'll be sure to marry well," observed Edward, filling up a pause that was very painful to him, and speaking less because he had something to say, than because he felt his heart would leap into his mouth if the silence were not broken.

"She *shall* marry well!" responded the elder, quickly, almost fiercely. "She shall *not* be the wife of any ordinary, common-place gentleman. She has beauty, wit, taste, intellect, grace, gentle nature. I can give her wealth. Marry well! of course she will. The man I allow her to marry must not expect that she is to bring everything to the bargain, and he nothing. For myself, I hold rank, station, title, as matters of small importance; but the world differs from me, and flatly refuses to adopt my views—and the world will go on as it does now when I am in my grave, and Flo is still in the fulness of her beauty. Well, the world respects rank and station, respects those who possess them: and after all it won't do to run in the teeth of public opinion. So my child, when she leaves my home to go to another man's, must have rank, station, title, and everything else which the world honours, assured to her. Ay? what say you?"

What could he say in reply to the stern Republican, who had resolved that his daughter should marry a man of rank, station, title?

What could he say?

Nothing.

So he held his peace.

But Mr. Newbolt's words made a deep impression. They were not speedily forgotten; and the time was steadily coming up from the future, when he learnt that their speaker intended that they should make a deep impression—should not be speedily forgotten.

"Come," said Mr. Newbolt in his ordinary voice, after another minute's silence, "let's turn in, and have a cup of tea with the ladies. That done, we'll be off to the House of Commons."

(To be continued.)

RETIREMENT.

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There if the Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

UNITARIANISM NOT "THE TRUTH."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN SULLIVAN."

II.—REASONABLENESS OF A BELIEF IN A TRINITY.

OWEN. Ah! James, I am glad to see you, and quite anxious to enter upon the question we reserved for this evening.

WHITE. And I hope we shall both keep our minds and imaginations under control, and fear to indulge in any wild or unlicensed fancies on so awful a subject. The first fact, I think, that we ought to settle deeply in our minds, is this: that the whole question in dispute must be referred to the decision of Holy Scripture, seeing that without the Bible we cannot advance one single step.

OWEN. I suppose that this is so; but can you make it absolutely clear?

WHITE. It is proved by the plain and indisputable fact that although mankind has reached, at various periods, a high degree of civilisation—as, for instance, under the Greeks, and again under the Romans, and again in modern France and Germany—yet in none of these has there been even an approximation to any certain knowledge of God. The multitude, and even the bulk of educated men, in the days of Plato and Cicero, worshipped a variety of supposed deities; and if a few philosophers rose above the belief in Mars and Venus, in Vulcan and Jupiter, they could get no further than a supposition. "The only thing," said Socrates, "which I do certainly know is, that I know nothing." How, indeed, could it be otherwise? How should a creature of yesterday discover and comprehend the Eternal? How should one who was a pining child a few years since, and who will be a dotting driveller if he lives a few years longer, arrive at an understanding of the nature of Him who was the first

Author of all things, and who now fills all space and governs all things? No; if there be any one thing which is absolutely certain, it is, that "man cannot, by searching, find out God." If he is to know anything of his Maker, and the Lord of his life, it must be by revelation. This, as I have said, has been made abundantly clear by the fact that the most gigantic intellects that the world has ever seen—the Platos and Aristotles of the palmy days of Greece—have left on record the utter fruitlessness of their attempts, and have shown that a supposition, a speculation, or a guess, is the highest flight that unassisted human reason can attain unto, in its searchings after the Divine Author of its being.

OWEN. Yes, I understand this; and, as I said yesterday, the preacher on Sunday evening seemed to admit that the appeal must be to a Divine revelation; for that, outside the Bible, we had nothing on which the mind of an inquirer could rest with any kind of comfort or satisfaction.

WHITE. Well, then, we may proceed at once to inquire, What is the testimony borne by Holy Scripture to the nature and attributes of God?

OWEN. But is there not one point which might claim a previous consideration—to wit, whether, viewed apart, and by itself, the idea of a Trinity in unity is not self-contradictory?

WHITE. Explain yourself a little more fully.

OWEN. Well, then, to be as brief and as plain as I can, is not unity a positive and definite thing, and plurality another and totally distinct thing? so that, to speak of anything as both single and yet plural—both One and Three at the same time—is like averring that two and two do not always make four; or like asserting a thing which we know cannot be true.

WHITE. You must remember what we are considering. It is not whether three bodies can be one body, or three stars one star; but whether a wondrous Being, who unquestionably far exceeds all our powers of comprehension, may not, amidst his other attributes, possess this one—of being both a unity and also a plurality.

OWEN. Yes; but the previous question, which I want first to raise, is, whether there is not an inherent impossibility in the case?

WHITE. An inherent impossibility in what?

OWEN. In the same Person, or Being, possessing both unity and plurality at one and the same time.

WHITE. Surely, if you look within, and reflect upon the qualities or attributes which you find in yourself, your question will be quickly answered.

OWEN. In what way?

WHITE. Why, cast your thoughts forward a few years, and imagine the day in which your surviving friends will say of you, "We buried him in St. —'s churchyard." Will not your nearest relatives be apt to ask one another, "Does he know, think you, what we are now speaking or thinking of? I wonder what are the occupations of those who, like the thief on the cross, are now with Christ in Paradise?"

OWEN. Apply this, if you please, to the question before us.

WHITE. The application, surely, is obvious. When you have ceased to live, your friends will bury you in some churchyard, and they will deem that they have left you in the grave; yet, at another

moment, they will speak of you as above the skies. Is it not clear that one human being cannot, strictly speaking, be in two different places at one and the same instant? So that your friends will speak and think of one Edward Owen in the grave, and another Edward Owen in Paradise; and yet they will not be speaking of two Edward Owens, but of one.

OWEN. But surely you will not liken God to one of us? or argue that what is said, perhaps incorrectly, of a human being, may also be said of the great Creator?

WHITE. The point I was aiming at, in what I have said, was merely to show that, in daily life, we do often speak of a man as one, and yet as two, at one and the same moment of time; in short, that there is a body and a soul, which may even be separated and exist apart, and thus show themselves to be two; and yet we speak and think of these two things as forming together but one man. Surely this answers your inquiry—whether a being can have plurality and unity at one and the same time. We see, in our own case, that this is possible.

OWEN. Well, you certainly seem to have shown it; but I must ponder your illustration a little, before I can be quite satisfied with it.

WHITE. I might, if it were necessary, give you other illustrations of a similar kind. Take the very common one of the flame of a candle. We look at it, and see it to be one. Yet there are united in it three distinct things—fire, light, and heat. Heat, we know, may exist without either light or fire, as in a man in a fever; light we behold in the moon, without feeling any heat; but in the flame of a candle we behold these three distinct things united, and all forming only one flame. Still, however, I desire to avoid any such thought as that God may be like man, or like the flame of a candle. I only adduce these things, in order to show you that there is no inherent impossibility in the thought that two things or three things may be also one—that it may be true that a thing is threefold, and yet only a unity, at one and the same time.

OWEN. Well, I admit that you seem to have shown this to be at least possible; and yet, like yourself, I shrink from arguing upwards, so to speak—from a man, or a thing, to the Eternal God.

WHITE. So do I, and I desire to avoid it altogether. But the use to be made of these illustrations is of this kind: we ought, if we would entertain worthy thoughts of God, to keep ever in mind that a thousand things which are not possible with man are possible with God. With him nothing is small, nothing is great; nothing is near, nothing is far off; nothing is old, nothing is new. He knows the number of eggs in that sparrow's nest; he knows also precisely where that great comet is, which left us some two hundred years ago, and has ever since been flying through the realms of space. A few minor incidents in Christ's life show this. When he met a woman of Samaria whom he had never beheld with his bodily eyes before, he showed her in a moment that he knew all the circumstances of her past life. When Peter needed money to pay a tax, he could tell him that there was a fish in the lake then hastening to bring him that money in his mouth. He passed into a room through a shut door as easily as through an open one. And when he would speak of his past existence, he does

not say, "I lived before Abraham was born," but, "Before Abraham was, I AM." Hence, therefore, we ought to conclude, that if tri-unity be partly and occasionally possible with men, and with other visible things, much more must it be possible with God. But, in truth, our only rational posture in this discussion is that of Samuel, in his youth, when he submissively said, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

OWEN. I remember one remark which the preacher made, to the effect, that the idea of a Trinity first originated with Plato, and was then taken up by some Alexandrian Jews, a century or two before the birth of Christ; and that some of their phrases were innocently adopted by St. John, and so introduced into the Christian Church.

WHITE. Yes; I know that this is the favourite theory with the Unitarians; but it calls for two remarks. The first is, that the occurrence of a certain thought in Plato's writings does not prove that he was the author of it. He was a student—an inquirer—and was very likely to search into all speculations or writings concerning God that had existed before him. There is nothing improbable in his having sought among learned Jews, who then abounded in his neighbourhood, for some acquaintance with their sacred books. Such a Jew, reading to him the opening portions of Genesis, would exhibit to him one supreme God, the Creator of heaven and earth. But he would also hear of a "Spirit of God," as something apart, and yet not apart; and of words and sayings of God, in language expressive of plurality—"Let us make man;" "The man is become as one of us." Thus from Moses Plato might learn those very ideas which he afterwards elaborated into a Trinity.

OWEN. Yes; I see this is not at all improbable.

WHITE. But there is a second remark which I have to make, which seems of some importance. It is this: the Unitarians reject the idea of a Triune God as "untenable in any form whatever;" as being, in fact, "a contradiction in terms," and so, of necessity, untrue. And yet, with the same breath, they tell us that the idea of a Triune God was adopted and promulgated by Plato, the prince of all the heathen philosophers. He hearing, probably, of this doctrine through some Jewish rabbi, instead of rejecting it as "in every form untenable," or as "a contradiction in terms," readily embraced it, as a wise and worthy conception of God. "The Platonic Trinity," says a Unitarian writer, "consisted of the One God; the Logos, or Word; the Psyche, or Spirit."

OWEN. But are we to go back to Plato and the Greek philosophy for right views of the Christian faith?

WHITE. No, indeed; but Plato may be called as an unexceptionable witness on two points. First, that the doctrine of the Trinity was not invented, as some Unitarians are fond of telling us, by the Council of Nice, or by the framers of the Athanasian Creed. The writings of Plato had been in the world some 700 years before the time of Constantine. Yet, secondly, we will not be told that we draw our faith from Plato; for his idea of a Triune God is evidently identical with the thoughts and words of Moses, who lived a thousand years before, and from whom, we cannot doubt, Plato had learned the fact and the doctrine. Lastly, however, we have a right to claim this great philosopher as a

witness to the reasonableness and credibility of the doctrine. Coming before him as an explanation of certain philosophical difficulties, he accepted it as a fit and suitable solution. He saw in it no such absurdity or self-evident contradiction as modern Unitarians see. The thought of a One, Incomprehensible, and Eternal Father, of whom human minds could form no conception—of a Word, or manifestation of the Father, and of a Spirit going forth and giving life; all these being, however, involved and included in One God, seemed to him a worthy thought. Hence, I claim Plato as a witness, called from among the highest and noblest of the heathen world, to the fact that the idea of a Triune God is neither absurd nor self-contradictory; but a lofty, fit, and reasonable conception of the Divine Nature. Here, however, we must pause, for I see that our time has come to a close.

(To be continued.)

THE "GROTTO OF THE NATIVITY."

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, F.S.A., F.R.G.S.,
No. II.

It would have been a pleasant and not unprofitable task to have compared the descriptions and impressions of modern travellers with our own, on the occasion of their visits to Bethlehem, but the limits of a brief paper like this, written with an object also, forbids such digressions. In the present day the convent is shared by Latins, Greeks, and Armenians, who have their own separate apartments and private chapels, with a right to occupy the Grotto of the Nativity, according to an established order. The feuds and petty rivalries which appear among them are unworthy of their Christian profession. The church built by the Empress Helena is in a neglected and ruinous state. The forty-eight monolith columns in the Corinthian order still exist, but only a few mutilated figures remain of the old paintings and mosaic. The pavement is out of repair. The roof is of wood, and the naked, rough framework which supports it has a bad effect, and is quite unworthy of the fine structure which it surmounts. The church seems indeed to be merely an outer court, a sort of thoroughfare, through which entrance is gained into the smaller churches. The partition-wall still exists, and the area which it cuts off has been converted into two small chapels, where the Greeks and Armenians perform their respective rites. The Latins have a separate church in the convent. The Grotto of the Nativity is under the Greek chapel, but the entrance is through a door on the southern side of that of the Armenians. Its original features are quite concealed by the marbles, embroidered hangings, gold lamps, and other decorations. It contains, within a space of twelve paces long by four broad, three different altars. Under the first, upon the marble floor, the precise spot of the nativity is marked by a large star, made of silver and precious stones. The following inscription forms a circle around the star: "*Hi de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.*"* Golden lamps con-

* The removal of this star and inscription was made one of the excuses for those theologico-diplomatic interpellations which finally led to the Crimean war. The Franciscans, or Latin monks, accused the Greeks with having surreptitiously removed

tinually burn over this sacred spot, which the earliest traditions we have seen place without the cave. Two steps lead into another room, scarcely ten feet square, having the altar of the manger on one side, and that dedicated to the magi immediately opposite on the other. Here, too, the original features of the place are entirely concealed by polished marble and other decorations. The manger is represented by a block of white marble, hollowed out into an appropriate form. The altar of the wise men is fenced by a screen, above which is seen a painting that represents them doing homage and offering gifts to the holy child Jesus. Thirty-two splendid lamps illuminate this stable, now transformed into a gorgeous chapel. The ceiling of the grotto is also thickly hung with costly lamps. In another subterranean apartment is shown the altar of the innocents slain by Herod, in his attempt to extinguish the rising Light of the world. All the traditions that have grown up with the lapse of time, indeed, still find a resting-place there; but the monks manifest considerable caution, especially in the presence of Protestants, in asserting the claims of the traditional lore of which their fraternity have been so long the exclusive depositories in the Holy Land. Hence the catalogue of legendary spots varies in almost every traveller's record.

The antiquity and general acceptance of the tradition which connects this grotto with the scenes of the nativity, more or less obscured by subsequent additions through the lapse of so many ages, will, in the absence of direct testimony, appear satisfactory to most persons. It is scarcely credible that the site of an event so deeply interesting should have been lost sight of by the inhabitants of the country, and of Bethlehem, which, after the propagation of Christianity, derived its chief importance from having been the birthplace of the Saviour. To the disciples it must have been a place of peculiar interest. We must suppose, also, that the mother and brethren of our Lord, who were so much about Jerusalem during his ministry and after the crucifixion, would frequently visit and point out to others a spot hallowed by an event so memorable in their domestic history, and clothed with so much importance by its connection with the origin of Christianity. Each succeeding generation of Christians would feel an equal interest in the subject, and would be led, by the strong impulses of human nature, to view and preserve with peculiar veneration the scene of a transaction possessing such a permanent and increasing importance. The Empress Helena, who visited Palestine in person, cannot be supposed to have been careless in searching out the holy places which she honoured with such costly erections. The selection of this spot by St. Jerome as a place of retreat and devout medi-

tation and study ought, perhaps, to be taken as the expression of his opinion upon the subject.

When the Crusaders arrived at Bethlehem, they planted their flag upon the walls of the city at the same hour at which Christ was born, and was announced to the shepherds of Judea. During this same night a phenomenon appeared in the heavens, which powerfully affected the imagination of the pilgrims. An eclipse of the moon produced all at once the most profound darkness, and when it at length re-appeared, it was covered with a blood-red veil. Many of the Crusaders were seized with terror at this spectacle; but those who were acquainted with the march and movements of the stars, says Albert d'Aix, reassured their companions, by telling them that the sight of such a phenomenon announced the triumph of the Christians, and the destruction of the infidels.

We live, however, now in other times. Iconoclasts of old faiths, and legends, and traditions, have not only destroyed a great deal of the poetry of olden times, but many a truth, that only required a fair consideration for its vindication, has fallen before the unsparing sceptic, merely because it was in suspicious company. We have not only to do battle with those who deny that Jesus was born at Bethlehem, but we have also to enter the lists against many modern Christian travellers, who in their avowed scepticism with respect to what they justly describe as "the mass of topographical tradition long since fastened upon the Holy Land by foreign ecclesiastics and monks," are often led to reject the ordinary traditions of the country. As an example, it has been said that the story which fixes the slaughter of the innocents in the same grotto that the Lord was born in, is not worthy of credit, as it supposes an improbable concurrence—an improbability which throws "a measure of suspicion upon the whole tradition." This is an example of the hasty temper of mind which would reject the truth because it is in bad company. Granting that the legendary topography of the slaughter of the innocents has been fastened upon a holy spot, with many another equally improbable legend, by either native or foreign ecclesiastics or monks, are we, on that account, to reject the primitive tradition, upon which all these subsequent decorative legends have been, as it were, superimposed? Again, the credibility of the tradition has been said to be impaired by fixing upon a grotto as the stable of the ancient inn, whereas it is in reality strengthened by so peculiarly an Oriental practice, and to the present day the shepherds in the neighbourhood use grottoes as stables, and dwell in them themselves with their cattle. Dr. Pococke, we have seen, distinctly avers this fact, which agrees with our own experience, where such exist; but Dr. Robinson (ii., 79) declares that this is not now, and never was, the usual practice. "Taking into account all these circumstances," says the Doctor, alluding to the birth in a cave, "the being laid in a manger, the distance of the grotto from the town, the infrequent use of such as a stable, and the silence of the sacred writer, and also the early and general tendency to invent and propagate legends of a similar character, and the prevailing custom of representing the events of the

the stone upon which was the inscription, so erroneously placed within the cave, and having replaced it by one in the orthodox Greek language, Greek was the scandal among the fraternities, and the rivalry and enmity of years accumulated into the most intense ire. The Franciscans appealed to the French, as if not the most Catholic, at all events the most powerful among Catholic nations, and whose rulers have long arrogated to themselves the title of protectors of the holy places; the Greeks, on their part, appealed to the Russians, the sometimes too powerful protectors of the Syro-Greek Church. The result of this disgraceful squabble was to involve the loss of life to many thousands of human beings, many of whom were totally indifferent to the rival claims of either Church.

Dr. Olin's "Travels in the East," vol. II., p. 106.

Gospel history as having taken place in grottoes—it would seem hardly consistent with a love of simple historic truth to attach to this tradition any much higher degree of credit than we have shown to belong to the parallel tradition respecting the place of our Lord's ascension." Dr. Robinson thus rejects a tradition which reaches back at least to the middle of the second century, which in the third century Origen adduces as a matter of public notoriety, so that even the heathen regarded it as the birthplace of Him whom the Christians adored; a tradition which has never been lost sight of, while the spot has been visited and mentioned by writers and travellers in almost every century since the time of the New Testament, simply because there was an early and general tendency to invent and propagate legends of a similar character, and because it was a prevailing custom to represent the events of the Gospel history as having taken place in grottoes. Helena may have been "aged and credulous," and there may be many "puerilities" in monastic traditions; but there can, at the same time, be no question as to the scepticism that takes upon itself to reject the accumulated testimony of sixteen centuries upon such slight grounds. To say that St. Luke is silent upon the question of a grotto, is no more than to say that Mark and John are silent with regard to Bethlehem altogether. But Luke is not altogether silent—for he speaks of the Saviour having been laid in a manger, because there was no room for him in the inn. The so-called manger, considering that such are not in use in the East, was a stable; and tradition tells us that, in consonance with what Pococke observed of the people of the neighbourhood, and the common practice of the East when caves present themselves, that stable was a grotto.

Where we are called upon to abandon a tradition of such antiquity, permanency, and universal acceptance, we should expect arguments founded on contradictory statements, or upon the same tradition being associated with two or three different localities; but none such exist, and scepticism has to rely, not on the negation of the fact, but upon its omission—upon traditions being common, and being also frequently associated with grottoes. Excavated temples have been considered by some as the first original form of temple known. Would their existence in Egypt militate against their being found in India? The so-called cave of Jeremiah, near the Damascus gate of Jerusalem, is now partly a dwelling-place; so with the village of Siloam, and many others. Does the frequency of the phenomenon militate against its truth? St. Anthony dwelt in a cave, so did other monks, anchorites, and hermits. Would that disprove any particular case? The persecuted Christians of Cappadocia worshipped in caves. Their frescoes remain to the present day. The Greeks of Seleucia Pieria buried their dead in sepulchral grottoes. Do these facts and others militate against there being grotto chapels and sepulchral grottoes dating anterior to these, or posterior to them, or in other parts of the world? How can the localities of St. Anne's delivery, of the annunciation, of the Baptist's nativity, and of the transfiguration, being identified with grottoes, affect the credibility of our

Saviour—who was placed in a stable, because there was no room in the inn—having been first sheltered in a grotto? The fact of the frequency of grottoes, of the important part which they play in the history and domestic life of the East, and the numerous traditions that are associated with them, would to some minds rather favour the reality of the "Grotto of the Nativity," than militate against it. The evil, however, once done, it requires much to counteract it.

Mr. Bartlett, following upon Maundrell, Drs. Olin and Robinson, declares the spot to be at variance with probability, as, although it may occasionally, he says, "happen that caverns are used as stables in Palestine, this is deeper underground than would be convenient for such a purpose" (this without any regard to the consideration of the condition of the grotto in Arculf's and Sewulf's time, when it was a natural cave); "and when we consider, in addition, the tendency of the monks to fix the scene of remarkable Scriptural events in grottoes, perhaps from the impressiveness of such spots, the presumption against the site appears almost conclusive" ("Walks about Jerusalem," p. 210). The tradition which associates the grotto in question with the nativity, it is, however, to be observed, dates anteriorly to the foundation of monastic institutions, and the building of any local church or convent. It is not a monkish legend. Dr. Clarke had, indeed, from the scepticism that has since arisen, reason in regretting that the piety of Constantine and his mother Helena should have defaced or disguised the real features of Scriptural localities.

Wilson, in his "Lands of the Bible," vol. i., p. 392, and others, have also repeated Maundrell's old objections, founded on the frequent association of Scripture legends with grottoes; and he adds that Cyprian and Nicephorus speak of the birth of Jesus as having occurred in a house: to admit which would be simply to reject the statement of the Evangelist. Van de Velde ("Narr.," vol. ii., p. 11) says, however, with a greater regard to the truth, "If we are to believe tradition, there was at that time only a *natural grotto* there, in which, according to the usual practice of the country, cattle were housed, and in that place it was that Mary brought forth her first-born son—because there was no room for them in the inn." "En Judée, de nos jours encore, les grottes servent d'étables assez habituellement," says Felix Bovet, in his "Voy. en Terre Sainte," 3rd ed., p. 286. We might quote many other corroborative evidences of an undoubted fact. Our travels in the East have not been limited to Syria, but have comprised Asia Minor, Armenia, Kurdistan, Persia, and Mesopotamia, and everywhere we have seen the same thing.

Mr. Robert Ferguson, animadverting upon Miss Martineau's comment on the insufficiency of Maundrell's mode of accounting for the predilection for grotto localities, says, "They are chosen from necessity, and not from choice. There is in many cases nothing else left, all the buildings above-ground having perished by the hand of violence or the decay of time; whereas the grottoes, being indestructible, remain uninjured. When, therefore, the site, say, of our Saviour's nativity at Bethlehem was sought for,

finding nothing above-ground that could possibly be made to pass for it, the seekers were fain to avail themselves of the grotto which happened to be in a suitable situation."

The Rev. Dr. Stanley takes a far broader and a more philosophical view of the subject. Next to the wells of Syria, he looks upon the sepulchral grottoes and the caves as the most authentic memorials of past times, and partly for the same reason, and as classes of a general peculiarity, resulting from the physical structure of Palestine. "How great a part," does this admirable writer point out, "the caverns of Greece played in the history and mythology of that country is well known." And then he goes on with multiple instances of this same part which they have played in the history, legends, and traditions of the Holy Land ("Sinai and Palestine," p. 150). He notices the grotto of Bethlehem as first in antiquity, from the time that the religion of Palestine fell into the hands of Europeans, and when it became a "religion of caves." And yet is he too sceptical as to the truth of this particular tradition! "It is possible," he says, "as we are often reminded, that the very fact of caverns being so frequently used for places of dwelling and resort in Palestine, would account for the absence of a more specific allusion to them; for grottoes are stables at Bethlehem still; and the lower storeys of houses at Nazareth are excavated in the rock. But the more probable explanation is to be found in the fact that after the devastating storm of the Roman conquest had swept away the traces of sacred recollections in human habitations, the inhabitants or pilgrims who came to seek them would seek and find them in the most strongly marked features in the neighbourhood. These, as we have seen, would be the caves." Again, at p. 434, Dr. Stanley admits that alone, of all existing local traditions of Palestine, this one indisputably reaches beyond the time of Constantine; that it has been "the constant tradition of the place," and "has been uniformly maintained in the apocryphal gospels." But he returns to the suspiciousness of the constant connection of traditions with caves; when this was, according to his own statement, the first of its kind; and therefore if there was any chance of one being true, it would be this one. And he adds as a further objection to the identity of the whole scene, that during the troubled period of the invasion of Ibrahim Pasha, the Arab population of Bethlehem took possession of the convent, and dismantled the whole of the recess of that gilding and marble, which is the base of so many sanctuaries, European and Asiatic. The native rock of the cave was disclosed; but also, "it is said," an ancient sepulchre hewn in that very spot. "It is possible, but hardly probable, that a rock devoted to sepulchral purposes would have been employed by Jews, whose scruples on this subject are too well known to need comment, either as an inn or a stable."

The cave here alluded to was most probably neither more nor less than the one in which "the block of white marble, hollowed out in proper form," represented the manger; just as a "priest," or wooden manger, is made to represent a thing that never existed, in the magnificent Basilica of S. Maria Maggiore, at Rome—the southern recess three steps deeper in the chapel, according to Dr. Stanley—two steps into an-

other room, according to Dr. Olin. There is no evidence that this inner recess or room, with its block of white marble, constituted part of the original cave. It was more probably an old sepulchral grotto, apart from the grotto of the nativity, and opened into it afterwards. Its presence could not, therefore, have interfered with the cave having been used as a stable in pristine times. But supposing even that there had been a niche for the dead in a recess of the grotto of the nativity, the practices of the East would scarcely bear out Dr. Stanley's idea of Jewish exclusiveness. In the eloquent picture which he has himself drawn of the "cave-life" of the Israelite nation—of the long line of tombs, beginning with the cave of Machpelah, and ending with the grave of Lazarus—of hiding-places for insurgents—of places of refuge for the Israelites, for Samson, David, Saul, and other prophets of the Lord—of caves for robber hordes and demoniacs—it must have been sensible to himself, without a bias against "the grotto," *par excellence*, that the presence of a tomb more or less would no more have prevented the people of the country following their usual practice of sheltering their cattle in them, when favourably circumstanced, than it would have prevented Josephus and his countrymen concealing themselves in one, in their last great struggle. To use the words of Warburton—"If we can believe in their truth, to us the tradition is realised; and he who would walk through the world dismissing as untrue all that is incapable of mathematical proof, will lose considerably more than he can gain by his fastidiousness." If the Grotto of the Nativity had been the second or third of its kind, there might be some ground for the suspicions that have been made to attach to it, on account of the multitude of grotto legends, and traditions; but it was admittedly the first, and was therefore more likely to be the one from which the example was derived, of associating such traditions with others, than to have been itself a sham. Yet is this the only real and strong ground of scepticism upon the subject. It is comparatively speaking, fanciful and conjectural, as contrasted with the antiquity—antedating Helena—the permanence, and the universally accepted character of the tradition. In the present day, it may be fairly said—despite Jews, Christians, or Mahomedans—despite sepulchral niches, sarcophagi, or even statues—as in the cave of Shapur in Persia—there are no caves that are accessible to cattle and sheep, that are not frequented by such, as, when in uninhabited districts, they are as often the abode of the fox, the jackal, and the porcupine.

It has been remarked, even by those who are opposed to the identification of the grotto of the nativity—upon the mistaken ground of its having always been a subterranean crypt, as it is in the present day, its distance from the town, the silence of the Evangelists, and the suspicious character of cave traditions—that the view supported by tradition, which has all the more force regarding a locality (more than it would have in the case of an historical fact), from its being traced up to a period not remote from that of the event commemorated (and this event was so important as to make the scene of it a point of such unrelenting attention, that the knowledge of the spot was not likely to be lost), that this view would be greatly

strengthened if it could be satisfactorily proved that Hadrian or Adrian, to cast odium upon the mysteries of the Christian religion, not only erected statues of Jupiter and Venus over the holy sepulchre, and on Calvary, but placed one of Adonis over the spot of the nativity at Bethlehem. As to the first, there seems to be little doubt. We have the authority of Sozomenus, to the effect that the Roman conquerors of Jerusalem, in the excess of their triumphant joy, changed its name to Colonia *Ælia Capitolina*, made Jupiter its patron god, and erected statues of Jupiter and Venus in the place where Jesus had been crucified. Not only has the fact not been called in question, save by a few, but it has been justly said, that the mere fact of a temple to Venus standing on Calvary suffices to show that Calvary was the place where Jesus suffered. With respect to the second, it rests upon the authority of St. Jerome, who passed the greater portion of his days at Bethlehem ("Epist. 19, ad Paulinum"). Yet has it been viewed as "perhaps nothing more than a rhetorical parallel to the statue of Venus in Jerusalem." It is, however, further supported by Origen and Eusebius, who speak of the "cavern" (comp. Euseb. "Demon. Evang." vii. 2, p. 343, with "Vit. Const." iii. 43) as being regarded by the heathen as the birthplace of him whom the Christians adored.

Yet, in the face of the additional evidence thus claimed and obtained, the same writers who declare that "the memory of distinguished places is among the least perishable of earthly things"—that "Thermopylæ and Runnymede are yet, and will ever be, known"—will not admit the authenticity of the tradition which associates what was once "the Grotto of the Nativity," and is now a subterranean chapel, with the birthplace of the adorable Saviour of the world, who brought life and immortality to light, and at whose coming the heavenly host sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Memorials of Illustrious Women.

MRS. ISABELLA GRAHAM—(concluded).

As the time of her confinement approached, her spirits became so much depressed that she appears to have yielded to the most melancholy anticipations. In the expectation that she should not survive, she wrote to her father and to another friend, committing the care of her helpless children to them, and expressing her feelings in the prospect of eternity. But it pleased God to be better to his servant than her fears; she was carried safely and well through her confinement, giving birth to a son, whom she named John, after his father, and having nothing, when her recovery was perfected, to detain her longer in Antigua, prepared immediately for her departure. Her last care was to see a railing placed around the grave of her husband, "so that his remains might not be disturbed until mingled with their kindred dust;" and then, bidding farewell to her friends, with a sorrowful heart, she quitted the spot endeared to her as the last resting-place of him she had fondly loved. In her heart she made a vow of fidelity to his memory, and resolved that she would never exchange her

widow's attire for any other; nor did she alter her mind, nor change what she had vowed.

It is pleasant to know that kindly hands were extended to her assistance at this trying moment. Major Brown, the husband of her intimate friend, and his brother-officers, took care to provide as much as possible for her comfort on the voyage she was about to undertake, engaged for her a passage on board a vessel bound for Belfast (no ship offering for Scotland at the time), and saw her safely out to sea. At parting, the Major gave her a bill for the balance of the money she had deposited in his hands. After a trying and stormy voyage, she arrived safely at her destination, and on applying to Major Brown's correspondent, received from him a letter written by that officer, expressive of his esteem and friendship, and stating that, as a mark of respect for the memory of their deceased friend, he and a brother-officer had taken the liberty of defraying the expenses of her passage; she found, accordingly, that the bill he had given her was for the full amount of her original deposit.

Being a stranger in Ireland, and having no one to look out for a proper vessel in which to take passage for Scotland, she unhappily embarked in a packet which, as she afterwards learned, was not even provided with a compass. A violent storm raged shortly after they sailed, and for several hours the peril was imminent. At length the rudder and the masts were carried away, everything on deck thrown overboard, and finally the packet struck, during the night, upon a rock on the coast of Ayrshire. Universal terror and confusion now prevailed, and the passengers and crew lost all self-possession. Among the former were a number of young students going to the University of Edinburgh: some of these were swearing, others praying, all in the utmost consternation, while not a few were hastily writing their names in their pocket-books, in the hope that, should their bodies be recovered, they might be identified by their friends. Mrs. Graham alone remained tranquil; folding her infant in her arms, she soothed the cries of her little girls who clung terrified to her side, and told them that, in a few minutes, they would be with their dear papa in a better world, for ever safe and happy. While she was thus occupied, a young man came into the cabin, and asked, "Is there any peace to be found here?" How great was his surprise to find a solitary woman the only one calm amid the universal storm. A short conversation soon proved that a common bond of sympathy united them in that solemn hour—the same source of comfort and hope sustained their spirits, and was as a sure anchor amid the raging warfare of the elements. The stranger then engaged in prayer, and afterwards read the 107th Psalm. Just as he arrived at the passage, "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still," the vessel swung off the rocks, being borne by the swelling of the rising tide. She had been dashing against it for an hour and a-half, the sea making a breach over her, so that her hold was now nearly filled with water. Towards morning the violence of the tempest abated, and the vessel floated, until she became fixed upon a sand-bank, where help could be rendered from the shore. Before long the whole shipwrecked company was safely conveyed to land, and took shelter in a small inn, where, alas!

most of the men appeared only anxious to drown the remembrance of their recent danger and misery by deep potations. So hard and impenitent is the heart of man, that even the loudest calls of Providence are unheeded, until the still, small voice of love Divine makes itself heard with life-giving power.

In the meantime Mrs. Graham retired to a private room, where she poured out her thanksgivings to God for his sparing mercy. Of this deliverance from a fearful death she ever retained a lively and grateful remembrance, and in one of her letters referring to it, she thus touchingly relates the feelings she experienced at the moment of extreme peril:—

When darkness and tempest added to the horrors around, and our vessel kept dashing on the rocks, I expected her to go to pieces every moment; but the idea was continually with me—"In the bosom of God's ocean I shall find the bosom of my Saviour."

Such strong faith is indeed rare; and one cannot but feel that it was graciously bestowed by the Father of mercies on his afflicted and forlorn servant in answer to humble and believing prayer. "Call upon me in the day of trouble," says a covenant-keeping God; "I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

After a short rest, the storm-tossed traveller resumed her journey, and in a few days reached Cartside, where her father lived, and entered his dwelling: not, alas! the well-known spacious mansion in which she had left him, but a homely thatched cottage, consisting of three small apartments. Troubles had come thick upon the old man—the loss of his wife had wholly unnerved him, and pecuniary losses, occasioned by the dishonesty of some supposed friends, had added to his distress. Of too easy temper, and unsuspicious of evil, he had been induced to become security for a man whose subsequent failure reduced him to absolute poverty. At the time of Mrs. Graham's return, he was employed as factor of a gentleman's estate in the neighbourhood, whose father was once the intimate friend of Mr. Marshall senior. In a short time, however, his health failed; he became incapable, as the proprietor thought, of attending to the duties of his charge, and was consequently left without any means whatever of support. Mrs. Graham felt it her duty to undertake the care of her father, and from that time he became entirely dependent upon her exertions and industry. A faithful, affectionate, and dutiful daughter she proved, and maintained him through his declining years in comfort. Eventually he died at her house, while she was living in Edinburgh, attended by herself and her children, who tenderly watched him through his last illness.

For a short time she remained at Cartside, where she taught a small school, the slender profits of which, together with a widow's pension of £16 per annum, were all the means she had to depend upon for the maintenance of her household. Under these circumstances, the Christian character of Mrs. Graham was strongly shown. Sensible that her Heavenly Father saw fit at this time to lead her through the valley of humiliation, she submitted in lowliness and resignation of spirit to all his will, without murmuring or complaint. With a cheerful heart, and in full assurance of faith, she was enabled to bear the yoke, and found it easy because sustained with the spirit of child-like love. Adapting

herself and her children to their altered condition, she laid aside their former garments and clothed them in homespun, and with her own hands made butter and sold it to procure bread, while the little ones were fed on the milk of their small dairy. Afterwards, when at Paisley, her breakfast and supper were of porridge, and at dinner she was content with potatoes and salt.

In later times, when her circumstances were again prosperous, she referred to this her humble fare, and expressed the happiness she had felt in her lowly estate, having a contented mind and peace with God.

In the meantime He in whom she trusted was raising up friends for her, through whose assistance she was introduced to a more enlarged sphere of usefulness. Her pious and attached friend, the wife of Major Brown, had returned with her husband to Scotland, and they were now living on their estate in Ayrshire. Mr. Reid, too, a kind friend in Antigua, was now a merchant in London. This gentleman advised her to invest the little money she had brought home (and which she had carefully hoarded) in muslins, made up by herself into tasteful dresses, which he proposed to ship in a vessel of his own, freight free, to be sold in the West Indies. His ingenious suggestion was thankfully followed, and the dresses in due time sent off; but, before long, tidings came that the vessel was captured by the French. This disappointment was the more felt because it happened at a time when she was much embarrassed in circumstances.

After consulting with several friends in Glasgow and Edinburgh, Mrs. Brown proposed that Mrs. Graham should establish a boarding-school in the latter city. It was thought that the excellent education she had received, as well as the experience she had acquired by the various vicissitudes through which she had passed, and, above all, her humble but ardent piety, peculiarly fitted her for so important a trust as the education of the young.

On this occasion, as on so many former ones, she sought the Divine counsel, and set apart a day for fasting and prayer, earnestly imploring wisdom to direct her as to her future course. The result was a conviction that it was her duty to follow the advice given, and to undertake the responsible task proposed to her. But, although her faith was strong, the trials she had undergone had affected her nervous system, and her anxiety with reference to the future proved more than she could sustain; her health succumbed, and for some weeks she was confined to her bed. As soon as she had sufficiently rallied from this illness, she prepared to accomplish her plans, trusting that He who had directed her way would provide the means requisite; and in that confidence she sold her heavy furniture, packed up her remaining effects, and prepared to leave Paisley for Edinburgh, on a Monday, some time in the spring of 1780.

On the Saturday preceding the day fixed for her departure, she sat beside her fire, musing and wondering in what way the funds necessary for her journey were to be procured, when a letter was handed to her from Mr. P. Reid, enclosing a sum of money he had recovered from the underwriters on account of her lost muslins, which he had taken the precaution to insure.

This opportune and wholly unexpected supply relieved her from immediate difficulties, and

enabled her to enter upon her engagements without delay, much to the satisfaction of the friends by whom she was liberally assisted. During the period of her residence in the Scotch capital she enjoyed the esteem and patronage of many pious and excellent individuals; among others, the well-known Lady Glenorchy showed her the utmost kindness in a variety of ways, up to the time of her decease. She received into her family one of Mrs. Graham's daughters, to whom she herself gave instruction, and afterwards sent her for twelve months to a French school at Rotterdam, that she might acquire the requisite accomplishments to fit her for assisting her mother. The expectations of Mrs. Graham's friends were fully realised in the success of her school, which soon became numerous, and attained a deservedly high character. No one knew better than herself the importance of a sound and liberal education, and she determined that her best efforts should be devoted to the interests of her pupils. Above all, while neglecting no part of their education, her care was especially directed to their spiritual well-being, and she took much pains to imbue their minds with the pure and holy principles of the Gospel of Christ. Nor were these efforts fruitless; for although, in her self-diffidence, she frequently lamented her inefficiency, yet, in after years, when one of her daughters re-visited Scotland, she met with several of her mother's pupils, who gratefully referred to her instructions, and traced their earliest religious feelings to the training they had enjoyed when under her care.

In various ways she now found opportunities for doing good, and showed no small ingenuity in the plans she devised for making the most of her slender means. It was her invariable practice to educate the daughters of pious ministers on greatly reduced terms; and by an ingenious household management she assisted poor tradesfolk who belonged to "the household of faith." Finding the loan of small sums to be used as capital very serviceable to persons in a moderate way of business, she made them such advances, and took back the value in articles which they sold, charging no interest, and feeling herself amply repaid by seeing the prosperity of her humble friends and fellow-Christians, which she had thus assisted to promote.

Finding, among the poor whom she visited, a great amount of want and suffering in times of sickness, Mrs. Graham suggested the idea that every poor person in the neighbourhood should endeavour to lay by a penny weekly to form a fund for the relief of the contributors in case of illness. This suggestion originated the formation of a very efficient and useful charity, afterwards called "The Society for the Relief of the Destitute Sick."

In the year 1785, Dr. Witherspoon, Mrs. Graham's former pastor, visited Scotland, and strongly advised her removing to America. She had no longer any domestic ties to retain her in her native land, her father being dead, and the various members of the family scattered abroad; and she had felt a decided partiality for the new country ever since her former residence there, and even indulged a secret hope of some day returning thither. These feelings now revived; and, after due deliberation, she decided on accepting an invitation from many respectable persons in New York, who assured her of their patronage and support; and, in the month of July,

1789, she quitted Scotland, and once more crossed the mighty ocean, landing safely, after a pleasant though tedious voyage, on the 8th September. In less than a month from the time of her arrival, she opened her school in New York, beginning with five pupils, and in a few weeks their number amounted to fifty. The utmost cordiality and friendliness were shown her, and she soon proved herself worthy the confidence reposed in her.

Her method in the training and instruction of the young was peculiarly happy. While maintaining a firm discipline, and exacting strict obedience to the laws she laid down, she endeared herself to her pupils by uniform kindness and consideration; and they retained for her, in after life, an almost filial affection, which was pleasingly manifested on many occasions.

One principal source of happiness to this truly good woman was the exemplary conduct of her daughters. All three gave early evidence of piety, and united themselves in communion with the Presbyterian Church under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Mason, and eventually formed happy marriages.

With her son it was far otherwise. She had left him in Scotland, under the care of a friend, who promised to pay great attention to his morals and education. The boy had a warm, affectionate heart, and at the same time a bold, impetuous spirit. He early showed a strong propensity for a seafaring life, and his friends were, in consequence, induced to place him as apprentice in the merchant service. On his first voyage he was shipwrecked off the coast of Holland, where he met with a friend of his mother's family, who forwarded him to New York. It was thought right that he should return to Scotland, in order to complete his term of service, and Mrs. Graham gave him a handsome outfit, and took his passage on board the same ship with the son of Dr. Mason, who was going to Edinburgh to study theology.

Great was her distress at parting from him, and many entries in her diary record the bitterness of her sorrow on account of his want of religious feeling and principle.

This, this (she writes) is what agonises my heart. Lord, all things are possible to thee. To thy care I commit him. Only let his life be a spiritual one; I put a blank into thy hands as to all temporal things.

Three months after he left, she learned that a press-gang had boarded the vessel in which he sailed, and, though he was saved from their clutches by an ingenious stratagem, he was stripped of all he possessed. After undergoing many sufferings, the youth wrote to his mother from Demerara, in 1794, telling her that he had been made prisoner and retaken, and that he intended to return to Europe at the first opportunity. The letter was expressive of regret for his former conduct, and gave reason to hope that he had profited by past experience. These were the last tidings Mrs. Graham ever received of her unhappy son. All inquiries as to his subsequent fate proved unavailing, nor did any gleam of light come to enlighten the darkness that shrouded his history.

This was indeed a trial of faith and submission which only they who have passed through such deep waters can fully comprehend. Still, her confidence did not fail, and she clung to the hope that she should eventually embrace her prodigal again.

within the "many mansions" of her Father's house.

A remarkable incident in her own family served to encourage these hopes; and, for the sake of any who may read these pages with emotions of sympathizing grief because of a like sorrow, we will relate it. Archibald Marshall, the youngest brother of Mrs. Graham, a lad of high spirit and adventurous disposition, had gone to sea, and was not heard of for a long course of years. His family had almost renounced the expectation of ever learning what had become of him, when one day a pious woman, who kept a boarding-house in Paisley, found one of her lodgers engaged in reading Doddridge's "Rise and Progress." Taking up the book, she accidentally opened the fly-leaf, and her eye caught the name *Archibald Marshall* written there. Upon inquiry, she learned that the volume had belonged to that youth, and was given by him to the person in whose possession she found it. "He died a true Christian," was the information she received on questioning the stranger; "and I have reason to bless God that ever he was my messmate." These joyful tidings were soon conveyed to the family of Mr. Marshall; and, but for this providential accident—are not all so-called accidents truly providential occurrences, Christian reader?—their anxiety on his account would never have been set at rest in this world.

When her daughters were settled to her satisfaction, Mrs. Graham was prevailed upon to retire from her school, and to live with her children, that she might be thus more entirely at liberty to devote her time and attention to benevolent objects. Her whole life, from this period until she closed her long and useful course, was spent in doing good. A very favourite charity with her was a society for the relief of poor widows, which afterwards grew into great repute, and was productive of much good, especially to the many bereaved families left fatherless by the ravages of the yellow fever, in the year 1798. As soon as the society was instituted, Mrs. Graham was chosen directress, and held that office for ten years. The want and suffering occasioned by this terrible calamity called forth all the energies of those whose hearts prompted them to succour the distressed. There were many kindred charities which had their share in the attention of this excellent woman; among them a school for orphans, and several day-schools, beside two Sunday-schools, all of which she originated and assisted to manage. To relieve the sufferings of the poor, and to comfort and aid them to the utmost of her ability, was the chief end of her existence. It was frequently her habit to leave home after breakfast, taking with her a few rolls of bread, and returning in the evening at eight o'clock. On such days her only dinner was her bread, and perhaps a basin of soup at the Soup House, established by the Humane Society, and over which one of her widows had, by her recommendation, been appointed mistress.

About the year 1807, finding her duties too laborious, she resigned her office as Directress of the Widows' Society, and became a trustee of the Orphan Asylum, as more suited to her advanced age. At this time she devoted much attention to the care of an invalid grand-daughter, who required sea-bathing.

During five successive seasons they passed the

summer months at a watering-place called Rockaway, where they met with many strangers, the company showing much attention and respect to the venerable philanthropist, who, by her vivacity of manner, her fund of information, and the interest which she felt in the happiness of all around her, rendered herself a most acceptable acquaintance.

On one occasion, while bathing, she had a very narrow escape from drowning, being carried by the surf beyond her depth, and for some time there was scarcely a hope of her regaining the shore. Her grandchildren were weeping on the beach, and her danger was witnessed by several persons, but they were powerless to assist her. Being able to swim a little, she kept herself afloat for some time, but at length became very faint. Those who looked on now apprehended her lost; but providentially a heavy wave impelled her somewhat nearer shore, and a gentleman present managed, by a great effort, to catch hold of her dress, and draw her in. It was several hours before she revived, and her health during the following winter was much impaired by the shock it had received.

As her health declined, Mrs. Graham was compelled gradually to cease her active exertions in visiting the sick and the poor as formerly. She now spent much of her time in prayer, meditation, and reading the Scriptures; evidently her spirit was weaning from earth, and preparing for heaven. Shortly before her death she said, looking earnestly at one of her children, "I am going to leave you; I am going to my Saviour;" and as the end drew near, she sank into a lethargic slumber, from which she was only occasionally aroused, when she would utter one single word alone, accompanied with a pleasant smile; that word was "Peace." Her favourite promise, the one she had ever loved to dwell upon, was that uttered by the Redeemer as his last request, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you;" and now, in its fulfilment, this aged Christian gave her testimony and dying evidence that He is faithful who has promised.

Thus tranquilly, and without one cloud of apprehension or regret, she lay awaiting the expected summons, which came on the 17th July, 1814, when her glad spirit winged its way from earth to the blest Paradise of God.

HOW TO TRAIN THE MEMORY ARIGHT.

BY W. BOWEN ROWLANDS, ESQ., B.A.

No. II.

We should all naturally expect that so important a faculty as Memory would meet with much attention from our profoundest writers. Nor shall we be mistaken in such expectation. For a glance at the pages of such thinkers as Locke, Bacon, and a host of others, will speedily convince us of the esteem in which they held this invaluable gift. It would be entirely beside my purpose to give anything like a detailed statement of their views; I will confine myself to making use of them as guides and helpers, attending rather to the spirit than the exact wording of their expressions. One passage, however, from the writings of Dr. Watts, I cannot resist quoting, as it brings before us so vividly the advantages of memory. "All other abilities of the mind," says Dr. Watts, "borrow from hence their beauty and perfection; for other capacities of the

soul are almost useless without this. To what purpose are all our labours in knowledge and wisdom, if we want memory to preserve and use what we have acquired? What signify all other intellectual or spiritual improvements, if they are lost as soon as they are obtained? It is memory alone that enriches the mind, by preserving what our labour and industry daily collect. In a word, there can be neither knowledge, nor arts, nor sciences, without memory; nor can there be any improvement of mankind in virtue or morals, or the practice of religion, without the assistance and influence of this power. Without memory, the soul of man would be but a poor, destitute, naked being, with an everlasting blank spread over it, except the fleeting ideas of the present moment." And so closely is this faculty interwoven with every fibre of man's being, that our very perception of the passage and flight of time "involves a series of acts of memory."

It must surely then be worth the while of every thinking man and woman, to consider how this great gift may be nursed within them into giant strength, and be brought to the greatest possible perfection. I have already stated that artificial aids should not be too much relied upon. They may indeed be lawfully and advantageously made use of; but it must be only as the scaffolding that surrounds the rising building; subsidiary indeed to its erection, but only subsidiary to that; and ready to be removed when the edifice has attained its full dimensions; useful when applied as swathing bands upon an infant's limbs, to be dispensed with when the weakness of infancy is lost in the developed strength of manhood. An anecdote will perhaps serve to set before us in a clearer light the danger of relying too implicitly on any merely mechanical assistance. When Sir Walter Scott was a boy at school, there was a classmate of his who persisted in maintaining his place at the top of the form. Times out of number did Scott endeavour to supplant him, but in vain. The boys were amazed at the ready replies given by this leader of the class, and utterly at a loss to account for what seemed to them so marvellous a performance. At length the ingenuity of Scott discovered the secret, and unriddled the entire problem. He remarked that whenever a question was asked, the boy always fumbled at a particular button in his waistcoat. More eager than scrupulous, Scott resolved to try the effect of depriving him of this button; and, accordingly, removed it unseen with his knife. The experiment succeeded only too well. When next the boy was questioned, his fingers again sought for the familiar button. Alas! it was no longer to be found. Utterly confounded, the boy was unable to answer a single question, and lost his place in the class—a place which he never afterwards regained. It is but fair to add that Sir Walter Scott heartily repented in after life his share in the transaction. The anecdote, however, is singularly appropriate to what I was insisting on. The boy had so linked the exercise of his memory to this waistcoat button, that they had become as it were one to him, and this, perhaps, entirely unconsciously. So readily does the mind lay hold of the principle of association, that thoughts, acts, objects of sight, and the play of intellectual faculties, become so entwined the one with the other, as to render it difficult, and in some cases impossible, to sever them. The power of association, when duly regulated and

held in check, is one of the most powerful aids to recollection; but when allowed too full sway, it usurps the very rights of the recollecting power, and substitutes itself in its place. Take many things with which we have to do, it is a good and valuable servant, but a dangerous master; and we shall do well to keep it in its proper situation.

It may seem a truism to say, but nevertheless it inculcates a great lesson, that before we can recollect properly we must have an adequate notion of what we are to recollect. This is what Lord Bacon aptly calls "the cutting away of the indefinite." It is vain to expect to remember aright what we have only a vague, uncertain notion of; and due attention to this will be of much use to the student who reads with a view to improve his mind and enlarge his knowledge. How often do we hear it said, "I read the book, but I remember nothing of it!" Probably no other result could fairly have been anticipated by the reader. If we would hope to master any work, and make its contents our own, we must labour to give it a definite form and shape within our minds—to make it tangible to our faculties—something that we can thoroughly grasp. In this way the judicious perusal of some half-dozen volumes will enrich the mind with a larger store of *real* information than the desultory "skimming" over the contents of a library. For all knowledge, to be practically useful to its possessor, must be capable of being reproduced. And how shall it be reproduced if we know not where to lay our hands upon it? And how shall we know where to lay our hands upon it unless we have moulded it into some compact form, and given it distinctness? Many are ready to lament that we have now-a-days such a host of *readers*, and so few *thinkers*. But if men read with a proper regard to this "cutting away of the indefinite," they would necessarily become, not only readers, but thinkers also; or, to express my idea in one compound word, they would be *thinking-readers*.

Without this, our knowledge (if knowledge it may be called) floats idly before us as the confused visions of a dream. It is like looking at a landscape through a veil of mist—hill, river, forest, and tower, fade insensibly into each other, and the eye fails to recognise distinctly the separate features of the scene. "The places themselves," says an old treatise on the memory, "must be set in order; for, if there be a confusion in them, it followeth of necessity that all the rest must be disordered." It is difficult to insist too strongly upon the necessity of observing this rule. Much of that want of readiness and confusion, which we daily deplore, in the student's mind, arises from a neglect of it. It was doubtless this clearness of notion that enabled Seneca to perform such prodigious feats of recollection. He could repeat, we read, two thousand names in the same order as they were spoken; and made his memory so apt, as he tells us himself, "not only to receive such things as I would commit unto it, but to be also a faithful preserver of all that I had entrusted to it." We are sometimes surprised at the ready brilliancy of what we deem the *extempore* effusions of great men; but their readiness is in a great measure attributable to the order in which their ideas are arranged beforehand, which renders it easy for the well-trained memory to perform its allotted task,

and yield up its treasured stores. It was thus that the celebrated Dr. Gilbert Burnet attained to so great an easiness in extempore preaching. On one occasion Bishop Williams was appointed to preach a consecration sermon at Bow Church. By some accident he was detained. The clerk had twice set the psalm, still he did not appear. Upon this the Archbishop of Canterbury desired Dr. Burnet to supply his place. He did so; and, as the archbishop affirmed, gave them one of the best sermons he had ever heard. How do we find that he attained this happy easiness? "Chiefly," as his biographer informs us, "by allotting many hours of the day to meditation upon all sorts of subjects, and by accustoming himself at those times to speak his thoughts aloud, studying always to render his expression correct;" thus gaining a distinct idea of what he had to do, and how to do it. And his memory did not desert him when so legitimately trained; but, like the well-instructed scribe of whom our Saviour speaks, was ever ready, "like unto a man that is an householder, which brings forth out of his treasure things new and old."

(To be continued.)

Department for Young People.

TOM ILDETON; OR, THE PEBBLE IN THE WATER.

A TALE IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"None of us liveth unto himself."

A LADY was sitting on the pebbly beach of one of the beautiful lochs of the Western Highlands of Scotland. Her seat was a large grey stone, half grown over with green moss; and she was sheltered from the burning rays of a cloudless July sun by a cluster of hazel and alder bushes which grew immediately behind where she sat, and threw their shadows over her into the calm, still lake at her feet. Calm and still it was there, though already narrowing into the stream, the rush of whose waters she could distinctly hear, as at about a quarter of a mile further down, it tossed and tumbled over broken rocks and huge boulders, chafing and foaming at their opposition to its headlong course. Looking upward from where she sat, lay the lake, glistening in the sunlight, and reflecting every rock, and bush, and grassy knoll so clearly, that it was difficult to distinguish where the substance ended and the shadow began. She had been sitting for some time, half dreamily, in intense enjoyment of the glorious scene, when her little boy, who had been amusing himself with sailing a small boat upon the loch, came and threw himself down on the beach by her side; and suddenly looking up in her face, with a flushed and eager look, exclaimed—

"Mamma, I understood a good deal of the sermon yesterday, about people not living to themselves; and I can see quite well how that has to do with grown-up people; but I don't see what it has to do with children, as Mr. Grant said it had. You know a fellow of my age can't be preaching to the other fellows at school; they'd just laugh in one's face, and say they don't want parsons there, or something of that sort; and I know they wouldn't listen to a word; and, at any rate, I should never know

what to say. You see, I often know a thing isn't right; and I am not afraid to say 'What a shame!' when a big boy bullies a little one, or anything of that sort; but I should not know how to make a preachment about it; and if I could, I'm not sure that I should like to do it, as it looks like setting oneself up as better than the other boys."

The speaker was Tom Ilderton, the subject of the following little story, and the lady whom he addressed was, as we have seen, his mother. Mrs. Ilderton smiled as she looked down at the bright, open face of her boy, who was lying at full length at her side, resting his elbow on the beach, and supporting his head on his hand.

"I do not suppose that Mr. Grant meant you to give preachments," she said, laughing;—"a word which, I am afraid, you would not easily find in Johnson's Dictionary; but there are many and much more effectual ways of influencing people than by preaching to them; and it was to these that Mr. Grant referred in his sermon."

"I should like to grow up to be a good and useful man, like papa," said the boy; "but I don't see how a young chap like me can do anything—not till I am older."

As he spoke, he caught sight of a small white pebble, which lay within his reach, and immediately raising himself to a sitting posture, he showed his boy nature by picking up the pebble, and throwing it as far into the lake as he could.

Mrs. Ilderton watched the proceeding and the eddying circles in the water, as they spread wider and wider, till the ripples reached the shore.

"Your pebble has suggested a little parable to my mind," she said, as she ran her fingers lovingly through his curly hair, and drew his head against her knee, that he might rest it there. "I will tell you the parable; but mind, you must draw your own moral, because, if you cannot do that, either you or I must be stupid—I in the telling, or you in the hearing of it. So here goes my Story of the White Pebble:—

"A white pebble lay on the shore of a quiet lake. He was a stone of unsullied reputation, and was known to have very wealthy relations, for he was of quartz; and, as all the world knows, the richest gold-fields are to be found in veins of quartz. But the pebble did not give himself airs on the strength of his fine relations, but lived a very quiet, contented life; and as he did not exact attentions from his neighbours of grey flint and brown stone, they willingly paid him the respect which he did not seek, and allowed that he was their superior in rank and position. His life was a very happy one on the whole. He liked the sunshine best; and when he felt the first ray of morning sun touch him, he would waken up to a pleasant sense of enjoyment, and there was a particular little sharp point at one end of him which would shine out as bright as a diamond in a lady's ring—for you must understand he was not a round, smooth pebble, but a rugged little three-cornered thing, with a decided character of his own. It was, however, not always sunshine with him—many cold, bleak days there were in winter, when he never saw the sun—when the wind came howling and meaning over the lake, and the rain fell pitilessly down, and the skies above were as grey and grim as the big rock near him, of which he was always a little afraid. At these dreary times, however, he did not

give himself up to useless grumbling, but put the best face he could upon matters; and when he was drenched with wet, he would still, by his glistening, show that he was trying to smile in a watery way. And on dark nights, if one little star only peeped out, and looked kindly down on him, he would return a feeble though grateful smile, and show white on the beach in answer. One thought troubled the otherwise happy little stone. 'I am of no use to anybody,' he sometimes said to himself. 'I wish I could be of use; but here I lie, and I can't move, and I am of no use to anybody.' Once he had made this complaint to some of his neighbours, but they only laughed, and asked him what he would have; and assured him that he was of quite as much use as they were—which was no comfort to him at all; because he thought, though he was far too polite to say it, that they were not of any use either.

"We find in the world, that the man who lives contentedly and thankfully where God has placed him—who accepts the good in his lot with grateful joy, and submits to the evil, in patient faith and love—and who sincerely desires to benefit others, has usually an opportunity afforded him of doing so; often in a way unknown to himself, and at a time when he least expects it. And so it fell out also with our little white pebble.

"One bright day in July, he had passed several hours of quiet enjoyment, and had basked in the sunshine to his heart's content. He had sparkled all over in his gladness, and seemed too happy to think of anything but enjoyment; but as the sun neared the western hills, and the alders behind him began to lengthen their shadows, he had time for a little grave thought. 'After all,' he said to himself, 'this is but a selfish life. I have been very happy all day, but it was all because the sun shone so pleasantly on me. I have not been of any use, and I don't see how I could be, such a wee, wee stone as I am; if I were like that rock, I might give shelter to people from the sun, or bear up that pretty mountain-ash, that has found room for its roots on the rock: but what can I do?' Just as he had said these words, a boy who was lying on the beach close beside him, but who had not heard his remarks, lifted him up, and holding him for a moment scientifically balanced between his finger and thumb, threw him a considerable distance into the lake. One plunge and splash, and the stone sank to the bottom, with a dreary feeling that sunshine and starlight were gone for ever, and that now he could neither be a help to others nor have another day of happiness or enjoyment himself.

"Months passed on, and there was but little alteration in the circumstances of the white pebble. Sometimes when the winter storms lashed the lake into a mimic sea, he would feel himself rolled helplessly along the bottom of the lake; but he felt very sad. The water had rather a muddy bottom just at that part, so that he had not even any companions in trouble, to talk to about the past, and to feel for him in his present sorrow.

"The early spring had come, and the pebble could hear the birds singing, and knew by their notes that the trees were beginning to look green, and that the birds were building their nests, and flying gaily about in the sunshine; while he was down in his dreary home, with nothing to brighten his lot, and no hope of its mending. He did not feel

envious of the cheerful little birds; he only felt that he was sad, very sad.

"One day, when he was feeling more miserable than usual, he heard a great noise over his head—men's voices in loud talk, mingled with the strokes of oars. He knew that they were oars, because he had often watched the boats that were rowed on the lake, and sometimes had wished that he could be one, because they were so useful. Presently he found himself in the midst of a great commotion; he felt himself knocked about in a very unceremonious manner by some living thing or things. But what they could be he could not tell, for they were not the least like the shepherds or their dogs, or the birds which he had seen, or even the boy who had thrown him into the water. As far as he could see, for he was nearly blinded by the disturbance they made, they were creatures without either arms or legs. But to make up for this deficiency, they had most active tails, as the pebble found to his cost; for they swished their tails, now this way, and now that, till he got stupefied among them. Presently they became more excited than ever, and one of them gave him such a knock as disentangled him from a piece of twine which had caught round one corner of him, and sent him spinning nearly two yards' distance. To his intense delight, when he came to himself after the momentary stupefaction caused by the shock of his fall, he found that he was once more on dry land. The place was new to him, but that was nothing; the fresh air was playing round him, and the evening sun threw a parting ray upon him, that lighted up the sharp point we spoke of, till it was quite dazzling to look at.

"A salmon, three grilse, and a sea-trout," he heard the men say; 'a tolerable haul, as things go now. When I was young, we'd have thought double the number few enough.'

"The pebble had time to look at his late troublesome companions; he saw them writhing and leaping till the men quieted them by some heavy blows on their heads; and then lay as quiet as himself. 'They are very beautiful with their coats of silver,' he thought to himself; 'I wonder if they are of any use.' And he heaved such a sigh as a pebble can; for again he thought, with his new-born liberty, 'I wish I could be of use, but I am too small.'

"He had been thrown near to a large stone, on the side of which grew some bright green moss. Some of it had been torn from the rock, by the pebble falling against it; and as it hung there disconsolately, it said, very meekly, 'Would you be angry if I lean against you for a little bit? I feel quite faint.'

"The moss spoke humbly; for the pebble looked so white and genteel, that it was rather afraid it might be taking too great a liberty.

"I shall only be too glad," replied the pebble. 'I always have wished to be of use, but I thought I was far too little and insignificant to be able to help anybody.'

"At that moment a very gentle wind stirred, and the pebble looked up, hearing a slight rustle just over his head. It was a lovely, graceful little flower, which was trembling in the wind, gentle as it was. When all was quite still, the flower looked at the white pebble, and said, 'I heard you say that you always thought you were too small and insignificant

to be of use; but it was to a little white pebble, just because as you, that I owe my life.'

"How could that be?" said the pebble, much astonished.

"I was not always like what I am now," replied the flower.

"That is a pity," answered the pebble, 'for you are very, very pretty; I don't think you could have been prettier.'

"The flower blushed, but looked pleased. 'I was not pretty at all,' she said. 'I was a tiny little brown thing, not much bigger than a grain of sand. I scarcely remember what I had been doing—lying quietly, I think—when I felt myself pushed roughly into the water by a high wind. I never hear the least breeze, since then, without trembling. There I lay on the cold water, thinking what would become of me. I could not live, or do any good, unless I had a mossy bed; and there was nothing under me, and all round me, but "water, water everywhere."' (The flower had not read Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," it only quoted it by accident.) 'Just as I was going to give up all hope, I heard a boy talking to his mother about people not living to themselves; and as he spoke, he lifted a pebble and threw it into the water close by my side: that pebble saved my life. The water, which was quite smooth before, was moved by it, and one little wave after another carried me on its back till I was landed on the shore, some way further down than where I had been when the stone fell in. I got a fright just after I had reached the land; for a little bird picked me up along with some gravel that he was pecking at; but he threw me out of his mouth, and I fell upon this bit of moss, which kindly allowed me to remain, warm and snug in its shelter, all the winter; and when the spring came, I burst through my brown covering, and grew to be what you see me.'

"The little pebble sparkled more brightly than he had ever done before. 'It was I who saved your life,' he said. 'I was of some use, after all, though I never knew it.'

Mrs. Elderton stopped, and looked at her boy. "Of course, mamma, I know the meaning of the story. It means that if we try to do right, the least of us can help others on in some way or other, sometimes without knowing it. I never thought of that before."

(To be continued.)

Biblical Expositions,

IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. B.—*Did Daniel bow down to the golden image set up in the plains of Dura? If not, why is no mention made of him? or is he supposed to have been absent?*

This question seems to us an unnecessary one. We strongly recommend "M. B.," in reading the Scriptures, to leave what may be called *negative* difficulties alone. It does not, for instance, seem of much use discussing the point as to whether Daniel did or did not do a thing of which no notice whatever is taken in the history. Nor, if we allow ourselves to conjecture, is it difficult to conceive causes which may have exempted him from the punishment which was awarded to Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. The accusation which brought upon them

their trial was instigated by the jealousy of certain envious Chaldeans. Possibly but for this, their refusal to worship the golden image might have passed unnoticed or unpunished. Now there may have been circumstances which exempted Daniel from the same persecution. He may have been more popular, or he may have been more powerful, than the other three, who were made the victims. The whole is mere, and rather unprofitable, conjecture. We must, we think, reject the supposition that Daniel did worship the image, when he was so particular in avoiding the pollution of the meat and drink given by the king as a daily provision, Dan. i. 8. We are not, however, altogether prepared to say that possibly he may not have given in to some slight nominal observance. Naaman says (2 Kings v. 18), "In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon: when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing." To this the prophet answers, "Go in peace." Now we might, perhaps, argue, although we are not prepared to do so, that this outward conformity in the worship of a false god was excused in the case of Naaman, and that possibly some such conduct, to answer some great end, might have been considered justifiable by Daniel. We do not, however, assert that there are any grounds for such a conclusion. We only mention various hypotheses, which might possibly account for a fact about which we really know nothing either one way or the other.

T. B. G.—*"For he is not a God of the dead, but of the living: for all live unto him."*—Luke xx. 38.

"For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living."—Rom. xiv. 9.

There is no contradiction whatever in these two passages. No man is dead to God, as we are told in the above passage in St. Luke that "all live unto him." Those who are "dead," so far as we mortal men are concerned, are not really so—not dead to Christ.

In the second passage from the Romans, the word "dead" is used for those who have suffered the change which we call death: and it was this very change which it was necessary for the Saviour to undergo, in order to fulfil completely the conditions of the redemption; and so, in fact, both passages come practically to the same thing.

Each is a statement and a proof of the great truth of the immortality of the soul, and of the central doctrine of the Christian religion—the resurrection.

J. TURTON.—*"Whoever is born of God doth not sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God."*—1 John iii. 9.

The broad fact stated here is the absolute antagonism which exists of necessity between God and sin. The man who is completely regenerated, in whom God dwelleth perfectly, and who abideth in God (*vide* ver. 6), cannot commit sin: there is no room in his nature for sin; it is filled with an essence which is an absolute excluder of sin—which cannot exist with sin. This state, however, in its perfection, cannot exist in any man in this world: it is a condition which can alone be fully

reached in the world to come. But still (and this is Augustine's and Bede's interpretation), *so far* as he is regenerated, so far as he is born of God, and leavened with his Holy Spirit, to that degree is sin expelled from his nature. The man wholly without God is totally given up to sin. The man who is wholly in God is totally without sin. Between these two conditions—and the latter, as we have said, is a perfection unattainable in this mortal life—there is every variety and gradation of spiritual darkness and enlightenment. As to the special meaning of the passage, "for his seed remaineth in him," a great variety of opinions have been held; most of them come in the end to much the same thing. It is the germ of spiritual life, whatever we may specially call it, which is meant; that influence and efficacy which, abiding in a man's nature, grows and develops, excluding the old nature, and withering the roots of sinfulness in the soil of his heart. The power of the Divine life, the power of regeneration, the influence of the Holy Spirit, the Word of God (compare the parable of the sower), are all different aspects of the agent which produces this beneficial change. This passage has been commented on at great length by all the best expositors, but we have, we trust, said enough to make the general bearing of it clear to our readers.

J. TURTON.—"*And if a man smite his servant, or his maid, with a rod, and he die under his hand; he shall be surely punished. Notwithstanding, if he continue a day or two, he shall not be punished: for he is his money.*"—Exod. xxi. 20, 21.

The condition of slaves among the Hebrews was, as we gather from various indications in Scripture, on the whole, a favourable one. A slave was, however, distinctly a possession, or chattel, of his master, as much as any other piece of property. He had the right of punishing him, but if he inflicted so severe a chastisement as to cause his death at once, then the master was to be "surely punished." What this phrase means is doubtful: the Rabbinical interpreters say that death was to be the penalty, but it is more probable that it means some lighter penalty. If the slave survived a day or two, which would show that the punishment was not so intentionally cruel and excessive as if he died at once, then the loss of the value of the slave was held to be sufficient penalty for the master to suffer; "for he is his money." The deliberate murder of a slave (as we learn from Lev. xxiv. 17, 22) was punished in the same way as that of a free man.

F. J. P.—"*All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient.*"—1 Cor. vi. 12.

St. Paul is arguing against the abuse of Christian liberty. It is quite clear that it cannot mean that every act is *lawful*—permitted by God to a regenerated Christian. It means one of two things: either the Greek word translated "are lawful" should be rendered "are in my power," and then the passage would mean, "By means of my free will all acts are left to my own decision—whether I will do them or not, upon myself rests the responsibility of my actions;" or else it should be taken as meaning, "All indifferent things, all things which are not bad in themselves, are lawful for me; but for the sake of my brethren, all such things are not expedient."

No stress should be laid upon the word *me*. St. Paul was not speaking of himself in particular. He did not mean that all things were lawful for him because of his special sanctity or acceptance with God. Nothing that he ever said or did would agree with such a conception of his character. The first person is used in a general sense for any Christian. This form of expression is common enough in our own language, in which a man, in speaking, speaks of himself in a general sense, meaning any one.

The Progress of the Truth.

As the year draws to a close, the question suggests itself, How stands the account of Christian work for 1863? The means of making known the truth were never so ample or so diversified as now. The Bible Society publishes a Bible for sixpence, and a Testament for twopence. A hundred tracts may be had for sixpence, or even less. We possess varied machinery for carrying the Gospel to the heathen abroad and the heathen at home. The outward circumstances of the country appear, at first sight, favourable to progress. It is not a time of national excitement; we are still in the enjoyment of peace, prosperity, and religious freedom; the people become daily better educated and more intelligent. What, then, has been done? and what are the results? Considerable activity in the work of the Gospel is displayed by Christians in some quarters, and frequently—it may almost be said generally—a readiness to listen to the truth, and to inquire into it, is evinced by the masses of the people. These things are of God, and the Evangelical Alliance justly regards them as given in answer to prayer. They afford ground for encouragement, and should act as a stimulus to greater efforts. For, in fact, what is being done is insignificant when compared with the wants of the people. Time is swift; death is swift; and missionary effort is painfully slow. While converts are counted by units, death is slaying its hundreds. There are whole districts in London in which it is said that probably not two per cent. of the inhabitants ever enter a place of worship. Various agencies have been employed, as we hope to show on another occasion, to carry the Gospel into these neglected regions, not without success; but how much remains to be done! Among other classes in our country there is little evidence of increased spiritual life. Rather it would appear that the present material prosperity of Great Britain is unfavourable to the growth of piety. The Archbishop of York lately took occasion to speak of the irreligious, if not anti-Christian, tone of much of the literature of the day; especially of some influential and popular portions of the newspaper and periodical press, whose attitude on religious topics cannot but be regarded as indicative of a very unhealthy state of the public mind.

On the Continent of Europe there are no very marked changes to report. Encouraging accounts have been received of the progress of the Gospel in Lyons and other parts of France, and the Scriptures are now being widely circulated in that country. Of the prospects of Italy we had recently occasion to speak hopefully,

although England has yet sent very few labourers there. In Belgium a good work is quietly going on; and the religious condition of Scandinavia is reported of favourably. Other countries, however, remain with little or no sign of life. A French journal describes the present aspect of Portugal, where, it is said, no Protestants are to be found. Popery, in its most debased form, prevails there; consisting chiefly in idolatry of the Virgin Mary and St. Anthony of Padua. The natural result follows. The people are utterly indifferent to their own religion, and live without faith and without hope. In Spain the darkness is scarcely less dense; and in other parts of Europe we find superstition and infidelity close allies, and dwelling side by side. In Turkey, as elsewhere in the East, the missionaries are not without encouragement in their labours; but they are few in number, and earnestly desire helpers. Passing to Asia we observe that only a small part of those teeming populations have yet heard the Gospel; but among the few who have heard it, the results have occasionally exceeded the most sanguine hopes. The work of Dr. Judson and his successors in Burmah is a proof that, in our own day, when God gives to his servants apostolic zeal, he sometimes bestows also apostolic success. In India a spirit of inquiry is abroad, and the natives are becoming more favourable to Christianity. China mutely appeals for help; the fields are white to the harvest, but where are the reapers? In Japan, it is to be feared the people will judge of Christianity by an act which England has recently committed in direct opposition to its dictates. The destruction of Kagosima is an event calculated to close the hearts of the Japanese against Christian teachers for many years to come, unless God overrule it otherwise. In the Australian colonies, religion has long been generally at a low ebb. The convict element of the population leavened for a time the whole mass with immorality and profanity; and afterwards the discovery of gold caused a fever of excitement in the pursuit of wealth. That excitement has now passed away; gold-mining has become a settled occupation, and trade has resumed its ordinary course. We learn also that religion is making considerable progress, and that, as a consequence, a marked change for the better is to be observed in the tone of society. As regards the condition of America, the Presbytery of Carlisle, which recently held a meeting in Washington, draws a very gloomy picture. We quote from a pastoral letter issued by the Presbytery:—

When we met, as a court of Christ, a little while ago, to talk and pray over the interest of our beloved Zion, the evidence reached was painful and overwhelming, that monstrous crimes—profanity, drunkenness, and desecration of Sunday—were making insidious but rapid progress in the several communities in which many of our churches are located, not only saddening the hearts of God's people, but threatening to enslave and destroy not a few of our precious youth. It is believed that the alarming progress which these evils are making has its origin, or at least its apology, in the proximity of our military camps, which we fear, in the most cases, exert a most baneful influence upon the morals of the surrounding community. . . . What will become of the youth of our land and the children of our vows? If our Sundays are profaned, and the land becomes full of cursing and blasphemy, and the midnight air polluted with the hideous cry of the inebriate, can we hope that they will es-

cape the deadly influence? Already we hear of confirmed drunkards at the ages of twelve and fourteen years!

If the Church has not forgotten her high mission, as a light in the world and a witness-bearer for God, can she, dare she, be silent at such a time as this? Can she sit still until these vices have become popularised, and have obtained a firm foothold amongst us, and the spirit of wickedness vauntingly defy her power to cast out these deadly monsters? . . . Is this nation worth all this blood and treasure, if our precious youth are to be hopelessly corrupted, and our land to become, through this baptism of blood, a land of infidels, and the institutions of our holy religion be utterly defamed?

Another of these religious bodies "deplores the alarming increase of intemperance and immorality generally." Such, it appears, are some of the natural fruits of war, whatever be the cause for which it is undertaken. On the other hand, many thousands of negroes, restored to freedom by the conflict, have been brought under the sound of the Gospel. Coming from States where it is an offence against the law to teach a slave to read, they could not be expected to display much intelligence. Yet they are described as attentive listeners and ready learners; and it is hoped that not a few of these poor depressed souls have become wise unto salvation. In other parts of the world the condition of the people has not much altered. Missionary enterprise in Polynesia has been rewarded with considerable success; but the great continent of South America is without the light of truth. Thus reviewing the condition of the world, let us ask ourselves whether we are alive to our solemn responsibility in respect to the dissemination of that Word of Life of which we are specially the depositaries; and whether the maintenance, by a great and wealthy nation, of a few missionaries scattered over vast continents, is a fulfilment of the command to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

In the circular to which we have already alluded, the Evangelical Alliance invite Christians of all lands, for the fifth time, to observe a week of special and united prayer at the beginning of the new year. The results of the prayers of preceding years are thus summed up:

"Notwithstanding the audacity of infidelity, the past four years have been remarkable for the very blessings sought for in earnest and united prayer. Among these may be named—The power of the Holy Spirit manifested in religious awakening and revival; the progress of the Gospel in heathen and nominally Christian lands; the emancipation of slaves; the shaking of Papal and Pagan powers; the Christian activity that has carried the Gospel to the neglected masses of our great cities; and the triumphs of truth in many places over various forms of error."

The following is the list of subjects suggested:—

Sunday, January 3.—Sermons: Subject—The Work of the Holy Spirit, and Our Lord's Words on Agreement in Prayer.

Monday, 4.—Penitential Confession of Sin, and the acknowledgment of Personal, Social, and National Blessings, with Supplication for Divine Mercy through the Attestment of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Tuesday, 5.—For the Conversion of the Ungodly: For the Success of Missions among Jews and Gentiles; and for a Divine Blessing to accompany the efforts made to Evangelise the Unconverted of all ranks and classes around us.

Wednesday, 6.—For the Christian Church and Ministry: For Sunday-schools and all other Christian Agencies; and

for the Increase of Spiritual Life, Activity, and Holiness in all Believers.

Thursday, 7.—For the Afflicted and Oppressed: That Slavery may be abolished—That Persecution may cease, and that Christian Love may expand to the Comfort and Relief of the Destitute in all Lands.

Friday, 8.—For Nations: For Kings, and all who are in authority—For the Cessation of War—For the Prevalence of Peace, and for the Holy Observance of the Sabbath.

Saturday, 9.—Generally for the large Outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and the Revival and Extension of pure Christianity throughout the World.

Sunday, 10.—Sermons: Subject—The Christian Church: Its Unity, and the Duty and Desirableness of manifesting it.

LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

AMONG the many schemes for the relief of the distress in Lancashire, none are so truly philanthropic or so permanently useful as those which direct the industry of the people into new channels. By this means their self-respect is not lowered; they feel that, as heretofore, they are maintaining themselves, and do not depend on the charity of others.

For this reason we are induced to draw the attention of our readers to the "Ripon Industrial School for Girls." It was opened in November, 1862, under the patronage of Earl and Countess de Grey, several noblemen and ladies of rank, and the Dean of Ripon and Mrs. Goode. Its design may best be stated by quoting the third rule of the institution, "That its objects be to befriend poor children of good character, more especially those who are motherless, or in circumstances peculiarly requiring such aid, by training them in habits of industry, giving them instruction calculated to fit them for domestic service, or as mothers of a household of their own, and securing to them religious teaching." For each child a payment of three shillings a week, or seven guineas a year, is required.

Each subscriber to the institution is entitled to nominate one child for each guinea subscribed; the subscriptions being received by the Secretary, T. Wood, Esq., Old Bank, Ripon.

The instruction given consists of reading, writing, the elements of arithmetic, needlework, cookery, washing, and all household work; the religious instruction is in strict accordance with the doctrines of the Church of England.

Since the opening in 1862, twenty-four girls from Lancashire have been admitted; most of them for a period of six months only, owing to the distress in their native county. Thirteen were from Preston, four from Manchester, and seven from Blackburn. Of these twenty-four three have obtained situations, four have been re-nominated, one has remained at the "Home" for another quarter, and the rest of those from Lancashire have returned to their parents.

We are glad to be able to state, on excellent authority, the complete success of the attempt hitherto; the most gratifying accounts have been received of those who have left; the girls in their situations are giving the greatest satisfaction to their mistresses. One of those girls from Preston writes that she has obtained the situation of pupil teacher, which she had long coveted, but been unable to obtain; nor would she ever have succeeded, but for the education she received at Ripon.

The institution is of course intended in the first place for Yorkshire girls, but at present, while the distress lasts, those from Lancashire will be admitted, if the certificates are properly filled up.

Musical Notices.

The Household Book of Psalms, Hymns, and Chants.—This selection comprises fifty psalm and hymn tunes suitable for every description of metre, and upwards of fifty single and double chants, harmonised for four voices, and adapted for the piano-forte, harmonium, or organ. It will be found an invaluable aid to the ministrations of the family altar.

Two Hundred and Fifty Chants, Single and Double, adapted for the voice, organ, harmonium, or piano-forte, by Rudolph Nordmann.—The chants contained in this selection comprise those of Purcell, Boyce, Blow, Tallis, Jackson, Croft, Hayes, Farrant, Kent, Battishill, Green, Jones, Crotch, Gisborn, Cook, Nares, and others. They are, with few exceptions, very ably arranged.

Israel's Return from Babylon. A sacred oratorio, composed by J. R. Schachner.—We have received two pieces from this oratorio, the recitative with "Song of Triumph," and the evening hymn, "Hark! 'tis the Breeze of Twilight Calling." Both are good, but we can form no fair opinion of the oratorio as a whole from these selections. The above are published by Boosey and Sons, 28, Hollis Street.

Jerusalem the Golden.—There is a charming simplicity about this well-known melody, which makes it a favourite in whatever form it may be given. It is now transcribed for the piano-forte by William England, and has suffered nothing in his hands. Of this those who are acquainted with his "Nearer, my God," and "Thy Will be Done," will have no doubt. His variations are always musical, and are always subsidiary to the air.

Bound upon the Accursed Tree. Words by the Rev. H. H. Milman, D.D., Music composed by J. B. Southgate.—A singularly plaintive minor, effective and appropriate.

Angel Voices. Transcription for piano-forte by H. S. Roberts.—This transcription of Best's composition is very creditably executed. These are published by J. H. Jewell, 104, Great Russell Street.

Tears of Heaven. By W. Smallwood.—This sacred song, the poetry by J. E. Carpenter, will become a favourite. It is very simple in arrangement, but exquisitely touching.

A Name in the Sand.—Another sacred song by the same composer, but not equal in merit to most of this very popular writer. The above are published by B. Williams, 11, Paternoster Row.

Angel Visits. By Franz Abt, words by Mrs. Aylmer.—A simple, expressive melody, in Abt's best style.

He Giveth his Beloved Sleep.—Another sacred song, by the same composer, equally good. Robert Cooks and Co., New Burlington Street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor begs to intimate that he is unable to avail himself of the following MSS. :—

The Manuscript of the Old Family Chest. Annie Lindsay and the Red Man. Amiability in a Dog. The War of Horses. Adventures of a Soldier. Amy. The Camelia. The Difficulties of Life, and how to Meet Them. Culled from a Father's Grave. The Conspiracy. Cathedral Towns of England. The Frere Family. Emigration. From First to Last. Early Days of Voltaire. The Forged Will. Hope. The Golden Wedding. The Home Vineyard. Herr Hutzler and his Wife. John Newton. Life of Oberlin. Little Black Dog. What God does is Best. The Magdalen. Newspapers 150 Years Ago. Miss Jones; or, the Penny Post. Maumma's Story. Readings for Spare Moments. Plea for Weekly Holidays. Royal Bible Readers. On the Principles of Covenanting. The Refugee's Daughter. Pilgrim Fathers. Sacred MSS. The Soldier. Tricks Lilly Played. The Suit of Clothes. Tale of a Dog. The Two Pigeons. Short Speculations. Essay on Love. A Temperance Tale. The Brothers. God's Tears.

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFERSON,

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

EDWARD'S PUPIL.

ON entering the drawing-room, Edward and his host found the chandeliers alight, and the blinds drawn over the windows. Like Mrs. Mutimer, the master of the Clock House enjoyed brilliance and strong light; and in compliance with his wishes the drawing-room was illuminated every night, even when there was no company whatever in the house, with all the wax-lights that could be placed on the two chandeliers which were suspended from the richly embossed ceiling, and of which the sparkling lustres gave additional brightness to the scene. Most rich people would not have been so lavish with their wax-lights, save on occasions of great hospitality; but John Harrison Newbolt liked a superabundance of light, and whatsoever he liked the simple, unostentatious Republican always bought, without regard to expense. In the present instance, the display gratified another person besides the lord of the mansion; for Edward was greatly impressed by the brilliancy of the splendid room—by the flashing brightness of the mirrors, as well as by the dazzling cheerfulness above; by the gilding of the picture-frames, in which Mr. Turvey took so much pride—by the glow of the gold tricking on faint primrose-coloured paper on the wall—by the rich folds of the amber draperies.

Ida and Florence were sitting in the middle of the room, at a table furnished with a tea-service, and certain articles of homely, substantial fare—a loaf of bread, a butter-dish, and a cold tongue—which to the eyes of any such critic as Mr. Rupert Smith would have seemed out of place at that hour, and in that superb apartment.

"Can you keep your eyes open, Mr. Smith?" inquired Ida. "Does all this glare strike you blind?"

"It's papa's fancy," explained Flo; "he will have us light up in this fashion every night."

"By my word, Flo!" broke in the giant, "you have made haste. I told you you needn't trouble yourself to dress."

"Yes, you did; but I know you," answered Flo; "you like to see me best as I am."

"So I do, so I do!—so I don't also," replied the father.

"But I don't know, if I can say whether I like you more in one sort of dress than another. You look at your best whatever you wear."

"Still you are right to praise me for being quick," continued the girl. "While you have been idling in the garden, I have not only undergone transformation, but have nearly finished my tea. An early dinner and a ride after it made me hungry. I hope you are not shocked, Mr. Smith, at seeing me eat such thick bread-and-butter?"

"I always keep up the old fashion of having the tea-things on the table," exclaimed the Republican. "I hate all modern, pompous ways, they won't bear comparison with the old, simple style of doing things. A cup of tea

isn't worth a thank you, unless you see a lady pour it out from the tea-pot. But it's mere physio when a long footman-fellow hands it to you on a tray—at least I think so; but, then, all my habits are simple."

"But in old, tea-board days, papa," said Flo, mischievously, "young ladies did not dress every evening as they do now. The mammas used to sit before their regiments of tea-cups, wearing high, stiff, white caps, and their daughters sat in high, stuff frocks, holding their tongues till their elders gave them leave to speak. Your habits are *very* simple, dear papa, and you love old-fashioned ways so much, that it surprises me, you don't bring your children up on the rules of the back-board school, as you call it."

"I wish I had," responded the father laughing; "there would at least have been one saucebox the less. What care I about fashions of millinery? I told you just now it did not matter a trifle to me, what you wear. You dress to please yourself—not to please me. Come, I'll cut you another piece of bread."

"One half-slice more, and then I shall have done. Thank you, dear; and now give Mr. Smith a cup of tea. How men can drink such nauseous, strong tea as they do, I cannot fancy! I'm sure it must do them harm."

Flo's simple dress was a compromise between morning and evening costume. It was by no means such a dress as a "come-out" young lady would have worn at a rout in 1846; but it allowed more than two-thirds of her white, round, taper arms to be visible, and displayed the entire length of her small neck, and the higher curves of her snowy shoulders. Her hair had not received much of her maid's attention (for the girl's toilet had been a hasty one), but its rich, silky folds were drawn with delicate neatness into a net; the fashion of nets having just "come in," and "quite young girls" often wearing them in the evening. Something should be said of the colour of the hair, which was of a very peculiar, and in the opinion of men, very agreeable tint. It was not auburn, or pure golden, or chestnut, or brown. Possibly, the brightest gold and mouse-colour combined would have given nothing closely resembling it; yet ladies ordinarily affirmed that its hue was a mixture of those colours. In short, the girl's tresses were warm golden tresses, toned and deadened down by some neutralising quality, which readers may, according to their pleasure, designate by the term "mouse-colour," or the algebraical symbol x . Flo's eyes, too, cannot be accurately described by a word or any number of words. They were light eyes, but far removed from *very* light eyes; they were neither blue, nor gray, nor hazel; but they possessed a certain quality of all those three colours. They were very clear, steady eyes; singularly expressive, whether the child-woman's mood was grave or gay. At the period now under the consideration of this history, their most frequent expression was one of gentle mirth and thoroughly innocent mischief; still they could melt with compassion at sorrow, and glow with indignation. But in 1846, Flo was ignorant of grief, and apart from transient childish tiffs, which never lasted for a quarter of an hour, had never experienced what it is to feel, hot, fierce anger. Sorrow found no work to do in the Clock House in 1846. She was busy

enough elsewhere, but Mr. Newbolt's dwelling received no visit from her—indeed, had not for many a day beheld her shadow, or trembled at the dull rustling of her sombre, darksome robes. In her own personal experiences Flo had not yet looked sorrow face to face; vaguely, and through report, she knew that stern, subduing, chastening grief moved over the surface of the earth, but she was unable to realise what grief was. How can any one be said really to know sorrow, who has not himself suffered—has not bowed under the lessons of affliction, and dutifully striven to take them aright, and profit by them? Of Flo's eyes, then, it is for the present enough to say that they were sunny, laughing eyes; but withal, keen, searching, steady gazers, when her attention was arrested.

Of her figure, style, countenance, readers may form a general, but far from accurate notion, by recurring to the notes in Chapter IV. of this history, describing "For Ever"—Picture 640 of the Octagon Room. It was Flo herself, as she appeared whilst riding in Crouch Lane, on her black pony, who had given the girl of that picture her principal characteristic. Still the picture was no portrait—could not possibly have been made a truthful portrait of her, since the artist had never "had a sitting" of the original—had only taken one brief observation of her. It was no more than a fancy picture, animated by a semblance to the beautiful girl, which semblance the painter had purposely reduced to a minimum, and studiously concealed from all possibilities of detection, by falsities of colouring and sundry misleading tricks familiar to his craft. For, even had not love made him especially anxious to do her no wrong in thought or act, Edward would have deemed it an insult to all womanhood, and a sin against the chivalry of his own nature, to put upon canvas a faithful representation of her lineaments, until he had received her permission to do so. Standing before his easel therefore, and working at No. 640, the young artist had put in his misleading touches of line and colour, thinking to himself, "There, if her own mother should ever see the picture, she will not suspect whose face first put the thought into my head." So readers must only accept No. 640 as a general guide to certain prevailing qualities of shape and air; the outline must be filled up with particulars which either do not appear in the description of the picture, or are slightly at variance with some of its points. The picture had more colour than the original, both in complexion and hair; the archness and piquancy, which in the original were tempered by a quiet softness and composure, had been heightened almost to caricature in the painting; and in his entire treatment of the face, the artist had developed expression at the expense of truthful adherence to contour, which in Flo was as notably regular as the separate features of her countenance were notably delicate and refined. The likeness was most apparent in the figure and attitude—a fact easily accounted for. Having seen the girl sitting in the saddle, Edward, in his subsequent musings, had imagined what her form must appear in an erect posture, and, in putting his conception on canvas, had worked freely, restrained by no sense of the necessity of departing from his ideal, since it was so greatly the product of pure imagination, and only in a very small degree the result of observation.

But so completely had he caught the character of the form, that his reproduction of it in another attitude was as successful a piece of portraiture as he could have achieved had he handled his brushes with the young lady standing before him.

"I went to the academy yesterday, Mr. Smith," said Flo, when she had finished her meal, and Edward had taken a cup of tea, "for the sole purpose of looking at your pictures; I am very glad they are coming here."

"I am pleased to hear you like them, and grateful to you for telling me so," answered Edward, blushing, but not sheepishly.

"And why do you call the picture of the pretty girl 'For Ever'?" I don't like a title hard to be understood; now, I may be dull, but I can't see the meaning of the name."

"Are you satisfied it has a meaning?" was Edward's evasive reply.

"There's a meaning in everything, though one may not have the eyes to discern it."

"Words ought to have a meaning suitable to the occasion when they are used, or the object to which they are applied, doubtless."

"And those two words have such a meaning, I am sure. They are provokingly suggestive; for they call up dozens of different stories, but not one that is applicable to a girl in a riding-habit, standing over a rose-bud."

"Flo is so interested about that picture," interposed Mr. Newbolt, intending to come to the relief of the artist, whom his daughter was thus examining on a delicate subject, "because I laugh at her, insisting that it somehow or other puts me in mind of her; and my young lady is half-inclined to be angry, thinking that I don't flatter her."

There is no need to say this speech did not accomplish its amiable intention.

"Do you see any likeness?" inquired Edward, looking to Ida.

"Yes, something of a resemblance," answered Ida; "just enough to be noticed—in the same way as a resemblance, approaching that of a family likeness, between two persons in no way related in blood, might be noticed. If the picture had been shown me as a portrait of Flo, I should not have recognised her in it."

"Was the fact altogether a creation of your imagination?" continued Flo, the questioner; "or have you ever seen a girl whom the painting resembles?—any one, in fact, who suggested the style of its beauty?"

"What on earth do you want to know that for, child?" cried the giant. "Let us suppose that Mr. Smith is in love (young men do sometimes fall in love), and that the original of the picture is the pretty girl he has vowed in his heart to be true to for ever—for ever. Let us give that interpretation to the title; and let us suppose that Mr. Smith with one of his truthful blushes, admits that we are right in the supposition—what then?"

Again had the patron (acquainted with one part of the poetry embalmed in the work of art, but ignorant of another, and perhaps more important, part of its sentimental history) spoken in the hope of relieving the young man from the embarrassment caused by Flo's

pertinacious curiosity, and again had he signally failed in his amiable attempt.

"What then?" repeated the giant, flattering himself that he had effected his purpose.

"What then," retorted Flo, nodding her head at her father; "why, I should ask Mr. Smith to introduce me to her, and let me make her my friend; for, if she is really like the picture, I am sure she must be a nice girl—as good as she is pretty, and I should like to be very intimate with her."

Whereat John Newbolt laughed uproariously; and Ida smiled wickedly, as Flo, raising her voice to a tone of lively animation, said, "You may make merry at my vanity and self-esteem. I am Mr. Newbolt's daughter: and why should I not have a good opinion of myself, and of all girls who are ever so little like me? Laugh away, you cannot make me ashamed of my speech. I am not blushing."

But Flo was blushing at her trip, and the amusement it had created; and her blushes did not lessen her beauty.

Fortunately for Edward, little thinking that his words would dismiss a painful and perplexing topic, he created an effectual diversion of the conversation by making known an erroneous impression under which he had laboured from the moment when he and Ida joined hands in the drawing-room before dinner.

"I see what you all mean," observed the young man, trying to speak calmly, "and Mrs. Newbolt put the case fairly, when she said that the resemblance is no more than what we often see between two persons, entirely unknown to each other, and in no way related. We should expect to find in art the same coincidences which we find in Nature. I think," he concluded, bowing to Florence, "that your mamma has put the case in the right light, and we may let it rest there."

"Mrs. Newbolt! My mamma!" Flo repeated, first with an air of genuine perplexity, and then with a look of sudden enlightenment, as springing from her seat—all the girlish element of her nature bounding into full play, and throwing womanly reserve and dignity aside—she cried, "Do you hear him, Ida? Mr. Smith thinks you are my mamma!"

Having made which exclamation, the child-part of the third-woman, in a paroxysm of hilarious glee, poured forth clear trills of laughter.

The giant's delight was great also, and in noise overtopped his child's more musical mirth.

"What a droll mistake! Ida, dear, you've been mistaken for my wife!" he said, when he ceased laughing; and after a pause, he went on in an explanatory tone: "No, no, Mr. Smith; both these ladies are my daughters. Your blunder is easily accounted for, and shows what queer misapprehensions may arise when the formalities of society are not attended to. If I had been here to introduce you to Ida, you wouldn't have fallen into the mistake, and we should not have had our joke."

"I sincerely beg your pardon, Miss Newbolt, do excuse me," said Edward, deliberately and earnestly. For a moment, the young man was afraid he had caused her annoyance.

But the smile of her dark eyes and clever lips re-

assured him as she answered, with the rich frankness of her full, strong voice, "I can't give you my pardon, for you have not hurt me. I have to thank you, instead, for a compliment—and for giving my father and Flo so much amusement at *our* expense." And having thus made herself a partner in his confusion, Ida, with a fresh look of naïve mischief, added, "And how old did you take me for?—sixty?"

"You remember, Edward," observed the giant, laying aside the formal title for a second time, "I told you in the garden just now that I had been married twice. Ida is the youngest of my first family; and she's only thirteen years or so older than Flo. Let's see, Ida—is it thirteen or fourteen?"

"Papa," said Ida, "this is too bad of you—to rob me of the venerable age with which Mr. Smith had invested me."

"Flo, bring your portfolios," observed the giant, assuming a business look, as he abruptly gave his darling the order in a more peremptory tone than was usual with him, when addressing his favourite child.

"Have I to undergo an examination like a school-girl?" asked Flo, pouting her lips with an affectation of wilfulness, as she rose obediently, and went to fetch her drawings.

"Certainly," answered the father, gaily; "you are but a school-girl in age. Any how, Mr. Smith will do me the favour to turn the drawings over, and tell me what he thinks of them."

A look of surprise took possession of Edward's face; but he was far from anticipating that which followed upon the display of Flo's artistic efforts.

Before the look of surprise had gone, Flo was back again at the table, standing, like a good girl, with two small portfolios in her hands, one under either arm.

"They are wretched things, Mr. Smith," she said, pleadingly, "but you mayn't scold me. I'll do better when I have been taught how."

"Allow me to take them," said Edward, relieving her of her burden.

"May I sit down, sir, during examination?" asked Flo, looking mischievously at her father; "or am I to stand with the tips of my fingers on the tops of my shoulders, as those dear little Winkworths stand, when they say their lessons to their old-fashioned governess, Miss Scarlett?"

"Certainly," answered the father, entering into his child's fun, "you can't stand in a better attitude. By all means stand like the 'dear little Winkworths.' I like old-fashioned ways."

Whereupon Miss Florence Newbolt put her heels together in the first position of the dancing art, drew herself up to her full height, straightened out her fingers and arms, and then posed herself like the "dear little Winkworths," by slowly raising and declining her arms till the tips of her right hand fingers touched the crown of her right shoulder, and the tips of her left hand fingers rested on the top of her left shoulder.

"There; here I am!" she said, when she had performed this feat with as much grace as it admitted of, which, by the way, was not much. "Attention!"

While this by-play was going on between father and daughter, Edward, with trembling hands, had opened

the larger folio, and had begun to turn over the sheets of drawing-paper.

In another half-minute, he was so engrossed with his occupation, that the merry girl, posed *à la* Winkworth within a pace of his chair, might have performed any number of absurd freaks, and he would not have noticed them.

Deliberately the young artist surveyed each drawing, and deliberately laid it aside when he had examined it.

"Make haste, Mr. Smith, please," said Flo, when she had been standing for at least five minutes—speaking in an undertone, intended for her father's ear, and not for the artist whom she nominally addressed, but had no wish to disturb. "My wrists are beginning to ache terribly. I can assure you it's no joke to stand for ten minutes like the 'dear little Winkworths.'"

"Then put down your hands," said the giant, beginning to feel concern for his child's sufferings.

"Hold your tongue, papa," retorted Flo, in the same undertone; "you have no business to interrupt now. I am under examination, and you are not *my* master. If you don't behave properly, Mr. Smith will make you stand up, like the 'dear little Winkworths.'" And very hard work it was for Flo, as she once again made this oft-repeated allusion to the "dear little Winkworths," to keep back her laughter.

At length Edward had passed his eyes over all the pencil drawings in folio No. 1.

"Well, what say you, Mr. Smith," inquired the giant, impatiently—thirsting for some word of praise for the child's performances, and not getting satisfaction for his thirst.

"I see that Miss Florence has had lessons of a drawing-master," drily observed Edward, who had no notion that his patron expected him to treat the child with a few common-places of adulation—who, moreover, if he had known that such courteous service was expected of him, would not have rendered it at the expense of truth. Luckily, as he spoke, he looked straight up at Mr. Newbolt, without glancing at Flo. If he had seen her, standing with her hands up, his gravity would have been put to the rout.

"A master! Of course she has had a master," said Mr. Newbolt, testily. "Is that all you have to say?"

"I mean that I can see who has been her master."

"Indeed! What's his name?"

"Mr. Lightfoot."

"Yes, that's the man. Well, you call him a first-class man?"

"He is a very successful master," answered Edward, evading the point of the question; "that is to say, successful in having a large number of pupils, and having a wide popularity."

"Well then, he's a first-class man, isn't he?" returned Mr. Newbolt, who was a consistent admirer of success, and had never a doubt that the favour of the multitude was the surest criterion of a worker's excellence, in every department of thought, art, industry. "Surely, there can't be a better judge than the public, which is the aggregate of the quickest intellects of the country, correcting each other's mistakes by discussion."

Consistent in his admiration of success, the giant was very variable in his estimate of public opinion. When

the sentiment of the multitude concurred with his own views, he spoke of the "general intelligence of the country" with great deference, and in the most complimentary terms; but when the majority of his fellow-countrymen were at variance with the pugnacious member for Harling, his contempt for the "enlightened public," and for arguments based on an appeal to numbers, was supreme. At such periods of collision, John Harrison Newbolt, M.P. did not hesitate to stigmatise the public as "a vast flock of silly sheep, following the bell-wether, that bore the noisy bell of fashion;" the enlightened people suddenly became "a pack of pig-headed noodles." But a return of popularity soon soothed the angry giant, and he took the first occasion to atone for his past abuse by lavish flattery. Still, however contradictory he might be in the adulation and sarcasm which he poured alternately on the public, the strong man had, at heart, sincere respect for majorities; and though he well knew how impudent charlatany could under favourable circumstances achieve vulgar triumphs, he always paid a certain sort of homage to those who, in any way whatever, contrived to win a crowd of supporters. He paid this homage freely, in spite of common-sense and long experience of the world, and boastful pride in his own powers of discernment—which made him at times very suspicious of others, and very loud in his denunciation of lucky impostors. Even for notorious quacks, so long as they were successful, he entertained a kind of scornful deference; "there must be *something* in them," he would say, "or they would never get so far ahead of other rogues."

"He is a favourite with the public," rejoined Edward.

"Exactly," said the giant, shaking his head obstinately; "and, however much disappointed noodles, and sour, catankerous blockheads may maintain the reverse, public favour is a sure indication of merit of some sort. There are various kinds of merit; there's merit in almost everything that lies a little out of the common way; and sometimes the public takes a wrong-headed fit, and perversely runs after merit of the very worst sort; but whatever it happens to have a humour for, you may be sure it will find out the best sample of the particular article it demands. Whenever you find the public crowding round a donkey, and accepting its bray as music, you may be certain that the fortunate donkey brays better than all the other donkeys that are giving note at the same time."

"Perhaps Mr. Lightfoot is one of the fortunate donkeys you speak of, papa," suggested Ida. "What do you think of him, Mr. Smith?"

"He has a peculiar—a most distinctive style," was the answer.

"And Flo has acquired it?"

"It has been imposed upon her, as it of course is imposed on all Mr. Lightfoot's pupils; but unless my judgment is at fault, Miss Florence has not accepted it with perfect docility."

"You are right, Mr. Smith," said Flo, who, during this discussion, had unconsciously lowered her hands, and left off standing like the "dear little Winkworths." "Mr. Lightfoot and I have had plenty of battles and

disputes. I think I must be the naughtiest, most disobedient, most rebellious pupil he ever had. You don't like his style, do you?"

"There is some truth in his theory; but he suffers it to lead him away from truthfulness to nature."

"You disapprove it, I see," exclaimed Flo, triumphantly.

"I think it is liable to make young students take false views of art."

"Of course—just what I feel, and what I have told him, too," replied Flo, speaking quickly, and with great earnestness—although she seasoned her words with sprightly mirth. "He thinks nothing should be attended to but outlines, and those the outermost of outlines; I enjoy details, revel in minute imitations. He only aims at one sort of sweeping effect—*general effect*, as he calls it; whereas art ought to achieve every sort of effect, ought to study every variety of beauty."

"Don't trouble yourself to waste time on the leaves," he used to say, when I was at work on a tree. 'But I will do the leaves!' I used to answer. 'Nature made the pretty things, and I mean to waste my time on them.' Over and over again he has drummed this sort of stuff into my ears. 'A landscape artist is not a painter of leaves of trees, but their broader and more general features. In nature you can't discern the separate leaves of a clump of trees—they are lost in the masses of light and shade. You must define the species of your tree by the outline—which almost always in nature accords with the shape of the leaf. An oak has irregular leaves; then express them by giving the irregular outline of the oak; when you have expressed the round outline of the elm, you have, to the eye of the educated observer, expressed the round outlines of the leaves; the long, oval leaves of the ash are of no use to you, except as indications of the kind of outline you must give your ash-tree. Produce the outline correctly, and throw in your lights and shades judiciously—that's enough for you to do—the beholder's imagination will do all the rest.' That's Mr. Lightfoot's theory. Once when I had obeyed him in every particular, and he had praised me for being a good girl, I answered, 'In my opinion, it's the worst picture I have ever done; it attempts to give only one small part of nature's beauty, and as for its art, why, art is a very poor thing, indeed, if it isn't truthful. It's impiety for us to think we can improve on nature. I am not content with mere art-shorthand, and drawing master's make-believe!' You may suppose that saucy speech put me in disgrace, Mr. Smith."

"How did he punish you?" asked Edward, much amused at the notion of Flo being put in disgrace.

"He didn't put me in the corner," answered Flo, "or set me on a high stool, or tell papa of my naughtiness; but he always addressed me as *Miss Newbolt* for three weeks afterwards. When I was a good girl and in his favour, he always called me *Miss Florence*."

Whereupon the whole party laughed; Ida, as the laughter ceased, saying in a maternal tone, "Flo, you are getting a little too wild."

"May I look at this folio?" asked Edward, taking up folio No. 2, when the girl had meekly received her elder sister's rebuke.

"Surely," answered Flo, not much depressed by Ida's

words, "they are my anti-Lightfootian series—sketches from nature—done in my own way."

Edward opened the folio on this permission, and examined a series of sketches of separate leaves and flowers, trailing ribbons of woodbine, wreaths and clusters of hop-blossom, and simple combinations of garden plants, minutely and elaborately worked out. They were just such drawings as may be found in the books of any clever pupil, who in the present year is receiving tuition from a pre-Raphaelite teacher of art.

"And you did these without the help or supervision of any instructor?" asked Edward, when he had looked at a dozen or more of the sketches.

"Quite. I never had any master but Mr. Lightfoot; and if he had seen any of those drawings, he would have put me on an imaginary stool of repentance, or shut me up in a moral black-hole for six weeks."

"Well, what do you think of these?" asked Mr. Newbolt, with eager emphasis, feeling certain that at last his darling would have some commendation.

"Why, I think Mr. Lightfoot's system is not suited to Miss Florence, and that she had better work away by herself—without the interference of masters," was Edward's answer.

Flo's face beamed with delight.

Even John Harrison Newbolt was satisfied with a compliment which was so manifestly sincere.

"But she sha'n't work by herself," said the father. "She has set her heart on learning to paint in oils, and you must take her in hand, and see what you can do with her."

"I?" exclaimed Edward, rising suddenly from his seat in lively astonishment.

"Of course," replied the giant, laughing, "you have promised to teach her. Flo is my young friend—the young friend I spoke to you about."

"If I had known, if I had imagined——" said Edward, quickly beginning, and as suddenly stopping short.

He was on the point of saying that had he imagined Mr. Newbolt had been engaging him to give lessons to his daughter, he would have firmly declined the rich man's proposal; but he held back the words before they had passed his lips.

"If you had imagined what I was after," observed the giant, felicitously mis-reading the young man's mind, "you wouldn't have haggled, and debated, and mistrusted, but at once have undertaken so agreeable a task? Ay? that's what you mean?"

Edward made no reply to the question; but leaving the patron in his error he turned to Flo with a slight movement of respect, and in a voice which betrayed his emotion—although his utterance was slow and steady—said, "I will do my utmost to teach you well; but I sincerely mistrust my ability to instruct you, as you ought to be instructed. I expect we shall not have worked together long, before I shall be learning from you."

"Thank you. I know I shall get on with you," said the girl in all simplicity; and then once more playing the part of child, she added, "You'll be very patient with me?"

"I will," answered Edward, without smile.

"And you won't scold?"

"Not unless you deserve scolding," he answered more lightly, trying to adopt her tone.

"And you'll be very kind to me," continued the child-woman, turning her delicate face up to his, and giving him a smile that accorded with her roguish, pleading voice.

"I hope it is my nature to be kind to every one, Miss Florence," replied the young man, gravely.

As he spoke these words, there was a sound of wheels on the drive outside the windows.

"Ah, there's the carriage," exclaimed John Harrison Newbolt, rising smartly from his seat, and crossing the room to a bell-cord. "Come on, Mr. Edward. We must be off to Westminster."

(To be continued.)

UNITARIANISM NOT "THE TRUTH."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN SULLIVAN."

III.—VIEWS OF THE DIVINE NATURE AFFORDED IN SCRIPTURE.

OWEN. I am glad to see you this evening. We are now, I suppose, to go at once into the main inquiry, "What does the Bible tell us of God?"

WHITE. Yes, and I would beg of you to try to get these two ideas or principles firmly rooted in your mind:—1. That we can, in reality, know nothing of the nature and existence of God, but what he has been pleased to reveal to us in His Holy Word. 2. That it is dreadful presumption in any man to enter upon an investigation of this kind with preconceived notions that God *cannot* be or do such and such a thing. If we admit, as we ought to do, what Socrates was ready to declare—that we know nothing—then we shall not dare rashly to dogmatise as to the character or attributes of One of whom we really, apart from the Bible, can have no certain knowledge.

OWEN. I fully agree with you in this, and will go one step further. In one or two of the Unitarian books which I opened at Thompson's the other evening, I was rather offended at the kind of demand which the writers made; to have certain doctrines stated to them, in the Bible, in creed-like fashion. Thus, one of them said on the Trinity:—"We ask throughout the Bible for one plain assertion of this doctrine. We ask for a single text in which it is declared that there are three infinite minds in the unity of one infinite God." And another I found saying:—"I will state the phenomena which I think a Unitarian has a right to expect in the Bible, if the Athanasian doctrine be really revealed there." Now, I freely confess that these demands rather revolted me. If I am to listen to what God says, I must listen in a submissive attitude. I am not listening to a witness in a witness-box, to whom I can say, "Speak out, sir, and speak plainly!" I am asking information of a Father, or rather of One who is infinitely higher than any earthly father, and from whose lips I must receive knowledge thankfully, and in such form and mode as He may see fit to give it.

WHITE. Assuredly; but I am well aware that this is a common device with Unitarian advocates. They feel, I believe, that the Bible, inquiringly

read by a plain man, will be found to give the idea of a Triune God; and therefore they generally begin the argument by setting up a sort of standard of their own, by which every text or passage of Scripture is to be measured and tried, to which it is to be expected to attain. But, most unquestionably, the legitimate way of conducting the inquiry is by coming to it in the freest and least artificial way, simply asking, with a humble and obedient mind, "What saith the Scripture?" And in that mood and temper I invite you to open now with me the Word of God, and endeavour to gather from its pages that idea of its Divine author which they are intended and calculated to give to us.

OWEN. Willingly and, I hope, not sceptically, I will go with you into this inquiry.

WHITE. Well, then, the very first sentence in the Bible raises the question and asserts the fact of a plurality in unity. It is translated in our version, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth;" but the Hebrew word used is a plural word, "Elohim" or "Gods." And in Deut. vi. 4, the same author, Moses, is careful to explain that this plural form is no contradiction of the unity of God: "Hear, O Israel, Jehovah, our Elohim, is one Jehovah." And in Gen. ii. 4 the plural and singular are both used together: "In the day when Jehovah Elohim (the Lord Gods) made the earth and the heavens." Almost the very next sentence to the first presents to us a new idea: "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Here we have no minute definition or distinction, such as the Unitarians demand; but a second person, or existence, is spoken of unreservedly; and the question seems naturally to occur, Why is it not said that "God moved upon the face of the waters?" Is there a distinction? Is there a plurality? That impression, however, is soon confirmed and strengthened; for before that first chapter closes, we come to a still plainer assertion of plurality: "And God said, Let us make man in *our* image, after *our* likeness." Nor is this any solitary passage to be called, perhaps, an error of the copyist. A little further on, in the third chapter, we read, "The Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil." And in the eleventh chapter, "The Lord said, Let us go down, and there confound their language."

OWEN. Yes; I remember all these passages; but it was remarked the other night, that this was merely a moulding of the words of God into the Oriental style, by which, I suppose, every king or ruler calls himself "we."

WHITE. But this is something very like nonsense, as well as very like profaneness. Even if God is to be made an imitator of man, we should remember that there was then no man to imitate. No king had been seen, no "Oriental style" had been invented, when God said "Let us make man," and, "The man is become like one of us."

OWEN. No; but I suppose that they would ascribe this particular form of language to Moses.

WHITE. Would they say, then, that Moses put into God's mouth language that was never used? If so, then the Bible becomes unreliable, and all argument is useless. Besides which, where is the proof that in the days of Moses this "Oriental style" had been introduced among earthly sovereigns? I believe that there is none, and that, after all, the argument runs thus: because, thou-

sands of years after the Creation, we find kings assuming Divine attributes, and styling themselves "we;" therefore we will assume that, before the creation of man, God chose to imitate this foreseen custom, and to use for himself plural language when there was no plural existence; or else that his inspired prophet dared to alter his own words, and to ascribe to him that which he had never uttered. Really this sort of presumption in argument borders too closely on profaneness to be safely handled.

OWEN. Truly, I must admit that such conclusions are very forced and unnatural. In fact, we must take the Bible as it is (only correcting mistranslations), or it will be impossible to find our way at all.

WHITE. Well, then, I remark that at the very opening of the Bible God has been graciously pleased to instruct us in two things. First, his unity; and secondly, that in that unity there is, in some way or other, a plurality.

OWEN. Of course you know that the Unitarians will say that this is a contradiction in terms.

WHITE. Yes; but you will remember that we have already discussed that point. You yourself are two and yet only one; and for you or me, conscious of this, to assert dogmatically that God cannot be One and yet Three, is frightful presumption.

OWEN. Go on, then, and open the matter further; for as yet you have only showed that with the idea of unity there is also mixed up, in the books of Moses, the other idea of plurality.

WHITE. Yes, I know that; but now, having got so far as to see that some sort of plurality is distinctly asserted, let us endeavour to find what further light the Bible throws upon the question. And this we must gather, step by step, as we walk along the paths of God's Word, remembering that it has not pleased Him, in any one of all its sixty-six books, to furnish us with anything like a systematic creed. First, then, let me add of the Book of Genesis that, not to dwell upon "the seed of the woman," in chap. iii., there are two other important passages in it. In chap. vi. 3, God says, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." And in chap. xxxii. 30, Jacob says, "I have seen God face to face." Let us consider these two passages. The first is in agreement with chap. i. 2. Action upon men, or upon the earth, is ascribed not to God the Father, but to his Spirit. So in Plato's scheme, probably derived from some Jewish teacher, the third place in the Godhead was assigned to "Psycho, the Spirit, or the operating energy." But the second passage is of still more importance. "There wrestled with Jacob a man." "And Jacob said, I have seen God face to face." Now, no one will interpret this to imply an appearance of God the Father, of whom it is said, "No man hath seen God at any time." Nor yet of the Spirit, for an appearance of the Spirit in human shape is nowhere mentioned. But this is that "angel of the covenant" who appeared unto Abraham, in Gen. xviii., and whom Abraham addressed as "the Lord," "the Judge of all the earth;" that angel of whom God said to Moses, "My name is in him," Exod. xxiii. 21. So that here we have, in the very first book of the Bible, the whole Trinity exhibited, in separate and distinct action, and yet in harmony with the unity of God. That

unity is constantly asserted; and yet we have the Godhead in human shape more than once or twice; a fact which no one, Unitarian or Trinitarian, will assert of the Eternal Father, nor yet of the Holy Spirit. And then we have that Spirit also "moving upon the waters," and "striving with man;" actions implying something more than an attribute or emanation of the Deity. And thus Moses does not even conclude the first book of the Bible without clearly manifesting God, as One Eternal Jehovah; and yet, as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Similar indications of plurality meet us in divers places in the Old Testament. When Moses, in Numb. vi. 23, gives, from the Lord, a mode or form of benediction to be used by the high priest, it is threefold. "The Lord bless thee and keep thee: the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

OWEN. Yes; and I have often observed how exactly parallel that blessing is with the Christian benediction: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all." In the blessings of Moses we see:—First, the preserving love of the Father; next, the grace of the Lord Jesus; and thirdly, the peace-giving communion of the Comforter.

WHITE. Again, too, when Isaiah has a vision of "the Lord sitting upon his throne," he hears the cry of the seraphim—a thrice-repeated cry of "Holy, holy, holy." And as to who it was he beheld, we are left in no doubt; for John, in the plainest terms, says, "These things said Esaias, when he saw his (Christ's) glory and spake of him," chap. xii. 41. So that here, unless we are to disbelieve "the beloved disciple," we have the plainest assertion, that the appearances of "the Lord," which are found in the Old Testament, do not refer to the Father, whom "no man hath seen at any time," but to the Son. So that the second person in the Trinity is clearly distinguished from the first, and declared, again and again, to be "God," "the Lord."

OWEN. I believe that the Hebrew doctors, though most determined believers in the Unity of God, do yet admit also the idea of a Trinity.

WHITE. Oh, yes; for instance, on Deut. vi. 4 Simeon-ben-Joachi writes: "Come and see the mystery of the word *Elohim*; there are three degrees, and each degree is by itself alone; and yet they are all one, and are joined together in one, and are not divided from each other." The Unitarians have often tried to fraternise with the Jews; but the Jews reject any fellowship with them.

OWEN. But have you now gone over all the chief passages in the Old Testament which bear on this subject?

WHITE. Oh! no; but it would demand more time than we have to give, if we were to go with particularity into the various other allusions to this doctrine, which are found in the Hebrew Scriptures. I will mention a few as rapidly as I can.

When Joshua beholds a heavenly messenger, who tells him that "as captain of the Lord's house" he has come, he might have deemed the messenger an angel. But a plain intimation of the presence of the God of Israel is immediately given;

for this "captain of the Lord's host" bids him "Loose thy shoe from off thy foot, for the place whereon thou standest is holy." And immediately the story proceeds, "The Lord said unto Joshua," Josh. vi. 2.

The like warning, of the presence of the Deity, is given to Moses (Exod. iii. 5), and to Gideon (Judg. vi. 23), and to Manoah, Judg. xiii. 22.

David, in his last words, says: "The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue," 2 Sam. xxiii. 2.

In the Book of Psalms we find several allusions to both the second and the third persons in the Trinity. Who is it who, in the 2nd Psalm, is called of God "my Son," and to whom "the heathen are given for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession?" What rational meaning can Unitarians attach to this Psalm?

The 139th Psalm is equally distinct in its allusion to the third person in the Trinity. "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?"

Isaiah alludes to the Lord Jesus Christ several times, and distinctly ascribes the attributes of the Godhead to him. In the 7th chapter he is called "Immanuel," or, "God with us;" in the 9th, he is styled "The mighty God;" in the 11th, his kingdom is identified with the millennium of rest and blessedness. The same reign is also described in the 32nd chapter. In the 53rd, the same mighty Saviour is shown in his sufferings; and in the 61st his triumph is described. In this same book, too, we meet with five or six allusions to the Spirit of God, one of which is thus worded:—"The Lord God, and his Spirit, hath sent me." Isaiah can hardly be read by any impartial inquirer, without discovering, clearly set forth, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

Jeremiah, in his 33rd chapter, speaks of "the Lord our Righteousness," as a Son of David. Ezekiel, in his opening chapter, describes a vision of "the glory of the Lord," and speaks of beholding a throne on which a man was seated. Daniel foretells a time, answering to that of Christ's appearance, when "Messiah the Prince" shall be seen, and when "he shall be cut off, but not for himself," chap. ix. 26. Micah speaks of one, in his time yet to come, who should be born in Bethlehem; and yet, "whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting," chap. v. 2. Haggai, speaking of the rebuilt Temple, says, in God's name, "The desire of all nations shall come, and I will fill this house with glory," chap. ii. 7. Zechariah, speaking also in the name of the Lord, says, "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts," chap. xiii. 7. Thus, in all these different prophets, living in different ages, we have some eighteen or twenty different allusions to the Son of God, and to the Holy Spirit, all of which become altogether unmeaning and unintelligible on the Unitarian hypothesis. Altogether, in the whole of the Hebrew Scriptures, or Old Testament, the passages are nearly fifty, which are only to be understood, on the ordinary principles of interpretation, by one who has yielded to the rightful demand of God's Word, and admitted that God may exist in a mode and manner which are above our preconceived thoughts and imaginations.

OWEN. But you have stopped short at the close

of the Old Testament. Surely you mean to go on, and to examine the Gospels and the apostolical epistles.

WHITE. Certainly I do. But the New Testament evidence is so full and copious, that we shall hardly have time for its examination to-day. To-morrow evening, if it suits you, we will enter upon this branch of the subject.

(To be continued.)

A QUIET SUNDAY IN A WELSH VALLEY.

A QUIET Sunday! Very much to be desired certainly, in the midst of the noisy, bustling Sundays in town, which, although quiet in comparison with other days of the week, are yet in themselves noisy enough, and often very bustling and exciting as well. How different is a Sunday in a retired country place; all is hushed and quiet there. So hallowing is the influence, that we fancy even Nature is conscious of the holy day, and to our imaginations all her movements are quieter; the winds seem to blow in gentler motion, and the quivering leaves to whisper more softly to each other, and the little brook to murmur more solemnly and in a deeper cadence, as the new week begins with the day of rest. There are no hurrying wheels, nor trampling horses, nor loud-calling ploughboys to disturb the calm of the sacred morning; the kine are driven past to the milking as usual, but the milkmaid wears her Sunday attire, and walks more demurely than on other days. As you awake among such scenes, with the knowledge that Sunday has begun, your heart ascends more thankfully to the Giver of all good—the Giver to man and beast of that quiet, happy, restful day.

My wife and I were tired of the heat, and the dust, and the noise, and the turmoil, and the endless going to and fro; so, like everybody else we went "out of town," and we thought it would be well to commence with a Sunday, and spend it pleasantly, resting in one of the Welsh valleys. Accordingly Saturday saw us safely at Llangollen, a lovely spot—"the pride of North Wales"—and long before our usual hour we were soundly sleeping, well tired by our journey, and well pleased at the prospect of the morrow. Our first care next morning was to open wide our chamber window, and admit the fresh breeze that came along the valley. Oh! how refreshing that breeze was, and how lovely the scene around us! Not many yards from the house—and intercepted from it only by the road and the garden—the Dee, then quite a little stream, by reason of the drought, was lazily tumbling over its broad, rocky channel; on the other side of the river rose the picturesque hill, dotted with trees and cottages, and crowned with the ruins of an ancient fortress; looking down the valley, the view is shut out by the lessening hills at a bend in the river, while in the opposite direction they rise higher and higher, crowding upon each other away to those great mountains which the hardy tourist loves to climb. The sun was slowly breaking through a little mist which hung about the tops of the hills, giving promise of a glorious day; the air was clear and pure; scarcely any one was astir; only from a few white chimneys across the river was the faint smoke visibly issuing. To look upon such a scene made our heart glad; life seemed a truly pleasant thing—

something to be enjoyed, something to be thankful for—and we hastened to meet our fellow-travellers. Everybody was cheerful, and apparently happy; the conversation was animated, but carried on quietly; inquiries as to the comfort of the night, congratulations on the fine morning, questions about the church and the services, passed between the tourists assembled there. Of course we were going to church; but as the parish church (dedicated to St. Colleen, of whose existence in the calendar we were confessedly ignorant until that time) stands close to "The Hand," it was only necessary to start a very few minutes before the time for the commencement of the service; so, till then, we sat at the open window enjoying the fresh air, and pleasantly chatting with our friends, some outside, others still lingering in the coffee-room.

"Like soften'd airs that blowing steal,
When meres begin to uncongeal,
The sweet church bells began to peal."

It was pleasant to hear the church bells, and to watch the passers-by; first of all a few children, with their Bibles and Prayer-books tied up in handkerchiefs, and some old people in twos and threes, with down-bent heads, and slow and careful steps, wending their early way to worship; then, in greater numbers, townsfolk and visitors together.

"On to God's house the people prest;
Passing the place where each must rest,
Each enter'd like a welcome guest."

So we rose from our seat and followed also.

The church has no external beauty to commend it, and the interior is not fitted up in the style usual in churches at the present day. The dark, oaken pews are high and narrow; the rafters and the front of the little organ-gallery are of carved oak of ancient workmanship, most of it brought, it is said, from the old Cistercian Abbey in the Valle Crucis; the pulpit and reading-desk stand side by side against the southern wall of the nave, and some of the windows are filled with stained glass of dark colours, which pleasantly relieve the whitewashed walls. The church was well filled, and the service, which is in English in the mornings during summer, was nicely conducted.

It was good to worship God in that old-fashioned house of prayer, with the bright sunlight all around, and the gentle breeze stealing through the open windows, and making the leaves on the trees outside rustle in cheerful accompaniment to the voices within the church; it made you feel how good and how bounteous God is, and we repeated with a new meaning, and with greater earnestness, the opening words of the first prayer, "Almighty and most merciful Father." There were heartfelt petitions that Sunday morning; we asked God's blessing, and as we left the church we felt that we had it, to sanctify our pleasures, and to make them a part of our daily service to Him.

After church, a pleasant walk round the hills and back by the Valle Crucis and its ruined abbey, gave us an appetite for our early dinner. It was very hot, the sun shone in all his power, and we were glad to take the shady path by the water side as far as we could. There were no sounds of labour, and the heat was too great for the birds to sing much; now and then the buzzing of a bee, or the bleat of a sheep, would break the quiet; all else was still as it ought to be on that day of which it is written that

God, at the beginning, blessed and sanctified it. The ruins of the Abbey were undisturbed by visitors, and there they stood, solemn and grand, amid the general stillness. What memories crowd around these ruins! Could they but speak, what histories might they divulge—what lessons might they teach us! They could tell of those holy, self-denying brethren of the white habit, who first lived there in godly fellowship; in their mistaken zeal separating themselves from the world, of which they should have been as the salt; and how in later years men abused the orders of their Church, and within sanctuary of her walls committed all manner of excess and abomination; they could tell of the little round of daily toil, unbroken by harsh words or unkind actions, and of restless ambition and petty tyranny; they could tell of life-long sacrifices made for the Master, and of lives which exhibited no spark of intellectual activity nor of spiritual aspiration; they could tell—ay, far more than we can now even conceive—the thoughts and feelings of nations and of centuries, of which the world has had no benefit, because they were compressed within the narrow limits of the monastery walls, and confined to a little colony of monks. "Whoso readeth, let him understand."

In the evening we went to church to attend the Welsh service, partly, it must be admitted, from curiosity. Although we could not understand more than three or four words of it, we could follow the prayers and the lessons, and our devotions need not have been, and we trust they were not, the less sincere because the congregation was worshipping in a language unknown to us.

When twilight drew on, I again went out to walk—this time alone. From age to age, ever since the patriarch Isaac "went out to meditate in the fields at eventide," men have chosen the still hours of summer twilight to wander in secluded places, to commune with themselves and with their God; and to some this has been the only time when rest and quiet have entered into their souls, and they have felt at peace. On this Sunday night I wandered through fields and along narrow lanes, on the rising ground behind the town. The darkness was fast coming on; a few clouds had gathered around the setting sun, and now seemed to be increasing, although the breeze had quite fallen. I walked on without thinking whither I was going, for I felt restless and troubled; a burden lay upon my spirits which I could not cast aside; in the enjoyment of the duties and the pleasures of the day, it had been forgotten; but now, at the close of the day—in the hours of meditation—it pressed heavily, and I could forget it no longer. The past came back to my remembrance, bringing with it the forms and faces of many whom I had loved, but who, alas! were now "fallen asleep."

"There is no flock, however watched or tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no firsided, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair!"

Then I thought of the future, and tried to fancy what it would be. Once I imagined—vain man that I was!—that I had bodied forth an outline of days to come: but then I thought again that only God knew that; and I felt thrown back to the present with all its cares, and forced to think of difficulty and trials, great and grievous; of sorrow and disappointment, hard to be borne; of doubt,

long wrestled with; of hope and expectation, repeatedly overthrown, till I felt weary and sick at heart, and ready to cry out, "How long? O Lord! how long?"

"The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted."

I sat silent for a long while, burying my face in my hands, as these sad memories and baffling thoughts rose in my mind. When I looked up again, the darkness was fast deepening, and in the gloaming the masses of the hills looked very black and dreary, as they stood out against the evening sky.

"But the silence was unbroken,
And the stillness gave no token;"

and to the hills I looked in vain for strength or hope; but up above, through an opening in the clouds, one star was shining brilliantly. 'Tis all light *there*. Yes; but how dark *here*. Yet will not the light return in the morning? and an inward echo replied—"In the morning!"

And so I felt my burden grow lighter, the future grew brighter, and by the time my walk was ended, I was cheerful and happy, for I had learnt a lesson which will not easily be forgotten. Just as over all nature there comes the night of darkness and solitude, so in a man's life there is the night of sorrow and trial; and as surely as the Almighty Ruler will bring back the sun on the morrow to glad and cheer the earth, so surely will He send again to man joy and prosperity when the fitting time arrives.

I had left my hotel agitated and doubting; I returned to it (oh, how different!) quiet and trustful. And as we retired that night, we felt that it had been a good Sunday for us—truly a day of rest—for the weary spirit had found peace in the consciousness of the ever-ruling presence of the Great Father; and we were both of us the better and the happier (and it was a good augury for our holiday trip) for the quiet Sunday we had spent in the Vale of Llangollen.

THE WRECK OF THE "CENTRAL AMERICA."

HAVANNAH, the capital of the island of Cuba, is situated on the north coast, at the mouth of the river Lagida, with the sea in its front. The harbour is not only the best in the island, but is esteemed by many one of the best in the world, not only on account of its strength, but because it is capable of containing commodiously 1,000 ships. The entrance into the harbour is by a narrow channel, so very difficult of access that only one vessel can enter at once; and it is strongly fortified, and secured by castles on either side. The scene presented to the eye of the voyager, as he enters the port, is very animated and beautiful. The Moro Castle is built on a dark rock, on the left of the entrance; on a hill above it stands the Cabanas, a fort of prodigious dimensions, in which is stationed a large body of Spanish soldiers—a guard necessary, alas! for the protection of the white inhabitants of Cuba against their negro slaves.

The wide-spreading old city, said to contain

120,000 inhabitants, is backed by a few green hills seen in the distance; and when you have passed, the Moro, the land-locked port, filled with shipping (including oftentimes two or three British men-of-war), and surmounted by some handsome public buildings, suddenly opens to the view. It is a port of great resort and traffic, far exceeding, in this respect, any other in the dominions of Spain. On the 8th September, 1857, a large steamship might have been seen, under flying colours and full sail, passing slowly beneath the dark shadow of the Moro, and standing out steadily to sea.

This vessel was the *Central America*, steamship, on her way to New York, from California, bearing a precious freight of human beings and of treasure. She had on board no fewer than 491 passengers, and 101 crew; in all, 592 persons. Of the passengers, by far the greater number were returned miners, some of them hastening to the land of their birth, to invest the capital they had realised, in hopes to live a life of greater ease, as the result of their toil; while others were intending to fetch their families, and once more return, accompanied by them, to the land of gold. Seldom was so large an amount of money owned by passengers as in the case of those who that day left the port of Havannah, with glad hearts and eager anticipations of the future they were about to realise. Many were possessed of large sums, and there were but few whose wealth did not number hundreds, while several reckoned their gold by thousands of dollars. There were also a considerable number of helpless women and children, the wives and little ones of the passengers; and, lastly, the brave crew; and presiding over the whole, the noble-hearted, courageous captain, by name Herndon.

The weather was mild and the wind favourable when they left. All seemed to prognosticate a prosperous voyage; but soon after they had got to sea the wind freshened, and before they had been out twenty-four hours was blowing a gale, that soon increased to a hurricane, which lashed the sea into ungovernable fury. So early as the morning of the 11th an alarm was whispered from one to another. The men in the engine department reported that the ship was filling with water! The captain was no sooner informed of this than he set all hands at work to remedy the terrible disaster; but the communication with the coal-bunkers was soon cut off, the fires went out, and the vessel fell into the trough of the sea. An effort was made to reduce the amount of water. The men were formed into baling parties, and did their work manfully. "It was a novel spectacle," said one of the passengers, "to see the men, many of whom had never been in the habit of physical labour, taking hold with strength and willingness equal to the heartiest. After a while the strain began to tell upon nerves and muscles; and now and then a man, notwithstanding the emergency of the occasion, and the determination of most to make the work as cheerful as possible, would fall from the ranks, completely exhausted, and physically incapable of again returning to activity."

Through the whole of the Friday night they worked faithfully, although under the serious disadvantages of but little light, and no water or refreshments. The captain and the officers did their utmost to cheer and animate these efforts.

Steam was again got up, and an effort was made to rig the "donkey engines," so as to clear the hold. This was temporarily successful; but the pumps soon got out of order, and ceased to work. All this time the sea was running at a fearful height, and dashing against and over the helpless vessel. But still the hope was preserved that she would hold out.

The following account will give the nautical reader an idea of what measures were resorted to:—"After vainly attempting to get up the steam—for it was got up only to be lost again for ever—and after it was found that the water was hopelessly gaining upon them in spite of all baling and pumping, and notwithstanding all efforts to stop the leak, the captain next tried to make a drag, by cutting away the fore-mast, so as to get her again head on. But in carrying out this clever expedient, the mast unfortunately fell so as to be swept under the hull, where it for some time remained, striking in such a way as probably to increase the leak. By paying out enough hawser they got a drag which brought them for awhile head on; but the hawser parted before long, and left them again at the mercy of the waves." By this time the hold was well filled, and the water had reached the lower cabins—warm water, heated at times by the boiler, as the vessel careened over, so as to be almost unbearable. The women and children, driven from their own cabin, gathered in the men's saloon. What a spectacle was here presented! The rough Californian miners had gathered together their gold-dust, the savings of years, and carefully treasured it up; some binding it about them in belts, for the greater security. But as the storm continued to rage, less and less was thought of the precious store, and when, on Saturday, it became evident that they were likely at any moment to be buried beneath the waves, wealthy men divested themselves of their hoards, tore off the belts, and scattered their contents on the cabin floors, dreading lest the weight—a few ounces or pounds—should carry them quicker to their doom. Full purses, containing in some instances 2,000 dollars, were lying untouched on sofas; carpet-bags were opened, and the shining metal poured on the floor with the prodigality of death's despair. One of the passengers, whose life was happily rescued, opened a bag and flung about the cabin 20,000 dollars in gold-dust, bidding any one who pleased to gratify his greed for gold. "But it was passed by," he said, "as the veriest dross." Never was such an illustration of the utter worthlessness of wealth in the hour of peril. At such a time, "all that a man hath will he give for his life." Instead of golden belts, every one looked around for life-preservers, and they were not wanting. Nearly all the passengers were supplied with them; but many lost heart before the critical moment arrived, and when the ship sank, lacked the energy to make any effort to save themselves, while others were so frightened as to lose all self-possession. Yet all on board seem, for a time, to have behaved with marvellous courage; and there was no weeping or exhibition of despair, even on the part of the women, though it became increasingly evident that their doom must soon be sealed.

It was not until the afternoon of the day, when hope was all but extinct, that suddenly a sail was reported to windward. It proved to be the brig *Marine*, of Boston, herself disabled by the gale; yet

at the signals of distress, she came to render such assistance as she could. "Until that time," said one of the women who was saved, "there had not been a tear shed, that I am aware, by any on board the steamer. Till the moment we first espied the sail, which we believed brought us relief, we had remained passively awaiting the result. There seemed to be a perfect calmness, which I could not have believed it possible for so great a number of persons to exhibit under such fearful circumstances. But when the brig hove in sight, there were tears of joy, and the men worked with renewed energy and hope. The women besought them to work with all their might, and said they would themselves assist in the labour, if the men would do their best. In fact, some of them were so eager to help, that they even tried to put on men's clothing, in order to go and work at the pumps." It is painful to find there were a few exceptions to the general rule of united effort to save the vessel. It afterwards appeared that some of the passengers, whose position and intelligence ought to have enabled them to set an example to others under these appalling circumstances, conducted themselves ill, and drank (probably of their own private stores) to such excess, that they became noisy and turbulent, and it was found necessary to put them into their berths. In that condition they lay when the steamer sank. Such awful instances of the self-abandonment and folly of the wicked in the season of calamity, read an awful lesson to the heart. But, God be praised! these were the exceptions to the rule. What we have next to relate is in delightful contrast to this dark picture. At half-past three the brig came under the stern of the vessel, and boats were immediately lowered, but were stove in instantly by the sea. Three only remained—one in bad condition. At four o'clock the work of removing the women and children to the deck of the *Marine* was commenced. It was a tedious and difficult task. The brig, being much lighter than the ship, soon drifted away to leeward, consequently the distance between them was considerable, and the boats were long in making the trips; in addition to which, there being a heavy sea, few only could be carried at a time. All felt how precious were those moments, on which their only chance of escape depended; for it was known that the vessel must speedily go down. Yet, to the honour of human nature, those rough miners stood peacefully by until all the women were safe. Boat after boat left, yet they made no effort to fill them; while the captain himself superintended the lowering of his helpless charge into the boats.

Well might the narrator of the event say, "It is one of the noblest examples of self-sacrifice on record—that of those rough men, unused to restraint, accustomed to selfishness, permitting the weaker ones to be the first to pass from danger to safety." There they stood—500 men—with a terrible death yawning before them, solid as a rock, nor made a movement in advance until every woman had left the ship, and been safely transported to the brig; after which, about forty of the crew and of the male passengers, in a few trips, reached the *Marine*, before the steamer went down.

It was now dark; the work of baling had been continued without intermission, but the water gathered faster and faster upon the vessel. The majority of the crew and a number of passengers

were still below, engaged at the pumps; the captain himself was at the wheel: he had behaved nobly throughout. Like a gallant officer, he appears to have given every needful order, and personally superintended its execution; and, like a noble-hearted man, he did his utmost to cheer and encourage the timid, and especially to inspire confidence in the minds of the women.

His experienced eye saw that the final moment was at hand. He declared his resolution not to quit the ship. Turning to a personal friend, he said, "Thank God, the women and children are safe! You take the next boat." Then, bidding him go into his cabin and get his gold watch and chain, and, if saved, carry them to his wife, he began to say, "Tell her——" but his utterance was choked by deep emotion, and he could add no more. He then begged his friend to see the president of the company, and the agents, and to communicate to them the particulars of the disaster. Having given these directions, he walked away a few steps, and sat down on a bench with his face buried in his hands, evidently overcome by his feelings. But a few minutes elapsed, however, before he regained self-possession, and arose and continued giving orders, as the boat from the brig *Marine* returned.

It was about eight o'clock when a terrific sea burst over the doomed vessel. All at once, as if in the agony of death, she made a plunge, on an angle of forty-five degrees, and, with a loud cry from the engulfed mass, disappeared. All on board were sucked down into the vacuum. Five hundred human beings found, in an instant, a watery grave. When they rose again, masses of the wreck rose with them, wounding and maiming many, so as to cause death. "A scene ensued for those who survived, surpassing all the romance of shipwreck, all the horrors with which imagination has invested it. A flash of lightning broke the veil of darkness, and revealed several hundred persons, amid broken fragments of wreck, floating helplessly on the surface of the Atlantic, with nothing but life-preservers, or some chance plank or bench to bear them up."

At the mercy of the waves, and tossed about by the fury of the storm, these helpless beings seemed inevitably doomed to death; but, by a remarkable Providence, some were saved; and, from accounts given by the survivors, many interesting details of the catastrophe were gathered. Mr. George, one of the passengers who went down with the vessel, said that he heard no cry; only the seething rush and hiss of the waters which closed over the ship, as she hurried, almost with the speed of an arrow, to her ocean bed. He was himself sucked in by the whirlpool, caused by her swift descent, to a depth which appeared unfathomable, and into a darkness which he had never conceived of. Compared with it, the blackest night, without moon or stars, was as broad noonday. He was rather stunned than stifled, and his sensations, on coming to the surface, were almost as painful, from their reaction, as those which he endured at the greatest depth to which he sank. When he became conscious, after the lapse of a minute or two, he could distinguish every object around him for a considerable distance. The waves, as they rose and fell, showed a crowd of human heads. Those who had unhappily lost their life-preservers, or the planks to which they clung, were frantically snatching at

the broken pieces of wreck which, breaking from the ship, leaped above the surface, and fell back with a heavy splash. Their cries arose, mingling into one inarticulate wail; and ever and anon the lustier and less terrified would shout aloud to the brig *Marine* for assistance. Alas! she was already far beyond hailing distance. The waves at first dashed them against each other; but speedily they began to separate, and the last farewells were taken. One man was heard crying to another—"If you are saved, Frank, give my love to my dear wife." But even as he spoke, the companion whom he addressed was washed off the plank, and sank to rise no more.

Many were desirous to isolate themselves as much as possible, fearful lest they should be dragged down by some desperate struggler for life. Others, afraid of the loneliness, cried to their neighbours to keep together. One man, terrified at finding himself solitary, shouted till he was hoarse, to find a companion, and at length his heart leaped for joy at sight of another, with two life-preservers about his body, drifting towards him. He called aloud to him, but there was no reply. They approached nearer and nearer; and presently a wave threw them together. The living man shrieked in the face of a corpse. The poor fellow had been drowned by the dash of the billows, or had perished from exhaustion.

It was when he had drifted far from the companionship of any of his fellows in misfortune, that Mr. George began to realize his situation. The night was quite dark. Occasionally, as the drifting clouds parted and gave a glimpse of the sky, a star or two would be visible; but this was very seldom, and afforded but the faintest gleam of hope that the morning would dawn fair and calm. The sea was high, and the poor floaters, holding on to their planks with the energy of despair, were alternately riding on the brink of a precipice and buried in a deep valley of waters. To the other terrors of their situation was added the fear of sharks. Respiration, too, was very difficult, owing to the masses of water which were constantly dashed upon them as wave after wave rolled by. For two or three hours the water was not unpleasantly cold; and it was not until about one o'clock on the morning of Sunday, when they had been nearly five hours in the water, and a fresh chilling wind arose, that their limbs began to feel benumbed.

Shortly after this hour, when rising and falling with the swell of the waves, those who still survived thought they discerned lights in the distance. It was not long before the hope that had dawned upon them became certainty; and a thrill of ecstasy filled every breast, as the friendly gleam was discovered to proceed from a bark which, in response to their cries, rapidly approached. "Never did I feel so thankful in all my life," said Mr. George. "I never knew what gratitude was before; whether I wept or no, I cannot tell; but I know I was astonished to hear my own laughter ringing in my ears. Why I laughed I know not: that verse—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform," &c.,

kept passing in and out of me—through me, rather—as if I had been the pipe of an organ. It did not come by my own volition, but somehow was brought irresistibly to my memory. As the lights approached nearer, a score of voices sounded

about me, crying, 'Ship ahoy! boat ahoy!' and then I began to shout too. I had never any doubt that I should be saved, till I saw the lights pass by about half a mile from where I was, and recede in the distance. Then, indeed, I began to give myself up for lost; but I slowly drifted towards her again, till I could make out her hull and one of her masts; and presently, I floated close to her, and shouted, and was taken up. When I got on deck, I was so exhausted I could not stand. I did not know till then how exhausted I was."

There were many others of the survivors who related what befell them during that dreadful night. Each told how, in the hour of deadly struggle, he thought of his family, his home, his friends, and struggled for life, for the sake of those he loved. Hardly any confessed to a fear of death simply on his own account. Some were sustained by the hopes of the Gospel; others had no better consolation than a species of fatalism. Chilling thought! Their hour was come, and they must submit. Others seemed passively insensible, and one man actually went to sleep in the water! Few, however, were so inert. There was one man who told how an incident of his childhood came back to him with strange force. He had been some hours in the water, and floated away from the rest, when he distinctly heard the voice of his mother speaking. Full thirty years had passed since he, thoughtless schoolboy, had stolen into his poor little sister's room, as she lay dying of consumption, and devoured the plate of delicious grapes which had been placed beside her bed for her use during the night. Frightened at what he had done, he slunk away; but his mother, missing the fruit, and guessing who was the delinquent, came to his chamber, and said, "Johnny, did you eat your sister's grapes?" And those words, and that reproachful tone, sounded in his ears; he heard his poor mother, and saw her as she left him and turned away in tears. It occasioned him, at the time, a sharp qualm of conscience; but he had not thought of it for many years, yet now it came fresh and distinct to mind. Oh! the magic power of conscience, and the undying force of memory! Words and deeds long buried in oblivion come to mind in the hour of danger and of death. Let us beware what seed we sow in our early days, if we would have flowers and not thorns upon our dying pillow.

It is time to tell the history of the friendly vessel by whose assistance several of the survivors were snatched, at the eleventh hour, from death. It was the bark *Ellen*, which, with praiseworthy humanity, spent hours in search of the poor stragglers, picking them up slowly, one by one, as the early morning dawned. All who could be found were taken on board, and treated with the utmost kindness by the master, Captain Johnson, who afterwards related to those whom he had been the means of rescuing the following extraordinary facts, which we give in his own simple words:—"I was forced by the wind to sail a little out of my course before I came up with you. Just as I had altered it, a small bird flew across the ship once or twice, and then darted into my face. I, however, took no notice of this circumstance, till precisely the same thing occurred the second time, which caused me to think it somewhat remarkable. While I was thus reflecting about the incident, the mysterious bird for the third time made its appearance, and went through the same

extraordinary manoeuvres. Upon this I was induced to re-alter my course into the original one in which I had been steering. I had not gone far when I heard strange noises, and, on endeavouring to discern from whence they proceeded, I found, after a time, that I was in the midst of people who had been shipwrecked. Instantly I took measures to rescue them, and in a few moments succeeded in getting four of them on board. Not one of them could speak, all being perfectly senseless from exhaustion."

Surely here was the interposition of the Divine hand. He, who of old sent the ravens to feed His servant in the wilderness, made use of a similar means to effect His purpose of saving a remnant of this shipwrecked multitude of whom He had been pleased to remove from this world the greater part in so awful a manner. The ways of God to men are fraught with mystery, and hidden in the secret counsels of Omnipotence; but it behoves us with reverence to note, and with gratitude to acknowledge His dealings.

Department for Young People.

TOM ILBERTON; OR, THE PEBBLE IN THE WATER.

A TALE IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

SOME days after that on which Mrs. Ilberton had told her son "The Story of the White Pebble," the conversation between Tom and his mother again turned on the story, which had interested him.

"Do you know, mamma," said the boy, "I can't help being quite sorry whenever I think about the white pebble I threw into the water. Of course, I know that the story was all out of your own head; but it seems so dreary, after what you said, to think of it lying at the bottom of the water; I quite long sometimes to be able to fish it out again, and lay it on the sunny beach, where it was before."

"Ah! my dear boy," replied his mother, "you are not singular in that wish; we have all thrown pebbles into the water, which we would gladly recall if we could; but a deed once done, a word once spoken, is past recall. It has gone on its mission for good or ill; and never, till the great day when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known, shall we be fully aware of how far our lives have influenced others, or quite understand the solemn import of those words, 'None of us liveth unto himself.'"

Tom looked grave for a moment, and then rushed off in pursuit of his little brother Charlie, who was his pet plaything when he came home for his holidays; Tom himself being twelve years of age, and Charlie not yet four. There had been two little girls between the brothers; but they had both died in early infancy, so that Charlie had only the one big brother, as he called him. And being a very manly little fellow, and extremely fond of his big brother, he tried to make him his model, and imitated him in everything as far as he could, to the great amusement of all the family; and to Tom's special entertainment. A favourite game with him was to teach Charlie school talk and school-boy slang, which he would lisp out again at unexpected, though generally quite appropriate times,

to Tom's great delight. Tom had been walking with his mother in the garden when the above conversation took place; and it was the sight of Charlie, returning home with his nurse from a walk, which had caused him so suddenly to run off from his mother. Charlie saw his brother coming, and immediately ran away; and as he was a sturdy runner, and had the advantage of a long start, it was several minutes before Tom overtook him. He did, however, at last; and seizing him in his arms, lifted him upon his shoulders; Charlie meanwhile struggling, panting, and laughing, with all his might.

The Ildertons were English, and the boys had never been in Scotland before; they had both, therefore, been very much struck and amused during a week's stay in Edinburgh, by the cries of the Edinburgh fish-women, which they often imitated. On the present occasion, having adjusted his fidgetty burden as well as he could on his back, Tom came up towards his mother, crying, in a shrill voice, "Caller code! ony caller code? ony caller tarbeet?" But Charlie preferred standing on his own feet, to the uncomfortable position to which his brother had chosen to exalt him; and finding that a tolerably vigorous kicking had no effect in making Tom set him down, he interrupted his cries of "caller code," by screaming out, in his shrill treble, "Zoo sut up, Tom; me not a taller tode; let me down, old tap." Tom began to laugh at Charlie's speech, and being off his guard for a moment, the child wriggled down off his back, and ran for protection to his mother. The promise of a game at hide-and-seek, however, and that he should not again be ignominiously carried, soon induced him to leave his mother's side, and to join in a hearty game of romps with his brother.

Seeing them so well amused, Mrs. Ilderton left them to play in the garden, and went out to see a friend at some distance. There was a fine apple-tree in the garden, and it was well covered with fruit; but the apples were still quite unripe and unfit for eating; the boys had, consequently, been forbidden to touch them. Tom was a very honourable and, in a general way, a very obedient boy; he would not, probably, have gone deliberately to pluck an apple from the tree, after he had been told not to touch them. But the day was very hot, the night before had been windy, and several apples had been blown down; so that when, in the course of the game, Tom found himself, in hiding, close to the apple-tree, he ate first one, and then two or three more, of the green apples; and when Charlie, after a long search, found him at last, he was still engaged in munching one.

"Zoo cut zoor stick as fast as zoo can, Tom," said the child, quoting a favourite, though certainly far from elegant, expression of his brother's. Tom went off to hide; but being tired of the game, he went to an arbour, where he had been reading "Robinson Crusoe," and taking up his book, he soon got quite absorbed in it, and more than an hour passed before he remembered that Charlie had never come to seek him. For a moment he felt frightened, and jumping up hastily, called "Charlie! Charlie!" as loud as he could. To his great relief, Charlie came almost immediately, trotting up the garden path.

"Why, you young monkey," said Tom, "where in the world have you been all this time?"

"Tarlie not a monkey," replied the child indignantly.

"Well, then, you little goose."

"Tarlie not a doose neezer."

"Well, let's hear what you are then," said Tom.

"Tarlie's a young fella," answered the boy consequently.

Tom laughed, and as they had reached the house during the colloquy, and the nurse came out at that moment to fetch Charlie in for his tea, Tom forgot to question him farther as to where he had been all the time that he had himself been reading in the arbour. Tom took all his meals with his parents, and he was sitting with them after dinner, expecting that Charlie would as usual come down for dessert, when the door opened, and instead of Charlie appearing, as they all anticipated, the nurse alone came in, looking pale and anxious.

"Oh! ma'am," she said, "I can't think what can be the matter with Master Charlie, but I am afraid he is ill. I noticed that he would not eat anything when he came in to his tea; and a little time afterwards he was very sick. And now he is moaning, and crying with pain."

Mr. Ilderton sprang up, and said he would himself ride for a doctor. There was none within a distance of several miles, and it was quite possible he might be from home.

"I will get him as soon as I possibly can," he said, observing his wife's pale face and trembling lips. "Meanwhile, I dare say nurse and you will know what to do."

A horse was ordered to be instantly saddled, and they all went together to the nursery. It was a pitiful sight that met their anxious glances as they entered the room. Charlie was on the bed, with a face as white as the cover, and his legs drawn up with pain. He tried to restrain himself from crying, for Tom had always impressed upon him that it was babyish to cry. But in spite of himself, hot tears were streaming down his pale face; and as his parents entered the room with Tom, he moaned out, "Oh! papa, oh! mamma, it's welly, welly bad! Tarlie can't help trying, Tom."

"I cannot think what can be the matter," said Mrs. Ilderton, lifting her darling tenderly upon her knee. "The child was perfectly well this afternoon. He was playing with you, Tom; he surely could not have got hold of anything to eat in the garden?"

"Oh! no, mamma," said Tom; "you know he is so sensible, he never eats anything unless he is sure that it is fit for eating; besides, he was with me all the time."

At that moment, Mr. Ilderton was told that his horse was ready; he only stopped to kiss the pale sufferer, and to whisper a word of comfort to the anxious mother; and in a minute after, the sound of his horse's feet was heard under the windows. As they died away, Tom suddenly started to his feet.

"Oh! mamma," he said, "I quite forgot; Charlie was not with me all the time—I went away to hide; and then, as I was tired, I thought I would sit in the arbour and read, and let him find me there; and I got so interested that I forgot him quite for ever so long; but he came to me the minute I called him, so I thought it was all right."

"But did you not ask him what he had been doing?" said Mrs. Ilderton, anxiously.

"Oh! yes; but I called him a young monkey, and that made him angry; and then I began chaffing him, and I forgot to ask him again."

While they were talking, Charlie had been lying ghastly white, and almost rigid, in his mother's arms, while the nurse was preparing a warm bath for him; but again a spasm of pain seized him, and he bent up his knees and screamed with pain.

"What is it, my darling? what is it?" said his mother, in an agony. "Where was Charlie when Tom was hiding? Did Charlie eat anything?"

"Only apples, mamma; Tom eat 'em, and Tartie eat 'em;" and again the poor little thing gave a loud cry of pain.

Tom turned as pale as Charlie himself when he heard the child's words; it was his example, his disobedience, that had caused his brother's illness, that night, perhaps, cause his death. It was, perhaps, well for him that the mute look of agony and reproach which his mother gave him was not seen by him; he could scarcely have borne it; his own conscience was upbraiding him enough. He rushed out of the nursery, and going into his own room, threw himself on the bed in a passionate fit of sobbing.

"It was all my doing, it was all my doing," he repeated to himself; and then he prayed, more earnestly than he had ever done before, that God would spare his darling brother, and forgive his own sin. He could not go back to the nursery; he felt afraid to face his father and mother; and the sight of his brother's pain, now that he knew how far he had occasioned it, was more than he could bear. Every now and then he crept to the nursery door to hear what was going on; but the sound of Charlie's moans soon drove him back to his own room again. He heard his father return, and listened eagerly on the landing to hear what the doctor said; but the only word he caught was "green apples;" and then he knew that his father also was acquainted with the cause of Charlie's illness, and slunk back into his room more wretched than he had ever been in his life before. Hour after hour passed, till he thought the night would never end, and he could not go to bed. At last, he fell asleep with sheer exhaustion.

He was awoke by a gentle kiss, and looking up with a troubled expression, exclaimed, half-frightened, "What is it? Where am I?"

"Only lying on your own bed instead of in it," said his mother, "and with all your clothes on. But now you may get into bed, my boy, for I fear you may catch cold. Only first let us kneel in heartfelt thanksgiving to our Father in heaven for having blessed the means used for our darling's recovery."

"Oh! mamma," said Tom, leaning his head on her shoulder, and sobbing there as he had not done since he was almost a baby, "it was all my fault; but indeed, indeed, I did it without thinking; and I never knew he saw me, though I didn't think of hiding it from him either; I never thought about it. Oh! if Charlie had died, I never could have borne it!"

"This is only another instance, my boy, of how our smallest actions may, and often do, influence others. The mere eating of a green apple contrary to orders might seem like throwing a very small pebble indeed into the waters of life. Yet you see it has troubled them sadly, and might have caused a life-long sorrow. Never, my darling, forget the lesson it was fitted to teach you, that 'None of us liveth unto himself.'"

(To be continued.)

MARGARET BROWN.

I.
HARD by the brook, beyond the town,
Where stands the leafless chestnut tree,
There is a cottage, old and brown,
Which rearward looks upon the town,
But faces to the sea.

The walks with grass are overgrown,
And weeds fill up the garden-bed;
The moss clings to the stepping-stone,
And from the trees the birds have flown,
Now that the tree is dead.

'Mid all these dreary signs without,
And scarce a sound of life within,
The passer stops and looks about,
As half in fear and half in doubt
Of what may here have been.

Ah! 'tis a simple tale and rare,
Of life the stranger cannot know—
There is a presence in the air,
As if of angels watching there,
Or passing to and fro.

Here Margaret lives, "Old Margaret Brown"—
Thus doth the clerk her name record—
On dole supplied her by the town,
And deems each present sent her down,
A present from the Lord.

Here she was born and here was wed,
Here grew her children by her side,
Till one by one they from her fled;
And there they laid her husband dead,
Brought shoreward by the tide.

Thus blessings came, thus from her went,
God's love by sun and shadow shown;
You say a heart so torn and rent,
With all its loving forces spent,
Might harden into stone?

Ah! years did follow, all unblessed,
How bleak was all the world, how dark!
Her wandering soul, in search of rest,
Only the gloom and waste possessed,
Nor found the only ark.

Oh! faithless soul, that would not know
Jesus who watched and went before,
And sought in all those waves of woe,
In all their flood and overflow,
To give thee peace once more.

II.
Oh! happy day, but all too brief,
And night more precious still than day,
When she obtained the dear relief,
That left her still the sense of grief,
But stole the sting away!

She sat in silence with her dead,
When Jesus came and called her name;
One answering word, and fear and dread
Went out, and unto her instead,
A holy quiet came.

Oh! change, that did her soul astound;
The Lord had come and talked with her,
And all her grief with comfort crowned;
She had once more the Master found,
Beside the sepulchre.

Long years have passed—poor, blind, and old,
She waits until God's will is done;
And yet her closed eyes behold
That world of glories manifold,
And Jesus as the sun.

What if the sea roar up the beach?
The leafless tree the sound prolong?
Her soul its resting-place can reach,
Still tune the common words of speech,
Into a thankful song.

What if the stone no more be pressed
By steps that woke a welcome sound?
Her loving heart is full of rest—
With her abides a heavenly guest—
The Lord whom she has found.

And if the birds have spread the wing,
The walk with grass be overgrown,
She seems to hear the downward ring
Of songs, such as the angels sing,
Where sorrow is unknown!

Oh! world, with all thy pomp and pride,
So poor, so full of doubt and fear;
Lo! CHRIST, with gifts to thee denied
Has every longing satisfied,
And built his temple here!

Biblical Expositions.

A FEW NOTES ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

As these notes are chiefly intended for the aid of teachers engaged in Sunday-schools, a few words of explanation as to our plan, and of caution as to the mode of studying the Scriptures, may be needful.

When difficult passages occur, it has not been deemed advisable to offer a variety of learned opinions, but rather to rest content with the most simple mode of elucidation. We have not the temerity to suppose, when we meet with passages hard to be understood, that we shall at all times satisfy our readers; for we are not always able to satisfy ourselves, and upon some points the wisest of men must be content to be ignorant; for there is a wise ignorance as well as a foolish wisdom, and therefore some matters must be left in the merciful obscurity with which Scripture has enveloped them. The best informed men are the men most ready to avoid unprofitable investigations—knowing that the highest exercise of reason is to cease to reason respecting those subjects which are beyond our reason. Profound truths and stupendous mysteries are of necessity presented to our view, when the infinite mind condescends to reveal the manifold wisdom that is exercised for the restoration of man to the lost favour of God. Humility and a teachable spirit, therefore, are essential to a profitable study of the Scriptures, and we do well to remember, as Lord Bacon expresses it, that the Inditer of the Scriptures speaks with authority; for he knows four things which no man pretends to know—

1. The mysteries of the kingdom of glory,
2. The perfection of the laws of Nature,
3. The secrets of the heart of man,
4. The future events of all ages.

Therefore, while the Book of Life is replete with instruction for men of untutored minds, it contains more than philosophers can teach, more than the most gifted of mankind can attain, and more than the highest powers of reason can adequately comprehend; and while there are shallows in which an infant may wade, there are depths in which an elephant may swim. Happily, the Scriptures themselves make known to men the mode by which Divine truth is to be studied. "In thy light we see light." God is only to be known by the light which emanates from himself, and his Word assures us that he filleth the hungry with good things, but the proud he sendeth empty away. Look, then, to the Wise for wisdom, and seek to know the way to life eternal, and walk in that way; and search not the Book of Life to gratify idle curiosity, or to establish preconceived opinions; for in the Scriptures there will be found light enough to guide him that loveth the light, and darkness enough to confound him that loveth darkness.

CHAPTER I.

It is the opinion of some biblical critics that the gospel of St. Matthew was written both in Hebrew and in Greek, and that the two versions were written by St. Matthew himself. The Hebrew copy was lost at or about the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, and the Greek version came into general use; as the Hebrew, thought it had served very well for the Jews for whom it was primarily written, was not so generally useful to the nations at large as the Greek.

This gospel is frequently quoted, and St. Matthew is mentioned by name by very early writers, among whom we may enumerate Irenæus, who lived about the year 179, and Origen, Athanasius, Cyril, Epiphanius, Jerome, and Chrysostom.

In the Gospel of St. Luke, Matthew is called Levi. Matthew was the evangelist's Hebrew name, and Levi the name which he assumed when entering upon the duties of his office as a receiver of Roman taxes—an office held in detestation by the Jews, because it reminded them of their subjection to a foreign power, and in consequence of the rapacity and fraud of which these collectors were often guilty. In the language of Scripture he is termed a publican.

Matthew is said to have preached the gospel in Africa, and to have suffered martyrdom at Naddabar—a city in Ethiopia.

That this gospel was written for Jews familiar with the Old Testament appears from the references that so frequently occur—for in the Gospel of Matthew there are thirty-seven references to the Old Testament, and also forty-one quotations; thus, on seventy-eight occasions the evangelist refers to the Old Testament Scriptures, and sets before his readers the great truth, that Jesus was the Messiah prophesied in the Old Testament.

Our Lord's history is written by two apostles and two companions of the apostles, and each of the four gospels has its peculiar characteristic—for it is considered that St. Matthew's gospel is marked by precept, St. Luke's by narrative, St. Mark's by human incident, and St. John's by doctrine. Matthew addresses the Jew, and reveals the Messianic King; Luke addresses the Greek, and reveals the suffering man; Mark shows

the life-giving power of truth; and John exhibits the attractive and the subduing influence of the love of Christ. In all combined the Saviour is represented as the Messiah, the Redeemer, the Friend, the Teacher, the Example, the Brother, the suffering man, and the Divine Saviour triumphant over sin and Satan—over death and the grave.

In the production of these hallowed writings, as Bishop Blomfield observes, the Spirit of God acted upon the minds of the writers in two ways—namely, by revealing things which they could not know, and by protecting them from error when writing of those things with which they were personally acquainted; therefore, whatever is recorded must be regarded as written by Divine command, and under Divine influence; in other words, it is God himself speaking to man through the instrumentality of man.

Verse 1.

"The Book of the Generation of Jesus Christ, the Son of David, the Son of Abraham."

This table of descent, or family pedigree, is wisely placed at the commencement of our Lord's history; for no personage, however illustrious, could establish his claim to the title of the promised Messiah unless he could show that he was descended from Abraham and from David; for the promise was given both to Abraham and to David, that the Messiah should be their descendant. Therefore, Jesus Christ is ushered into the world as the son of David and the son of Abraham.

Among the Jews children are reputed the children not only of their immediate parents, and of their legal parents, but also of their ancestors; and ancestors are said to beget children who lived not till hundreds of years after the demise of these their forefathers.

At the outset of his holy life we have presented to us the patriarchal and the regal descent of Jesus; and as such, we discover his right to the Theocratic throne—that is to say, the throne of the house of Judah. Here is the Saviour in connection with his kingdom, and here is also the Saviour in connection with his people. The Redeemer is to be regarded not only as to what he is in himself, but also as to what he is to us. He who is head of his Church, and mighty to save, is Jesus Christ. May not each one say, in the words of the devout Anselm, "Jesus, be thou a Jesus to me!"—Jer. xxiii. 5, 6.

To us the hallowed names of our Lord ought to be as honey in our mouths, as melody in our ears, as peace in our minds, and as joy in our hearts. For us men and for our salvation the Son of God has taken to himself the conjoint appellation of Jesus Christ: his personal name, Jesus, to denote that he saves his own people by his own power, and his official title, to remind us that he is the appointed and the promised Deliverer. Jesus, his *Hebrew* name, and Christ, his *Greek* name, being thus quoted at the commencement of the Gospel, may be designed to show that the blessings of the Gospel are open alike to both Jew and Gentile.

The wisely appointed laws that govern the realm, if condensed into their primary principles, would resolve themselves into the Ten Commandments; and the Ten Commandments, reduced to their essence, would be con-

tained in the single word "Love," for love is the fulfilling of the law, and God himself is love; so, also, were the Gospel condensed, it would be found embodied in the truths implied in the Redeemer's Divine and hallowed names, Jesus Christ.

Jesus is a contraction of two Hebrew words denoting the God-Saviour. The Greek word *Christ* corresponds with the Hebrew word *Messiah*, which means the "Anointed One." The prophets, the high priests, and the kings, under the Old Testament dispensation, were anointed or consecrated to their high and holy duties, and Christ, who in his own sacred person combined the prophetic, the priestly, and the kingly offices, and in whom alone they were ever united, is emphatically styled *Messiah*, or "the Anointed." He was anointed with the oil of gladness above his fellows, by the descent of the Holy Spirit. He is, therefore, to his believing people, the Prophet to teach, the High Priest to atone; and he is to the Church and to the world, the King to reward, to chastise, and to rule. If we on earth give to this celestial King a throne in our hearts, he promises us, in his kingdom, a place of honour near to his throne.

Verse 2.

"Abraham begat Isaac; and Isaac begat Jacob; and Jacob begat Judas and his brethren."

Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Judah being named, makes known the connection that exists between Christ, the Messiah, and the whole family of Israel.

The difference that exists between some of the names in the Old Testament and as they stand in this genealogical table arises from the difficulty of accurately expressing Hebrew names in Greek letters.

As the devout student peruses the list of names here recorded, he is, like one of old, constrained to adore Almighty God for the rich stores of instruction contained in the inspired page. Men become teachers to mankind, for good or for evil, by their example; therefore, this table of descent, in every name, supplies some practical lesson. Let us glance at some of them.

Abraham, in his eventful history, teaches us that when men depart from God's ways, to follow their own counsel, they know not the direful evils that may ensue. Unwilling to wait God's time for the fulfilment of the promise of a son by Sarah, Abraham took unto himself Hagar, and from that alliance there sprang, not the promised seed, but Mahomet, the false prophet, the great enemy to Christ and the Christian faith; and the creed of this false prophet, has held far above 100,000,000 of the human race in bondage for upwards of 1,250 years, and brought persecution and death upon almost countless multitudes of the chosen people of God, among both Jews and Gentiles; and the evil continues to this day.

But Abraham is not a solitary instructor, for Isaac's life of trial teaches that men may love God, and live in the light of his countenance, and yet the discipline of affliction and the grace of tears may be essential to their welfare, as the shade and the sunshine are necessary to constitute a perfect day.

If Isaac inculcates submission to the will of God, and testifies that afflictions are often veiled mercies, Jacob, by pains and penalties endured, warns us all against the violation of good faith and good morals, by showing, in his own biography, that the deceiver shall

himself be deceived. He who misled his father was by his father-in-law misled; he who willingly was led astray by his mother was unwillingly compelled to stray for ever from that mother; and she who sought by unlawful means to constitute her younger son the head of the household, never again saw the son whom she led into error.

We pass on to Judah, of whom it may be said "though dead, he yet speaketh." Little did he foresee that the offence which he committed in the hours of darkness would hereafter form a portion of a public record, and be read for more than 3,000 years by a large portion of the world.

Rahab, as she passes onward in the history of the ancient Church, and obtains a name in the annals of the elder brother's house, proves, by her deliverance from heathenism, by the preservation of herself and kindred, and by her princely alliance with the tribe of Judah, that services rendered to the servants of God will be attended with a blessing from their Master.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

The Physical, Moral, and Intellectual Condition of the Deaf and Dumb. By JAMES HAWKINS. London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts, and Green.

THIS book is well calculated to enlist the sympathies of its readers on behalf of some of the suffering members of the community. The historical sketch with which it commences contains much valuable information upon subjects not generally known, and the subsequent chapters, which treat of the causes and cures of deafness, have the merit of being thoroughly practical, and expressed in a fluent and easy style. To all who take an interest in the condition and treatment of the deaf and dumb, we can confidently recommend this work.

John Sullivan; or, a Search for "The Old Religion."

London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet Street. THESE valuable papers, which appeared separately in the QUIVER, have now been collected into a small volume, which will, no doubt, prove acceptable to many who may wish to have them in a complete and separate form.

South American Sketches; or, A Visit to Rio Janeiro, the Oryan Mountains, La Plata, and the Paraná. By THOMAS W. HINCHLIFF, M.A., F.R.G.S. London: Longman and Co., 1863.

IN the present day it is really a matter of great importance to men of small means and large families to know of some good place whither they can send out their sons as emigrants. All means of employment in England, except, perhaps, that of artisans and labourers, are so overstocked, and the number of young men of the middle classes unable to obtain suitable employment is so great, that a new field for emigration less occupied than Canterbury and Queensland, a new hope of turning small capitals—assisted, of course, by industry and patience, to good account—is something worth knowing in these days. This is one reason, among many others, why Mr. Hinchliff's book is so well worth read-

ing. Buenos Ayres has increased so very greatly since it threw off the yoke of Old Spain, and it is becoming so fertile a field for European emigration, that it deserves to be far better known than it is. In ordinary society very little is known either about the city or its neighbourhood; and very few are aware what a promise of future development the Argentine Republic holds out. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when not the city only, but the immeasurable pasture grounds of the pampas will be better appreciated by Englishmen, and their almost boundless resources more generally taken advantage of. We are, of course, aware that there is a lurking suspicion as to the safety of life and property in these portions of the South American continent; but we venture to say that much of such prejudice will appear unfounded when men arrive at a true knowledge of them.

A glance at the map will make our readers better acquainted with the general features of these regions than the most elaborate description. That which most strikes the eye, when viewing the eastern side of the Republic, is the immense extent of its river system, and its boundless plains; opening out a promise of such excellent inland communication, both by steamboat and railway. The river is a grand stream. At its mouth, from Monte Video to Point Piedras, it is nearly sixty miles wide; and even at Buenos Ayres, a hundred and twenty miles higher up, it is more than thirty miles wide. Above the city it divides into the Uruguay and Parana, of which the latter is sub-divided into the Parana and Paraguay; and the importance of the river may be seen in the fact that the Paraguay is now navigated by a steamer without difficulty as far as Cuyaba, about 2,000 miles from Buenos Ayres, in the heart of one of the most productive districts in the world.

The plains extend unbroken from the eastern slope of the Andes almost to the banks of the Uruguay; and through all this enormous level there is not a particle of rock, but rich alluvial soil to the depth of several feet. Both for pasturage and for forming railways, there can hardly be found in the world a more promising region. In fact, you have simply to lay the rails over any extent of land, and your railway is made, without cuttings or embankments so high as your knee. And when it is remembered that the plains are most productive not only as pastures for cattle and sheep, but for the growth of grain and cotton, of which latter article a considerable quantity is already being cultivated, the importance of the railway communication, with the formation of which the Government is now busied, may easily be imagined.

The general impression left on the mind of a traveller after a visit to Buenos Ayres, is very favourable, from the fine aspect of its streets and public buildings, and its general brightness and cleanliness; but we forbear to give any lengthy descriptions, partly because we fancy that no descriptions give any just notion of the appearance of a town, partly because more interesting matter tempts us forward. It may be well to mention, however, in passing, one very satisfactory feature in Buenos Ayrean life, which is the complete religious liberty that prevails. The cathedral, and the many handsome principal churches in the city, are, of course,

monopolised by the Roman Catholics; but the priests do not appear to have the slightest control over those who absent themselves from their spiritual teaching, and they are very far removed from the ideal priest generally connected in our minds with the name of Old Spain.

We would now fain hurry away to the broad pampas, but we must not omit to mention one not very pleasing link connecting the city and the plains, the *saladeros*, where the enormous herds of cattle are slaughtered for home consumption and for exportation. We here, also, meet, for the first time, in their natural wildness, one great feature of cattle-farming, viz., *peñas*, or cattle-drivers, and have an opportunity of witnessing their method of conducting business:—

The *saladeros* are enormous establishments, in which the cattle are slaughtered for their hides and tallow, and their flesh is converted into jerked beef. In one place was a vast heap of what I at first imagined must be gigantic mussel-shells, but they soon proved to be hoofs. A little farther the land was protected from the encroachments of the Riachuelo river by a wall composed of thousands of skulls of cattle patched with turf. . . . Presently we saw a mighty cloud of dust, whence came a sound like muffled thunder, mixed with screams and wild yells. "Stand clear! Get out of the way! Here comes a drove of about a thousand cattle from the country, to be slaughtered at the *saladero*." Not with the decorous march of Smithfield came these devoted beasts—quite another style of thing, and well worth seeing.

Four or five *peñas*, or drivers, in brilliant ponchos of red, blue, and yellow, ride in front at full gallop, cracking their whips, and screaming to one another, while you gladly draw up near the wall to get out of the way as they charge towards you. Close at their heels comes the whole herd, heads down and tails up, going at their maddest speed, encouraged thereto by more *peñas* at their sides. On they go, thundering through the cloud of dust, and at last the mad line is ended by another set of *peñas*, all shouting and urging on the wild race in such a state of whip-cracking excitement, that even a calm spectator feels the spell, and is almost ready to give up his soul to the possession of the galloping ghost of Mazeppa.

Half stifled with dust, we went on our way to the *saladero*, where we were to see the completion of bovine destiny, and arrived there about a quarter of an hour before the slaughter commenced. About eight hundred beasts had been driven into a *corral*, or inclosure, made of strong posts, nearly a foot thick, one side of which towards the yard tapered off into a kind of funnel about six feet wide, which was crossed by a strong bar with an iron pulley in it. This was approached by a small tramway, upon which travelled a truck large enough to carry two of the animals at the same time, and running parallel to the slaughtering platform, which was of great size, and gently inclined towards the gutter made for carrying off the blood. Groups of dark-visaged men and lads were chatting gaily as they sharpened their knives, and the chief executioner stood by his post, somewhat raised over the bar and pulley. The pulley was traversed by a rope of the customary raw hide, one end of which terminated in the *lazo*, or noose, running on a ring of iron, and the other end was attached firmly to two horses standing saddled in the open yard. The time had come: two gaily-dressed *peñas*, with the unfailing cigarette in their mouths, jumped lightly into the saddles of the two horses, casting a Partisan glance behind to see if all was right; the infantry were ready, knife in hand, and the work of death began. The butcher-in-chief gathered up his *lazo*, and with practised eye selected two beasts whose heads were in sufficiently close proximity to be entangled in a single cast. He swung it two or three times round his head, and in a moment the four horns were firmly gripped with unerring accuracy. At a signal from him, the two horsemen spurred their steeds into a plunge forward for about twenty yards, with the other end of the rope, and instantly the two poor brutes were dragged forwards till their heads were jammed hard against the bar with the pulley. Then the executioner

stoops, and with two quiet thrusts of his knife divides the spine a little behind the horns; he casts loose the noose from their heads, and two corpses fall heavily on the truck which is ready to receive them. The truck is rapidly wheeled to the platform, and another rope, attached to a horse, is fastened to a fore leg of each; a touch of the spur, a violent jerk, and the bodies are twitched off the truck and deposited on the platform, with their heads close to the gutter, while the truck is sent back for more victims.

Two men seize on each, and cut their throats; the hide is taken off with inconceivable skill and rapidity; knives glance, and with light, but marvellously accurate touch, the head and limbs disappear. In about five minutes the animal has literally gone to pieces—vanished almost before he has done kicking. The hide is hung up in one place; the legs are on different hooks; the good meat is hung in huge slabs to cool upon long railings; and the bony structure is carried off to the steaming vats.—Pp. 67—71.

After an account of such wholesale slaughter, for about eight hundred head of cattle are thus disposed of per diem, we need a little fresh air, and we can seek it in no purer state than on these delicious pampas. But as we journey from the city to the site of the future homes, we will fain hope, of many an Englishman, we will say a word on the anomalous position of foreigners in the Argentine Confederation. In New York, any one is entitled by a short residence to become a citizen of the states; but here it is not so. Many of the largest firms in the city are held by foreigners; foreigners hold, under good titles, hundreds of thousands of acres of the soil, covered with countless sheep, and cattle, and horses; foreigners of all kinds keep the greater part of the shops; but all these, whether high or low, rich or poor, are, *politically*, nothing but strangers in the land! No matter how large a stake they may have in the welfare of the country, they have no voice in the administration of its government, nothing to do with the rights and responsibilities of citizenship!

This is, of course, a state of things highly detrimental to the best interests of the country; but the solution of the difficulty which undoubtedly arises seems drawing near, in the fact that the foreign population is increasing at a far greater rate than that of the natives; and we can hardly fancy such an anomaly as a country in which the majority of the inhabitants are not citizens.

With respect to the rights of property, foreigners are better off, perhaps, than the natives; as in the many civil wars that at present harass this fine region, the former are protected by the strong governments to which they belong, while the latter suffer sadly at times through the weakness of "the powers that be." Though it is but right to mention that in seizing horses for the war, very little distinction is made between native and foreign property; and though foreigners may have redress by applying to the agents of their respective governments, yet through ignorance of this fact, or through a dislike to the trouble and annoyance, they generally bear their grievances patiently.

But now it is time to turn our attention to the life and occupations of the pampas, chiefly consisting of sheep and cattle breeding; and though would-be immigrants need not follow the example given below, yet they must be prepared here, as in all new countries, to rough it at first:—

He came out to be a sheep-farmer, so he invested his

capital in a flock of sheep, and a piece of land for them to live on. This was all he wanted to begin with; other things might come in due time. His sole companion was a *peón* of very unprepossessing appearance, but staunch fidelity, who, having distinguished himself in frequent quarrels by generally killing his man, now determined to devote all his energy and talent to the service of his gallant young master. They began by sleeping on the open ground, resting on their *recados* (native saddles), and wrapped up in their *ponchos*; but in a few days they prepared, with sticks and bundles of *paja*, a kind of wigwam, the furniture of which consisted of little more than what is common enough on the pampas—a bullock's skull for a chair, with a spare horn for a friend.—Page 161.

Mr. Anderson, the gentleman here spoken of, might prefer this kind of home; we confess to a love of greater creature comforts, and we doubt not our readers will sympathise with us. Such a house as we will now describe, with its walls of clay and wattles, and the roof thatched with the *paja*, or broad, rush-like grass of the country, is easily constructed, and affords quite as comfortable quarters as one requires in these wilds:—

There was a square inclosure, on one side of which was the principal building, containing a snug sitting-room in the middle, with a bed-room on each side. On the opposite side was a shed appropriated to the *peóns*, who cooked their beef and condescended to sleep there in bad weather, though on fine nights they very much preferred rolling themselves up in their *ponchos* on the open ground. Part of the third side of the inclosure was occupied by a building divided into three parts, serving respectively as kitchen, store-room, and bachelor's-hall; and the fourth side was only a fence, with a gate in it. There was also a shed with open sides and thatched roof, which was chiefly used as a saddle-room.—Page 149.

Of the prospects of settlers in the region of the Rio de la Plata, Mr. Hinchliff speaks very encouragingly, though he cannot say anything definite of the value of the land, as it differs so much in the various provinces of Buenos Ayres, Entre Rios, and the Banda Oriental, and necessarily rises in value every year. Good land, with river communication, was sold about two or three years ago at about £2,000 a league, containing about 6,000 English acres; but he thinks it would now fetch half as much again. He mentions, also, the fact that men who had seen life both in Australia and here, gave their decided preference to the River Plata. Some of the *estancias* (estates) are on a very large scale. He visited one consisting of more than 40,000 English acres; breeding 12,000 head of cattle, and about 40,000 sheep, besides large numbers of horses.

Very curious are the *Gauchos*, the inhabitants of these plains, the necessary accompaniments of all cattle-farms, the cavalry labourers of the pampas. That they are good riders, or even the best in the world, is not enough; they grow, they live, they work on horseback, and even in some cases have been known to ride to their own burial! Here is the education of a *Gaucha*:

These half-wild urchins ride almost as soon as they can walk, and their highest ambition is to be tall enough to catch a horse by the mane, which is all they require for mounting him; they are on his back in a moment, and he must be a very clever back-jumper if he can get rid of them. Saddle or no saddle, it is just the same to them, and they ride with a gusto and keen sense of wild enjoyment which is very inspiring to a spectator. They practise with the *lazo* and *bolos* on pigs and fowls; they ride round and round the partridges till they are near enough to knock them down with a whip, and make a profound study of the use of the knife. With these accomplishments they are considered ready for the life of a *peón*,

or servant, on a farm or *estancia*, where they soon get accustomed to managing sheep and cattle, and where, by good conduct, they are pretty sure of obtaining promotion on the establishment.—Page 195.

Of violent crimes committed by *Gauchos*, one does not hear often; and when they do take place, they are usually committed under the excitement of passion and revenge, never for the sake of robbery. They are, on the whole, a quiet, reserved, rather solemn kind of men, very much given to smoking, now and then addicted to a too free use of the knife among each other, when (as is very seldom the case) they are under the influence of drink; inured to hardships, incapable of fatigue, and, as we have said, the best riders in the world. Their diet is chiefly beef and *maté* (native tea), and wonderful is the effect of such diet in strengthening and hardening them. They scarcely ever seem ill, and get over accidents with remarkable ease. One who had been badly hurt by the charge of a bull was greatly refreshed and apparently cured by three doses of castor-oil! So very tough do they seem, that Mr. Hinchliff asked a friend with whom he was staying whether he had ever seen a dead one. In answer, his friend gave him the following curious account of a dead *Gaucha*:—

One of two brothers had been killed by the charge of a bull; his brother asked leave of his master to bury him at a place many leagues away. His master gave the permission, and got up early to satisfy his curiosity as to the intended method of proceeding. The dead man was dressed, and placed by his companions in the usual position on his horse; his legs were made fast to the saddle, a forked stick was adjusted so as to support his chin; with the help of various bandages all was made firm, and he sat exactly as in life. The brother then leaped into his own saddle; the horses were accustomed to travel together, and the living man rode all day across the plains with his dead brother, till he reached La Vittoria, and piously buried him.—Page 392.

Of such material are the farm servants in the plains of La Plata.

It will be seen that in the necessarily short account we have given of Mr. Hinchliff's book, we have looked at it almost entirely from the immigrants' point of view. We should give a very unsatisfactory notion of this very amusing and instructive work, if we leave our readers to suppose that this is even a large proportion of the subjects of which it treats. The whole life on the pampas is described in the most racy and amusing manner, of which nothing less than a perusal of the volume can give any idea; the wild rides, the capital shooting, the kindly hospitality everywhere met with, the curious adventures on land and river, and (certainly not least of the charms of this fine region) the gloriously-fresh air, the short turf carpeted with flowers, and the wonderful health enjoyed and strength developed by the out-door life of the plains.

One large part of the book is taken up with an account of our author's visit to Brazil, in the neighbourhood of Rio Janeiro and the Organ Mountains; and to all who are interested in descriptions of fine scenery, of wild mountain rides, of the glorious flora of the tropics, we can strongly recommend this portion of the volume; and when we add that there are, in addition to a good map, some most excellent tinted sketches, we think we have said enough to tempt many readers to a perusal of the pages which have afforded us so much pleasant instruction.

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON.

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHEREIN MR. TURVEY INSTRUCTS MISS LOUISA ON MATTERS PERTAINING TO ART.

WHILE the ladies and gentlemen were conversing about art in the drawing-room, a discussion on the same subject was held by Mr. Turvey and Miss Louisa Martin; the said Louisa Martin—single young woman, commendable for fresh complexion, bright ribbons, and general nativeness of appearance—being a lady's-maid, in whose services Ida and Florence had joint property.

The room in which Mr. Turvey and Miss Louisa maintained discourse on this bright topic was the private parlour of Mrs. Buddle, housekeeper of the Clock House. It should be known that Mrs. Buddle was no more than the remains of a housekeeper, being a very aged lady, something more substantial, but not a whit more useful than a mere shadowy tradition of the busy matron, who in Sam Harrison's time had been an important personage in the eyes of Highgate tradesmen. In spite of her decrepitude—it may even be said, in consequence of her infirmity and complete uselessness—Mrs. Buddle was maintained in her old position of trust; Mr. Newbolt and his daughters having recourse to divers amiable expedients for making her believe herself as efficient a servant as ever. A picturesque piece of antiquity, not quite bedridden, and firmly resolved that no earthly power should make her so, Mrs. Buddle was daily brought down stairs from her private room, shortly before the servants' dinner-hour, and, having been carefully conveyed to the servants' hall, was placed in a chair at one end of the dinner-table, where, propped up by pillows, and deporting herself with suitable decorum, she presided over the mid-day meal of her master's dependants. The meat and pudding part of the feast over, Mrs. Buddle was carried to her parlour, where, by special invitation given every day with much formality, she was, after the lapse of two or three minutes, followed by Mr. Turvey and Miss Louisa, who, in the tranquillity of the housekeeper's room, away from less exalted menials, partook of ale and cheese on week-days, of fruit and wine on Sundays. Like his master, Mr. Turvey was a Republican; but he said that the most precious interests of society required him to make his inferiors feel that he *was* their superior; and in consideration of these precious interests aforesaid, he would have any day gone without his ale and cheese, rather than have consumed them in the presence of Thomas and Arthur.

Very imposing was the aspect of Mrs. Buddle in her later days, as she sat in her parlour and played the part of hostess to the butler and lady's-maid. Very pleasant was it also to see the complacent smile on her aged countenance, notable for the close proximity of the nose and chin, which, it was feared, would soon touch each other, then grow firmly together, and ultimately put a period to their owner's existence by an unprecedented form of lock-jaw. Very ceremonious, too, was she when

Ida paid her a visit every afternoon, during which they spoke about domestic arrangements, and agreed that housekeeping as an art had sadly retrograded since the time when Mrs. Buddle was a girl. And not a little instructive was the jealousy with which the venerable dame maintained her long-established right to the sole custody of the family key-basket, and the firmness of her belief that if the key-basket passed to any other person's guardianship, the Clock House would soon fall to utter ruin in less than twelve months.

With a consistency which Charles Lamb would have approved, Mrs. Buddle went to bed at an early hour, even as she rose at a late one; and as soon as she had retired for the night, her parlour was at the disposal of Mr. Turvey and Miss Louisa. Of course that gentleman was at liberty to pass his evenings in the solitude of his peculiar pantry; but in justice to his gallantry, not less than to Miss Louisa's attractions, it should be stated that he greatly preferred her society to lonely meditation and study. It was their custom to have a long chat every evening.

"He is a very nice, modest-looking young gentleman," observed Miss Louisa, at the moment when this history breaks in upon her private hour with Mr. Turvey. "I saw him as he walked with Miss Newbolt in the gardening."

"He's just as promising a specimen of hingenuous youth," returned Mr. Turvey, "has I've clapt eyes on for many a day. Hi dropt in at the academy yesterday, and his pictures have merit. When he has paid a little more attention to the decorative school, he'll do."

"I hopes with all my heart he may."

"He will, Miss Louisa. Hi've took him in hand, and, sooner or later, I'll make a *hartist* of him."

"What is a *hartist*, Mr. Turvey?"

"Taking no notice of hamateurs—which are gentlemen and ladies as do picters for their own amusement and nobody's profit—I should say, my dear, a *hartist* is a pusson as foller hart as a business, to make a living by it."

"Hart! and what is hart, Mr. Turvey?"

"My dear," replied Mr. Turvey, "that's a stupenduous kivestion. If you take a large view of it, hart his heverything, and heverything his hart. The way to do anything is a art. The medicole business is a art, so is harness-making, or 'bus-contracting. There aint any kind o'business, from statesmanship to scavengering, that isn't a hart. A precious lot of them there are betwixt commerce and conjuring, which last is next door to the black art."

"A dirty sort of business that must be," observed Miss Louisa.

"I believe you," responded Mr. Turvey, smiling at his companion's simplicity. "But hart, in the sense of cultivated pussons' language, is the knowing how to beautify things, and the doing it. Of which there are a many kinds, Miss Louisa; but the parent of 'em all is decorative art. Whatsoever pusson adds to the decoration of existence is in some sort o' way a artist. You're a sort of decorative artist, my dear, when you put on your prettiest cap and sweetest smiles."

Miss Louisa blushed and looked proud.

"But," continued Mr. Turvey, in his paternal judg-

ment deeming it right to take Louisa down *two* pegs, as soon as he had set her up to the extent of *one*, "being but a uneducated fimmale, you are no more a decorative hartist than any other tidy and responsible young woman. Your hartistic powers are limited by the top-knot of your cap and the sole of your foot, and don't extend beyond the circumambience of your best petticoat."

"I did not make myself."

"True, my dear; and I'm not finding fault with you. But to return to hart has a source of decoration. The pure decorative art, which I spoke of just now as the parent art, confines itself to wall-painting, ceilings, pieter-frames, wood-work, and such like. But fashionable art produces picters, and have many branches. There's pencil-work and iles, engravings and chalk-drorings, historicals and landscapes, animals and interiors, all which are divided into high art and low art."

"I suppose, Mr. Turvey, high art is very expensive, and low art comes moderate. It's the difference of the figger as gives the name?"

"Not a bad suggestion, Miss Louisa—not at all bad for a uninitiated pusson," replied Mr. Turvey, approvingly; "but it isn't right. High art is so called because it's the art high people like; whereas low art is the kind of picters pop'lar amongst the lower orders. Grand character pieces, hangels coming out of clouds, ile portraits, and framed picters generally is high art. The caricatures and insulting picters of gentlemen of property and members of parliament, such as you may have seen in *Punch*, is low art; because low people enjoy 'em, liking to see their betters made ridiculous."

A pause ensued on this comprehensive survey of two grand divisions of art.

The silence was broken by Miss Louisa seeking further enlightenment.

"But," she asked, "are artists gentlemen?"

Mr. Turvey whistled a low whistle, and considered before he made reply.

"Well, my dear Miss Louisa," he at length answered, "I scarcely know what to say. There is so many grades in hart. Hi hought to know a good deal about hartists, seeing that I have made the acquaintance of most of our best painters—having had 'em up here to dine, listened to their conversation, and studied 'em. It's wonderful how they choose their liquors according to their different lines of business. The historicals like Burgundy; the hallegoricals take port; landscape ile-painters prefer light wine; water-colours seem to enjoy nothing so much as tea; engravers are addicted to sperrits—which I am disposed to think is owing to the fact that, beyond hall other artists, they want steady 'ands. But *are* they gentlemen? Well, some are, some are not. In pint of rank, I should say a tip-top hartist would go behind a stock-broker, but take precedence of a family doctor—provided he is a Har Hay, and is doing a strong stroke of business. A great deal depends on the amount of a hartist's business. Still, Miss Louisa, allowing for hexceptions, I should say hartists har to be regarded as gentlemen, so long as they behave as such."

"I think Mr. Smith will behave as becomes a gentleman."

"Hi know he will," replied Mr. Turvey, warmly.

"He'll be a man one day. Hi 'ad a long talk with him before dinner, and put him up to a trick or two. He's going to foller my advice, and go through a course of decorative study in Little Trinity Lane."

Mr. Turvey, be it observed, always made the most of himself to Miss Louisa Martin, for she believed in him as a hero, and he knew it. Wiser if not better men than Philip Turvey are at this day acting in like manner towards simple and credulous admirers.

"And he's to teach Miss Flo to paint?" continued Miss Louisa.

"Yes; hand I quite approve of his teaching her. What hand she'll make of it remains to be seen; but she's set her mind on learning to paint in iles."

"Oil is queer stuff to paint with, Mr. Turvey. It don't seem to have colour enough."

"Painters, my dear," replied Mr. Turvey with a slight undertone of contempt in his affable voice, "don't paint picters with salad ile, or lamp ile either."

"They've better not try to," replied Louisa.

Another pause, broken, like the former silence, by the lady's-maid, who, lowering her voice to a musical, cooing murmur, said, "Mr. Turvey, if Mr. Smith turns out as you think he will, why shouldn't he and Miss Flo make a match of it?"

"The thoughts of you woman-kind are always running on matrimony," responded Mr. Turvey, benignly, evincing no displeasure at the suggestion. "But she's too young at present."

"She won't be, a year or two hence, and their ages are uncommon suitable."

"As to age, Miss Louisa, an oldish man can love as well as a young one."

"I know it," sighed Miss Louisa, turning her eyes up to Mr. Turvey.

But finding no adequate response to her own emotion in Mr. Turvey's countenance, she returned to the original subject, saying, "Why shouldn't they? Would you disapprove it?"

Having considered the question for twenty seconds, Mr. Turvey answered, emphatically, "When he's a Har Hay, I won't refuse my consent."

Sensation on the part of Miss Louisa.

"But," added Mr. Turvey, rising with alacrity from his chair, "Hi must be hoff. There's the drawing-room bell ringing, and the carriage is round—to take Mr. Newbolt down to the 'ouse. I must go and let him out."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THOUGHT FOLLOWING THOUGHT.

"THERE now, I'll say good-bye, and leave you to take care of yourself," said Mr. Newbolt, when he had introduced his young friend into one of the galleries set apart for the use of strangers in the House of Commons; "you can stop as long as you like, and go when you like. Good-bye."

Before giving Edward this farewell, Mr. Newbolt had pointed out to him the notabilities of the assembly, appending to each name as he uttered it a few words of pithy description, or bold criticism. The member for Harling was better in his brief caricatures of their personal appearance, than in his prophecies of the future.

career of the principal politicians who were present in their places. "There's Cobden, and speaking to him is John Bright," he observed—"great men, full of power, and with all the intellect of the country coming round to them. Before ten years have passed, you'll see them forming a cabinet of their own, and the strongest cabinet, too, that the country has seen for a hundred years." Of Lord Palmerston, he remarked, "Clever fellow: but he'll never be at the head of affairs; he wants definite principles. Englishmen have no faith in statesmen who haven't definite principles, for which they are ready to fight to the death, sacrificing everything and everybody for their sake." Pointing to Mr. Gladstone, he said, "There's a fine intellect spoilt, utterly spoilt and done for by Oxford education. As a man of energy, born beyond the narrowing influences of patriotic circles, he ought to represent the views of the great middle classes; but his unfortunate education has filled him with a romantic hankering after old, worn-out systems, and inspired him with distrust of new ideas. As time goes on, he'll get narrower and narrower, and degenerate into a mere old-fashioned Tory; he will; mark my words. I know him, bless you! He can't bamboozle me with his Jesuitical sophistries. The Liberals of this country will find in him a more unscrupulous, intolerant, vindictive foe, than any enemy they've yet had to deal with. At heart, the man is Lord Eldon and the Duke of Wellington rolled into one." Directing Edward's eyes to the Premier, he observed with a congratulatory chuckle, "He's all right now: I always maintained there was the making of a man in him, and now he's *one of us*!" Of what injustice and error Mr. Newbolt was guilty of in his comments on Mr. Disraeli, this history will say nothing, except that the member for Harling lived long enough to see that he had been greatly at fault in his predictions, made in 1846 with regard to "that novelist and mere man of letters," as he termed the present leader of the Conservative party—throwing into his words an emphasis which signified that "novelists and men of letters" were about the most contemptible features of modern civilisation.

When Mr. Newbolt had taken his departure from the gallery, Edward found little entertainment in the proceedings of the House. There was enough going forward to keep politicians awake; but Edward was not a politician, and had he under ordinary circumstances taken a lively interest in public affairs, he would on that evening have paid little heed to the debate, so intently occupied was he with his own personal matters. He lingered in the gallery little more than twenty minutes—just long enough to hear Colonel Sibthorp express his hatred for Frenchmen, together with his anxiety to have Lord John Russell's reply to a certain question, which he, Colonel Sibthorp, had asked in that house more than once; just long enough also to hear Lord John Russell decline, with official politeness, to give the required information; and then he left the people's representatives to fight out their battles as they best would in his absence.

One great thought, fruitful of many minor thoughts and much anxious reflection, troubled Edward, as he walked slowly homewards from Westminster, to his solitary chambers in Furnival's Inn.

He saw that he had been drawn into a position in which his honour would be sorely tried. When he was on the point of saying to Mr. Newbolt, in the drawing-room of the Clock House, "If I had imagined you were engaging me to give lessons to your daughter, I would have declined the task," he saw clearly that the engagement debarred him from all right to endeavour to win the affections of the girl whom he regarded with deep, romantic, and strongly inspired love. Had Mr. Newbolt merely invited him, as a private friend, to become a frequent visitor to Muswell Hill, the privilege would have been accorded him to do his utmost to make himself dear to her, even as she was dear to him. But as her teacher, it was clear to him he could not, without sacrificing his own personal honour in sinning against his patron, give Florence any, even the faintest, intimation of the passion which held possession of him. As an ordinary guest, he would have been free to exercise towards her whatever powers of pleasing he might be master of; and by words, glances, watchful deference, and all the subtle signs which constitute the language of pure affection, he might have shown his own mad hopes, and lured her to forgive his daring, reply to it with maidenly encouragement, and, at some distant date (when he had proved himself worthy of her), put her hand in his, saying, "Edward, I will be yours for ever." Of course, his hopes were mad, wild, incredibly presumptuous; to himself he called them so, and in hot words of self-scorn, asked how he had dared expect such condescension from a girl so rarely beautiful, and, by her father's wealth, placed so high above him. He needed none to tell him how many persons would scout the vanity and immeasurable presumption of the poor and unknown artist who could dream of being able to clutch so rare a prize, and hug it to his breast. But love justifies, sanctifies ambition; and youthful lovers are often confident. Anyhow, had Mr. Newbolt introduced him to his home simply as a personal companion, however much the young artist might have been ridiculed for his romantic pretensions, no one could have charged him with dishonour for endeavouring, in accordance with the rules of society, to secure for his happiness that which was dearer to him than life—even than art.

But as Miss Florence Newbolt's tutor, he saw that his just privileges in the Clock House would be widely different from what they would have been, had he been introduced to her as a private friend.

Brought into close and constant intercourse with her, in order that he might render her certain specified professional services—which services were to be liberally paid for by his patron—he could not, without being guilty of perfidy to his benefactor, use the opportunities of that familiar intercourse for the attainment of any purpose apart from the particular end Mr. Newbolt proposed to himself. He was hired to teach Flo how to paint, not how to love; that was the contract—a contract which might be more completely broken by any attempt to teach the latter, than by any negligence in teaching the former. Mr. Newbolt, in allowing him to approach thus near to his youngest and darling child, had placed in him a special confidence for a special purpose; and Edward saw clearly that if he tried to accomplish more than the purpose, he should be basely

betraying the confidence. He saw this at the first glance, in Ida's drawing-room; he saw it, now that he sat at midnight in his silent studio, meditating on all that had occurred at Muswell Hill; he saw it clearly, and never wavered from that line of painful duty which it marked out for him, so long as he remained Flo's master in art. Gladly would he (at least, for many minutes he thought so) have drawn back from the position into which he had been led; for though he could not foresee all the cruel and unspeakable anguish that was in store for him, he discerned, in some degree, how hard a trial he was about to undergo, in honestly performing his duty towards his employer. But it was too late to withdraw. He would then be Flo's zealous, earnest teacher; her *efficient* instructor to the best of his abilities. He would stand beside her, directing the movements of her fingers, answering her inquiries, encouraging her to work in the spirit of a true artist; to her he would be a patient, attentive, unwearying tutor; and to her father he would be a faithful servant. By no act, or word, or sigh, or look of his, should she learn that he loved her—even better than the honour which forbade him to overlap the barrier placed between them. Much of the sorrow, and searching temptation, and secret struggles, which this course would bring upon him, he foresaw, at the moment he determined to adopt it; but whence could one so young have gathered the knowledge by which alone he could rightly estimate the full weight of the burden he was about to take upon his shoulders; could measure the labour and pain which he resolved to endure? He was still but a boy—a *very* young man; not indeed altogether ignorant of sorrow, but still so young that he had not yet had time to learn those sternest of life's lessons, by which earnest and truth-loving men are made truly good men.

This was his plan; and as it took the clear, definite shape of unutterable resolve, Edward shuddered at the prospect of its consequences, and letting his head drop upon the table, which stood beside his chair, he murmured, "What am I about to do? what is it that I undertake?"

To which questions it seemed to him that a voice, coming from a distant corner of his dim studio, from behind his easel and a pile of artistic lumber, answered, in clear tones—tones firm and unwavering as those of a resolute soldier speaking words of command, but still musical with soft cadences of sympathy and compassion—"You are about to enter on a long course of self-sacrifice: you are now going to sacrifice your purely personal desires to a sense of duty. The time will come when you will sacrifice your personal desires to love. Be steadfast to your purpose. Nearly all men are capable of self-sacrifice for a brief period: many persons begin great works of self-sacrifice; few complete them. Be brave: you are now about to sacrifice yourself to duty: one day you will be called upon to sacrifice yourself to love."

It was marvellous how distinctly he seemed to hear those words, uttered in tones at the same time thoroughly human, and yet rich with the sacred melody of Heaven. It was as though some spirit stood near him, pointing out his allotted task, and encouraging him to perform it.

For several instants after he had ceased to hear the words of this mysterious voice, Edward was so impressed that they proceeded from a person really present in his studio, that he rose hastily from his chair, and took six steps towards the corner of the room whence the utterance seemed to have come. As quickly he recovered his self-possession, and returned to his seat; the look of sudden surprise and deep astonishment which shortly before had possessed his features having given way to a sad smile. He saw the secret of his perplexity. No speaker was near him: the words had not been actually spoken. The command and the counsel were no more than his own exhortation addressed inwardly to himself, and his excited imagination had for the moment assigned them to the lips of another. When men are thus addressed by their own better, stronger selves, they will do well to give good heed to the monitors; for God often makes his will known by such teachers—teachers who are no other than the mental powers (endowed for a brief flash of time with apparently distinct personality) of those whom they rouse from lethargy to life.

The marvel accounted for, Edward resumed his seat, and mused upon the words "self-sacrifice." He had often heard them before, but till then he had never apprehended all their sacred significance. Knowledge often comes to men in sudden floods of enlightenment, alike after periods of inaction and days of steady toil. Upon the mind of the young artist fell a broad, bright stream of light; and, as it descended, he saw the grandeur and loveliness of self-sacrifice—that virtue which, displayed in one person of the Godhead, redeemed our race from the consequences of man's first sin; and by which alone, through heavenly grace, man, earnestly desirous of attaining the condition which is a Christian's ideal of holy life, can subdue the fleshly lusts and vanquish the spiritual adversaries which hold frail, erring mortals in the bondage of mere sensual existence.

Then, thought following upon thought, as the broad, bright stream of light became a silvery haze and died away, less salutary reflections, and recollections little calculated to fortify him in his courageous purpose, took hold of Edward. He began to ask himself if his case had no grounds for hope—if the future, stern though it was, presented no possibilities which might result in the attainment of the one great wish of his weaker self. Might he not still—whilst steadily persisting in the narrow line of duty—cherish the fond imagination that at some remote time, when he had made a great name for himself in his profession, he might, after all, induce Flo to be his wife? With no falseness to himself or her father, would he try to win her; whatever might ensue, he would be pure and stainless. But was it utterly impossible that the day would come when, with unblemished honour, he could vow to make her his—if an honest man's loyal love, declared with the thousand clever pleadings which lovers always flatter themselves they will be able to employ at the right moment, could induce her to surrender her beauty and pure goodness to any earthly guardian? Was it utterly impossible?

And as often as he put the question to himself, he remembered Mr. Newbolt's words, "My child, when she leaves my home to go to another man's, must have rank,

station, title, and everything which the world honours, assured to her. The man I allow her to marry must not expect that she is to bring everything to the bargain, and he nothing."

"Ah," thought Edward, as those words (spoken with a purpose as he afterwards discovered) recurred to him for the twentieth time during his meditations; "if he knew who I really am, he could not, as matters now stand, think me fit to marry his daughter; but if I were, by an accident, the like of which is daily occurring in English homes, to become my uncle's heir, the rich man would give me what he would steadily, and to the last refuse to the mere artist. There is but one life—the life of that boy-cousin whom I have never seen—betwixt me and sure succession to rank, station, title. But then there is that one life, and it is enough to make me what I am. Life is not so sunny as I once thought it would be—when I should become a man."

Thus and thus Edward mused for many minutes, until he suddenly jumped to his feet, and (no longer thinking in silence, but speaking loudly, passionately) exclaimed, "Good heavens! what devil is near me, putting such horrible, hideous sin into my mind. I did not wish him dead—I did not! I did not wish the grave to cover the innocent boy—the boy who has done me no wrong—on whom I have never set my eyes. I did not wish it! But Satan wanted me to wish it! O dear Father, who art in heaven, help me—help me instantly."

Whereupon this honest, simple, guileless boy—who at life's outset had firmly resolved to be a good man, by God's merciful aid—feeling that Satan was nigh at hand, and that the subtle poison of wicked thoughts was being poured into his soul by the father of all evil, fell upon his knees and earnestly besought the Father of all Good to help him—to help him instantly.

Happy are they who, when they are struggling against temptation, can do likewise, with perfect belief that their supplications will be heard.

(To be continued.)

UNITARIANISM NOT "THE TRUTH."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN SULLIVAN."

IV.—THE EVIDENCE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

OWEN. Good evening to you. We are now, I suppose, to enter upon the remaining portion of the evidence of Holy Scripture.

WHITE. Yes; but before we open the gospels, let us review, for a few moments, the ground over which we have passed. There is a certain idea of God which the Unitarians have taken up; is that idea at all like the views given in Holy Scripture?

OWEN. Show me, if you please, wherein they differ.

WHITE. Is not the Unitarian idea that of solitary grandeur; is it not that of a Being alone, incomprehensible, unapproachable; "whom no man hath seen, or can see;" and with whom no created being can possibly enter into any relations? But is this the sole idea given us in the Bible? Is not

plurality expressed or implied in almost every communication from God to man? Have we not, too, so to speak, various views of the Divine existence: at one time as of unapproachable brightness, invisible, and of awful majesty, as in Exod. xxxiii., "There shall no man see me, and live;" at another, as talking with Moses, "face to face," and to Joshua, as his captain and counsellor? Are there not, plainly recorded, many instances of the appearance of God in human shape; and yet does not St. John truly say, "No man hath seen God at any time" (1 John iv. 12)? So, too, are there not many plain intimations of a "Spirit of God," who is both distinct from, and yet one with, the Father? as at Isa. xlviii. 16. In one word, is that cold, solitary Unity, for which the Unitarians contend, the idea which an honest inquirer would draw from a simple, sincere study of the Old Testament?

OWEN. No, I think it is not. Between a pure, unchangeable, incomprehensible, invisible Spirit, and we, poor, frail, mutable creatures, it would seem almost inconceivable that any familiar intercourse should take place; that any point of contact should be found. Yet, from the first page of the Bible to the last, we do read of intercourse; of God's messages to men, and even of his conversations with some of his servants, such as Noah, Abraham, Moses, &c. And, certainly, the different views given of God in various passages of Scripture are more like views of three persons than of one person.

WHITE. Yes; compare, for instance, such passages as these—

"From everlasting to everlasting, thou art God."—Ps. xc. 2.

"Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord."—Jer. xxiii. 24.

"I am the Lord, I change not."—Mal. iii. 6.

"Canst thou by searching find out God?"—Job xi. 7.

"O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"—Rom. xi. 33.

With these—

"And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day."—Gen. xxxii. 24.

"And Joshua looked, and, behold, there stood a man over against him with his sword drawn in his hand: and he said, As captain of the host of the Lord am I come."—Josh. v. 14.

"And the angel of the Lord said, Why askest thou thus after my name, seeing it is secret?"—Judg. xiii. 18.

And, again, with these—

"The Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon him" (Jesus).—Luke iii. 22.

"It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you."—John xvi. 7.

"Well spake the Holy Ghost by Esaias the prophet."—Acts xxviii. 25.

"The Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul."—Acts xiii. 2.

Now, all these different passages, with their different aspects, are quite reconcilable with the idea of a Triune God, a Father, Word, and Holy Spirit; but they certainly do not give the idea of one, sole, and solitary God, always high, invisible, unapproachable, and incomprehensible.

OWEN. No, they evidently do not. But is it not time that we took up the subject we reserved for this evening—the testimony of the New Testament as to the character and attributes of God?

WHITE. We will do so without further delay.

And I remark, at the outset, that just as the very first page of the Old Testament tells us of a plurality in the Godhead ("The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters;" "Let us make man"), so does the opening of the New Testament give the very same testimony. For there we find, first, the Holy Ghost causing the birth of Jesus; and Jesus himself declared to be "God with us." So that, to a plain reader, there is presented, with abundant clearness, besides the eternal Father, that "Spirit of God" who is spoken of in many places in the Old Testament; and also a "son of man" who is at the same time a Son of God.

We then turn over only two pages, and we meet with a reiteration of the same fact. Jesus is baptised, and as he comes up out of the water, the heavens open, and the Spirit of God descends like a dove, and rests upon him, and a voice from heaven declares that "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Now, if words have any meaning, the Divine Speaker is not the same person as the Son spoken of; nor is the Dove which has descended from heaven the same person who now speaks from heaven. Nor is the Son either the same person as the Father, or as the Holy Ghost. And yet, recognising these three, we will not relinquish our hold upon that first great truth, that "the Lord our God is one Lord."

OWEN. St. John, I think, speaks still more explicitly of these things, at the opening of his gospel.

WHITE. Yes, he gives to Christ the title of "Word," or expression. St. Paul, writing to the Colossians, explains this, when he declares Christ to be "the image of the invisible God." This elucidates those passages of the Old Testament, in which God is sometimes declared to be "invisible" (Exod. xxxiii. 20), and yet to be "seen" (Exod. xxiv. 10). St. John plainly tells us (ch. i. 18) (1) that "no man hath seen God at any time," and yet (2) that "the only-begotten Son hath declared (or shown) Him." Thus the Son is the "image," or manifestation—the Word, or showing-forth, of the Father.

OWEN. But then the question arises, whether, as an ambassador or preacher, sent by the Father, Christ may not be, after all, of a lower and very different nature.

WHITE. We must reserve that question for another occasion; I need only now point you to St. John's first verse: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." And as an explanation of "in the beginning," read the prophecy of Micah, "Out of thee (Bethlehem) shall he come forth that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." He that is declared to be "God" in one passage, and "from everlasting" in another, cannot be deemed to be a creature.

OWEN. No, certainly not. The Epistle to the Hebrews, too, I think, opens much in the same strain, as St. John's Gospel.

WHITE. Yes, it says that "God, who in times past spake unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." Here is a plain distinction made, is there not, between Christ and all the prophets?

OWEN. Clearly he is taken out of that class, as a different kind of being. Any man who honestly receives and fairly reads that epistle, ought at least to go as far as Arianism—that is, he ought to

reckon Christ to be something higher than the prophets, if not so high as the Eternal God.

WHITE. Yes, unquestionably he ought; but then he will find himself not a Unitarian, but a believer in two Gods—a notion utterly opposed to the whole Bible. But the writer does not leave him any excuse for such a belief as this; for he goes on to declare Christ to be "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person." He also makes "all the angels his worshippers;" and, finally, he describes the Father as addressing the Son in these words—"Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever. Thou in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of thine hands." Surely, the great Being so addressed, must be regarded as far above all prophets, all apostles, all angels, and archangels. If so, then he is truly, as he is styled, a God; and I am quite unable to perceive the end or object of making a distinction between him and the Eternal Father, which must end, as I have said, in a belief in two Gods.

OWEN. Or rather three; for in ch. ix. 14, we read of "the Eternal Spirit;" and surely, the attribute of eternity can never belong to a creature. That which is created or made, did not exist till it was so made. But both the Son and the Spirit are plainly declared to have been "eternal," and "from everlasting." It seems to me that this is an attribute which can belong to none but God himself.

WHITE. Assuredly it is; and hence the Athanasian Creed sets forth, that "the Father is eternal, the Son eternal, and the Holy Ghost eternal; and yet they are not three eternals, but one eternal." "So the Father is God, the Son God, and the Holy Ghost God; and yet they are not three Gods, but one God."

OWEN. But will you tell me how you arrive at this certainty, that there are not three Gods?

WHITE. We arrive at it thus:—We have first laid it down as a principle, that our knowledge of God must be derived from his own Word; for that in no other way can we discover even the faintest outlines of the mode and manner of his being. We then find, in the beginning of his Word, a plain declaration that Elohim (Gods) created the heaven and the earth; and that Elohim said, "Let us make man." And soon after we read the commanded declaration of his prophet, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our Gods is one Lord;" or, "Jehovah our Elohim is one Jehovah." Hence we receive it as God's own declaration, that while "the Father is Lord, the Son Lord, and the Holy Ghost Lord, there are yet not three Lords, but one Lord."

OWEN. Well, shall we return, now, to the Gospels, and see what further light they throw upon the subject of our inquiry?

WHITE. Willingly; but the field is wide. I will try to mention merely a few of the more prominent passages which seem to indicate, unmistakably, the co-equality of three persons in the Godhead, without, however, once giving an encouragement to the idea of three independent Beings. There are some attributes, and some works, which seem to belong of necessity to the Godhead; and these attributes and these works are ascribed, in different places in Scripture, to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. For instance: eternity, as you just now observed, properly belongs to God, and to none else. A creature was, at some time or other,

made, or called into existence. Therefore, in eternity, there was a period when this act of creation had not taken place, and when this creature had not been formed. Any being of whom this cannot be said—any being who never was created, but existed from all eternity—is no creature, but must be the self-existent God. Now, God the Father speaks, in Isa. xlv. 6, in these words, "I am the first, and I am the last;" and he adds, "and beside me there is no God." So that the idea of three Gods is utterly rejected. David also says, "From everlasting to everlasting thou art God" (Ps. xc. 2). And St. Paul, in Rom. xvi. 26, describes him as "the everlasting God." Still, Micah, in ch. v. 2, says of him who was to be born in Bethlehem, that "His goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." And St. John, in Patmos, saw a vision of "one like unto the Son of man," who said, "I am the first and the last" (Rev. i. 11, 13). And St. Paul, in Heb. ix. 14, speaks of "the eternal Spirit." So that we have this great, inseparable, incommunicable attribute of the Godhead ascribed to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit; "and yet they are not three Gods, but one God."

Again, the creation of all things is a chief work of God. This, too, is distinctly ascribed to all the Divine Three. We are told of "one God, the Father, of whom are all things" (1 Cor. viii. 6). Still, of the Son, John says, "All things were made by him" (i. 3). And Paul, "By him were all things created" (Col. i. 16). And of the Spirit, Job says, "The Spirit of God hath made me" (xxiii. 4). And Isaiah, after describing the measuring of the waters, and the meting out of heaven, &c., demands, "Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being his counsellor hath taught Him" (xv. 13)?

OWEN. I see; and this thought strikes me very forcibly: If, in the raising of a great human work, we were credibly informed that the real director was A, and also that it was B, and also that it was C; and if we felt sure that neither of these statements was untrue, we should harmonise the three accounts by concluding that the three worked amicably together, each taking his own part. Now, we may similarly understand what is said of the creation of all things; only we must remember, that God himself, who alone can teach us, declares in the plainest manner, that he is God alone, and one God; and that Father, Son, and Spirit, form but one Eternal Creator.

WHITE. Next, I observe, that omniscience and omnipresence are attributes which can belong to no creature. But they are plainly set forth as belonging to the three Divine Persons. "Do I not fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord" (Jer. xxiii. 24). Next, Christ saith, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. xxviii. 20). And the Psalmist asks, "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?" (Ps. cxxxix. 7). Here is omnipresence in the Father, in the Son, and in the Holy Spirit. So is each alike omniscient: "Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world" (Acts xv. 18). "Lord, thou knowest all things" (John xxi. 17). "The Spirit searcheth all things" (1 Cor. ii. 10).

Once more, God, and he alone, is the Giver of life. Thus, the Psalmist says, "With thee is the fountain of life" (xxxvi. 9). Next, St. John says,

"In him (the Word) was life." "The Son quickeneth whom he will" (chaps. i. 4; v. 21). But St. Paul adds, "The Spirit is life" (Rom. viii. 10); and Christ speaks of those who are "born of the Spirit" (John iii. 8). Thus this great gift, without which all other gifts are nothing, is bestowed by the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit; and "yet they are not three Gods, but one God."

I might go on repeating the same proofs under many other heads; but surely it is needless. You yourself have remarked, that the general aspect of the Bible is that of a plurality in the Godhead. Sometimes we hear of a Majesty in the heavens, high, pure, unapproachable. Then, of a Divine Being who is heard and seen upon earth, conversing with the sons of men, and, at last, becoming actually a man, suffering and dying; yet with power to lay down his life, and then to take it again. Thirdly, too, we meet with a Spirit, breathing into man the breath of life, quickening the dead soul, and bringing sinners to the Father, and to Christ. A single verse, in our Lord's last conversation with his disciples, exhibits this in the clearest possible way:—"When the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of Truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me" (John xv. 26). Surely words could hardly express more clearly the fact, of a Father, Son, and Spirit, three distinct persons, yet all co-operating together with one mind, and for one purpose. These three distinct persons are perpetually presented to us; but they constantly unite together, and act conjointly and as one. The apostolic benediction expresses the whole, "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all." To deem that we have here one God, the Father, and with him a mere man, Christ, and thirdly, an emanation only, is to put a violence upon the apostle's language which is both revolting and also sinful.

OWEN. I think so; and, indeed, the various views of God which are given in Scripture, especially in the New Testament, strike me as being in entire contrast with the single solitary, unapproachable Being whom the Unitarians set up for their worship. And what is to induce us to reject the broader and larger view which the text of Scripture surely teaches? Merely this, I suppose—that our finite minds cannot fully understand how the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit can be only one God. And therefore, merely because the fact is "too wonderful for us," and because it is "so high that we cannot attain to it," we are to fall back upon our own ignorance, and believe only what, to our minds, seems comprehensible.

WHITE. And this I am sure you will feel to be evidently the wrong way of approaching the subject. That the real nature and character of God should be above us, should be too vast and unsearchable for our little minds, seems natural and inevitable. How often is something like this observable among men? Take the case of a youth just entering college. He may be thrown into the company of one of the first of living mathematicians. He hears him say something of one of the distant planets, or fixed stars, or comets, which he cannot understand, and he asks for an explanation. The astronomer replies, that until he has carried his studies much further than he has yet done, he

cannot explain the matter to him, for the explanation would be unintelligible. The youth submits, acknowledges his ignorance, but does not doubt the fact which a competent judge has asserted to him. He sees that it is natural and highly probable, that there should be wonders in creation which he cannot in a moment master. So, when God declares himself to us as Elohim (Gods), and yet as one God; as invisible, and yet as seen; as Father, Word, and Spirit, and yet not three Gods, we only find that kind and degree of mystery which we might reasonably have expected. A God whom we could measure, and scan, and thoroughly understand, would be, indeed, too much like one of ourselves. Even in the works of his hands, even in our own souls and bodies, we find a multitude of things which we cannot fathom; how much more inevitable is it, that his own nature, the form and manner of his existence, should be "too high" for our comprehension! Our wisdom is, to accept the fact simply as we find it, and to seek "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost," without profanely requiring to know how Three can be One, and yet Three; and how it is that "the Father is God, the Son God, and the Holy Ghost God, while yet there are not three Gods, but one God." But we must now part, and in our next conversation we will take up the distinct subject of the Scripture view of our Lord Jesus Christ.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

HUSH, 'tis the solemn midnight,
The parting hour has come;
One child of Eternity rises,
While another sinks in gloom.

With light on his rosy pinions
The Young year breaks the cloud,
While the Old wraps round his shadow
The past like a phantom shroud.

He flies, but a flaming tablet,
Writ by his noiseless pen,
Engraved in the rock for ever,
Shall confront me yet again.

Old year, thou hast borne me onward,
To what, to where, O tell!
Is it twelve months nearer heaven,
Or twelve months nearer hell?

My God! let me weep before thee
The grief that rends my breast;
Life seems but a dreary nightmare,
Its breath but a sigh for rest.

When will the dark temptation
And the weary struggle cease,
And the roar of life's sad battle
Be hushed in the song of peace?

Behold, the Star of Morning
Dawning beyond the tomb,
Streaming his beams of glory
Far through the realm of gloom!

Spirit of Truth, descending,
Rend the dark veil of night;
Shed o'er my troubled spirit
The calm of thine own pure light.

J. H.

HOW TO TRAIN THE MEMORY ARIGHT.

BY W. BOWEN ROWLANDS, ESQ., B.A.

No. III.

RELAXATION and rest are as necessary to our mental faculties as they are to our material nature. But there is a difference, not only in degree but in kind, between the rest demanded by the one to that required by the other. Our fatigued limbs and wearied bodies require intervals of entire repose to preserve them from utter prostration. And this even apart from the hours when the sons of toil refresh their energies in that sleep which our great poet has so beautifully termed "sore labour's bath." But the relaxation which our minds require will be best afforded by a well-regulated change of subjects; as has been well observed, "by natural constitution, one set of faculties cannot continue very long in exercise without pain; and we require change." And this should ever be kept in mind as vastly instrumental in strengthening the recollecting powers. Incessant application to the self-same object will be found in most, if not all cases to hasten the decay of those powers, whose growth it may perhaps unnaturally foster.

I speak not here so much of men of mature intellectual and bodily growth, who are devoting their noblest energies to the solution of some natural or moral problem, but of those whose faculties are yet in course of development; whose powers are gradually ripening into perfection. Having given a judicious portion of time to graver and more severe studies, it will be well for the student to refresh himself awhile in lighter and easier works. "This," says an old author, "restoreth the strength of the memory, and nourisheth the convenient rest."

And this mention of the comparative need of our minds and bodies leads us naturally to consider what I have previously touched upon—namely, the influence of the body upon the memory. There was consummate wisdom embodied in the ancient's prayer for "a sound mind in a sound body;" for they are generally mutually dependent the one upon the other; acting and re-acting with good or bad effect.

Mr. Locke, while refusing to define how far the bodily constitution does actually affect the memory, allows that, to some extent, it does affect it; and observes that "we oftentimes find a disease quite strip the mind of all its ideas, and the flames of a fever in a few days calcine all those images to dust and confusion, which seemed to be as lasting as if graved in marble."

The consciousness which men have ever felt of this dependence of the memory on bodily health and vigour has led to quackery of the most amusing description. To select but a few instances. In one old treatise on memory we have recipes innumerable to "comfort the memory," as the author quaintly terms it. Thus, "Sneezing powders," composed of various ingredients, such as pepper, lingwort, lilies, and the like, are strongly recommended. Plaisters, also, "made of mustard seed, and clapped to the hinder part of the head." Powders, of ivory, or frankincense; ointments, compounded of an endless number of strange materials, with which to anoint the temples and forehead; washes, pills, perfumed apples, and countless remedies of a like nature, are gravely recom-

mended as "very good for strengthening the memory." To give my readers some slight idea of the complex nature of these prescriptions, I will transcribe one which is said to be potent "to strengthen the memory or restore it when lost." It runs as follows:—"Take rosemary, borage, chamomile, violets, roses, of each an ounce; the leaves of laurel, marjoram, sage, of each two ounces; chop them all together, and put them in the best wine, and, after a day's time, distil through a glass alembic, and keep the distilled liquor; in which put of sweet-scented turpentine a pound; white frankincense, eight ounces; mastic, myrrh, bdellium, anacardi, or capia nuts, of each four ounces; beat them together, and so let them stand for five days, mixed with the distillation in a covered vessel; afterwards distil with a quick fire till you get an oil out of them, which keep close shut up in a glass bottle, well stopped with wax and parchment. For use, take as much as would lie in a large nutshell down the mouth, and anoint also the memorial parts."

It is difficult to realise the fact that this is extracted from a treatise published in London, in the year 1706; and I am sure that the majority of students will consider such a method of "strengthening the memory" even more toilsome than good honest application and general attention to health. One of our most valuable writers, when treating of memory in connection with self-knowledge, is especially careful to insist on bodily temperance as indispensable to the healthful play of the recollecting faculty. "Beware," he says, "of all kinds of intemperance in the indulgence of the appetites. Excesses of all kinds do a great injury to the memory."

It would be needless to particularise the various methods of keeping the material functions in such order as to assist our intellectual efforts. Some one or two of the most important, however, I may mention. Early rising, and early going to bed, stand, perhaps, foremost on the list. Moderation in eating and drinking; vigorous and plentiful exercise in the open air; and a cheerful demeanour, free from irritability, are likewise powerful aids to memory.

There is one striking point of resemblance between the stomach and the memory which should not be overlooked. Neither the one or the other should be unduly loaded. This is especially to be avoided where the retentive powers are weak. They should then on no account be crowded; and great care should be taken as to the quality of the food committed to their digestion. All useless lumber should at once be rejected as only tending to cumber and nauseate them; or if allowed to gain admission at an early period, such rubbish will but usurp the room that ought to be inhabited by sound and profitable information. "A small vessel," writes one of some authority, "should not be stuffed with lumber; but if its freight be precious, and judiciously stowed, it may be more valuable than a ship of twice its burden." And this sentence is undeniably true.

The earliest years of the eloquent historian of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" were harassed by perpetual infirmities; and, to use his own words, "it was apprehended that I should continue for life an illiterate cripple." Even of his mother, who died in his eleventh year,

Gibbon's memory retained but a faint impression. But as he approached his sixteenth year Nature displayed her energies in his favour, and his disorders vanished. How careful he was throughout life not to abuse the great blessing of health all who are at all familiar with his life well know. Eagerly desirous of attaining information, and consecrating to the pursuit of knowledge his entire life and being, he was yet careful to do so in such a manner as would best ensure his retention of health. "The desire," he writes in his autobiography, "of prolonging my time, gradually confirmed the salutary habit of early rising, to which I have always adhered with some regard to seasons and situations; but it is happy for my eyes and health that my temperate ardour has never been seduced to trespass on the hours of the night." These are words to be remembered by all who labour in the great vineyard of learning. There is one remarkable instance of Gibbon's powers of memory. When in Lausanne he read over twice an ode by a celebrated French poet; the manuscript being removed, he wrote out every word of the poem correctly; and after a lapse of many years, when recording the anecdote, he found that every line of the poem was still engraved on his memory in fresh and indelible characters.

I shall defer until another period the consideration of the much disputed question, how far the memory is or is not assisted by writing and common-place books, as it is far too wide a subject to enter upon at the close of a paper. I would here especially deprecate anything like a feeling of despair at a defective, or supposed inefficient memory. The real fact is that, as in the daily concerns of life, the memory of one is pretty nearly on a par with that of his neighbour, so is it in the more exclusive branches of acquired knowledge. Generally speaking, A's recollecting powers are as good as B's, and B's as good as C's, the difference mainly lying in the mode of educating and fostering those powers, and proportioning to their increasing strength the burden we impose on them. I shall conclude this paper with a quotation from the writings of one whose own memory was singularly retentive, and obedient to command:—"The true art of memory," says Dr. Samuel Johnson, "is the art of attention. No man will read with much advantage, who is not able, at pleasure, to evacuate his mind, or who brings not to his author an intellect defecated and pure, neither turbid with care, nor agitated with pleasure. If the repositories of thought are already full, what can they receive? If the mind is employed on the past or future, the book will be held before the eyes in vain. What is read with delight is commonly retained, because pleasure always secures attention; but the books which are consulted by occasional necessity, and perused with impatience, seldom leave any traces on the mind." The one case is like gazing with attentive eye on the features of some much loved scene, which remain for ever deeply graven on the memory; the other, as the momentary impression produced by some half-seen, uncared-for object, whose image is forthwith obliterated from the mind.

(To be continued.)

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Department for Young People.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

"I WISH, Edward," said Mr. Russell, when next they met, "to talk to you about the Creation again. We have considered the subject of Light already; we will now go to the Atmosphere and its wonderful adaptation to the wants of all living beings! I wish you distinctly to see this; and you will learn for me these five properties of the ATMOSPHERE," said Mr. Russell.

Edward slowly recited after his father—

1. That it has the power of sustaining life, whether animal or vegetable.
2. That it is the reservoir of the rain, the snow, and the dew.
3. That it possesses the properties of refracting and reflecting light.
4. That it is the medium of sound, by which we are enabled to maintain social intercourse, and to enjoy music.
5. That it is the medium of scent.

And as the little fellow quickly laid up in his memory these leading properties of the atmosphere (or firmament), he awaited with docile attention the instruction he did not doubt would follow.

"I have before explained to you," resumed Mr. Russell, "that the composition of atmospheric air has been adjusted by Infinite Wisdom. Not only would death instantly ensue if the air were taken from us, but if it even varied in its proportions ever so slightly, all would be misery. And yet 6,000 years have run their course since its formation, and it remains the same measured air in its proportions, which only a wonder-working God could have foreseen. If we inhaled nothing but pure oxygen, or vital air, after a little we should find the lungs so excited, that nature could not long sustain the unnatural stifling fulness; and if, on the contrary, we inhaled only nitrogen, immediate death would ensue."

"Papa, how is this known?" inquired the young philosopher.

Mr. Russell smiled, and replied, "This has been proved by experiment, which, however cruel, has abundantly proved the fact, that animals put into a vessel filled only with nitrogen, die instantly."

"And oxygen, papa, how has *this* been proved?"

"You yourself," pursued his father, "may be any day sensible of the effect of the vital qualities of oxygen, if shut up, even for a short time, with a great number of people—like the poor sufferers in the Black Hole of Calcutta, of whom we were reading yesterday—or if you walk through a dense fog in any great city, or when passing some lime-kilns, as you and I did the other day."

"Ah!" said Edward, "I remember; and was that all for want of pure air?"

"Of course," said Mr. Russell; "what else could have made the painful contrast in a few minutes?"

"But, papa, how is it?" returned Edward.

"By means of this vital gas, that is, the oxygen," returned his father, "a change which the eye can detect is produced in the blood. For in the act of inhaling atmospheric air the dark-coloured fluid of the veins becomes the bright, scarlet blood of the arteries; though whether this change is due to

chemical action, or simply to a mechanical alteration in the shape and arrangement of the particles, is uncertain. However that may be, the presence of oxygen renders the blood scarlet; that of carbonic acid gas, dark and gloomy in colour."

"When we breathe impure air, we soon become sensible of the fact by the languor which very often results; as is the case in disease, and in crowded, hot rooms; and which a healthy walk abroad, among the trees and shrubs, and bright sunshine, will generally disperse: so important is it that we should have a constant supply of good, pure atmospheric air. And were the poor who live in close, unhealthy rooms but alive to its importance, they would look more than they do to the quality of their habitations; for with them the first symptoms of fever often begin in consequence of want of cleanliness in their dwellings, so essential to health."

"Then I suppose all dunghills and such places should be put as far away from their cottages as possible?" pertinently asked Edward.

"Yes, without doubt; but more than this, Edward—the poor should be taught that, to try and add to their weekly incomes by overcrowding their cottages and rooms, is to live in an atmosphere of death; and the sum they pay to the doctor for the recovery of themselves and their children, might be generally saved, if they would first study cleanliness in house and person. However, I only dwell upon this as explaining more fully the value and importance of good, pure atmospheric air."

"How do people know," asked Edward, "that their blood is in a good state?"

"You mean," said his father, "how are they to be aware of their physical health? Well, now, attend to me. You must learn the functions of the lungs and heart, and from a knowledge of them you will at once see the great importance of pure air."

"It appears that when respiration is performed naturally, there are about eighteen respirations in one minute, and one thousand and eighty in the hour. Now, when I tell you that by each inspiration a pint of air is sent to the lungs—that is, eighteen pints in a minute, and in the hour more than two hogsheads—you see what a wonderful economy there is for the due preservation of health, and how dependent on the state of the air the health is. Therefore, knowing this, we know one way at least of preserving health; and that ill-health is a consequence of a neglect of those known laws upon which the physician grounds his practice."

"Why does he feel the pulse, papa? how can he tell by that?" urged Edward.

"Well, as in the human body every part is dependent on every other part, in a certain degree, and all work together in harmony, you must understand the action of the heart, before you can understand that of the pulse. The heart alternately dilates and contracts, and at each contraction, which produces what we call a *beat*, or pulsation, the blood contained in it is propelled with some violence into the arteries. When the body is in a state of health, there will be seventy-two pulsations of the heart in one minute. Each of these pulsations propels the blood from the left side

of the heart into the arteries, and from the right into the lungs, where it is exposed to the air taken into them when we breathe. By this air it ought to be purified, and flow back into the heart of a bright-scarlet colour; but if the air to which it is exposed be foul, of course the blood remains foul too."

"Now I begin to understand the circulation, papa," said Edward.

"Very well. Now, as I said that the heart exercises some force in propelling the fresh blood into the arteries, you will see that the jet of blood into a given artery must expand it, or cause it to curve and bulge. If you had a long, flexible tube of oiled-silk, or india-rubber, partly full of water, and injected some more water regularly at intervals, you would find that it would bulge regularly, just as the arteries do. This regular expansion is called the *pulse*. It follows the action of the heart exactly, and exists in all arteries, only that at the wrist is the most convenient, being so close to the surface. If, therefore, the action of the heart be diseased, the pulse at once tells the physician so; and as the heart beats either very slowly or very quickly in disease, it follows that a slow or quick pulse is a sign that something is wrong."

"But, papa," said Edward, "how do fishes breathe, if air is so necessary to maintain life?"

"It is not air, my boy, that is necessary—it is the oxygen contained in the air. This oxygen is equally contained in water, and fishes, therefore, can purify their blood by opening their gills, just as we can purify ours by opening our mouths, and taking atmospheric air into our lungs. The gills of a fish are a minute network of bloodvessels; and a fish dies when out of water because their bloodvessels become dry and matted together, as it were, so that the circulation is stopped altogether. Do you quite understand my meaning, Edward?"

"Yes, papa, I think I do," said he, with rather a puzzled look, as if all these new pieces of information were rather too much for him.

"Perhaps, Edward, I had better not talk to you any more to-day. You have a capital memory, I know; but it won't do to tax it too much. Remember Ulysses and his bow, that we were reading about the other day. Run along, and have a good game of play in the garden with your brothers and sisters."

"Oh! not yet, papa. I am so interested in what you have been telling me."

"Very well. I will tell you of something that really happened, which illustrates better than anything else the necessity of atmospheric air for the support of human life. Two men went down in a diving-bell, in Dublin Bay, to visit a wreck. Poor fellows! they were never seen alive again. They were not drowned; they were literally choked for want of pure air; just as those persons in the Black Hole of Calcutta died from the effects of the injurious carbonic acid gas exhaled from so many persons in a small place. It seems there were to have been two barrels of fresh air sent down to them alternately, and the contaminated air, exhaled from them both, was to be let out by a stop-cock at the top of the bell. But, unfortunately, owing to the contraction which ropes suffer when wet, the bell turned round in its descent, and entangled the strings by means of which the divers were to indi-

cate their wants to the people on board the ship from whence they had been lowered. After waiting a long time for these signals, the bell was raised, when it was discovered that both the men were dead.

"Think of this story, my son, whenever you are tempted to forget the blessings we enjoy in this common gift to man; and, moreover, how disease may be engendered by overlooking the laws which govern nature. I have another story on this subject, but it is too long now."

(To be continued.)

TOM ILDERTON; OR, THE PEBBLE IN THE WATER.

A TALE IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

CHARLIE very soon recovered from the attack which had caused his family so much anxiety. On being questioned upon the subject afterwards, all that could be elicited from him was, "Tarlie ate one, two, seven, a hundred apples!" and upon the latter number he usually took his stand, repeating, emphatically, "Tarlie eat a hundred;" but as that was also the age to which he always asserted that his mother had attained, it is to be hoped that the actual number eaten fell somewhat short of the alarming number indicated. Tom's holidays came to an end shortly afterwards, and the family returned to their home on the banks of the Thames, and Tom went back with a sad heart to school. The sadness, however, only lasted for a day. Tom was of a bright, happy nature, and a great favourite, both with the masters and with his companions. The masters liked him, not because he was a studious boy; for truth compels me to say that he was not always perfect in his lessons; that more than one false quantity was discoverable often in his Latin compositions, and that his translations of Homer sometimes made the hair of his classical tutor stand on end; still, he was not very idle for a schoolboy, and his manner was pleasant. There was no sulking if he were found fault with; he never did anything mean or dishonourable; he was readily obedient, and was thoroughly trustworthy. With the boys in his own form he was quite an oracle: always ready to stand up for what was *fair*—that code of honour among boys—always ready to protect the younger ones from oppression, to enter with all his heart into any fun; a capital cricketer, a good wrestler, and a first-rate swimmer. With all these qualifications, it will not be cause of wonder that Tom was a hero with most of the boys of his own age, and with all the younger ones. There was one boy in the school who did not partake of the general feeling of liking for Tom. He was in the next form above him; but the fourth and fifth form boys were in one cricket-club, and slept in adjoining rooms, the door being left open between the two, so that a tutor who slept in one of the rooms might know what took place in the other. Thus, the boys of these forms were very much thrown together. The exception we have mentioned was a boy in the fifth form, named George Armitage. Before Tom had got his remove into the fourth, this lad had exercised considerable influence over the boys of the fourth and of his own form. It was not an influence for good, by any

means; he was bigger than many of the rest, and a great bully; he was, besides, very cunning, and never forgot or forgave an injury. The boys were one and all afraid of him; and he often led them into scrapes against their will, because they had not the courage to resist him, though it was remarked that, in some way or other, if any discoveries of mischief took place, he always contrived to throw the suspicion of blame off himself, and leave others to suffer for the faults which he had originated. From the moment that Tom joined the fourth form, six months before the time of which we are speaking, things had assumed a different aspect. Tom would neither be bullied nor cajoled; and his manly indifference to all Armitage's threats, and stand for his own right of independent thought and action, gave courage to a number of boys, who had quailed before the vindictive bully and yielded to him, because they had not dared to oppose him.

It was a splendid evening towards the end of August. The boys had been playing at cricket, but the game was over; and, as it was very hot, they had thrown themselves down on the grass to rest, and were eagerly discussing the number of runs they had made on either side, when Tom, who was slightly apart from the rest, and was not joining in the conversation, heard Armitage say, in a low voice, to two boys with whom he had been in close confab, "Yes, it might do, but for that chap Ilderton."

"Holloa! what's that you are saying about me?" said Tom.

"Oh, only that we had a plan for a regular spree to-night," replied Armitage, looking at Tom with a scowl that had frightened bigger boys than he was into compliance with the bully's wishes.

"Well, and what has that to do with me?" said Tom, returning his adversary's look with one of open defiance.

"We want to go and see the theatricals to-night, down at Linton; but we can only do it by getting out of the window in your dormitory, and I thought you wouldn't join the fun, and might spoil it," said Armitage, "that's all; but you might be sociable for once, and go with us. Where's the harm? and it will be jolly fun. We have it all planned. After old Howitt has seen us all snug in bed at ten o'clock, you know he always goes to the study and works—the more fool he—at his classics and mathematics, and all that stuff. Now, my plan is, that the six eldest boys of the fourth, and the six eldest of the fifth, should be all ready to make a start the moment old How turns his back. We might easily get out of the middle window of your dormitory by swinging ourselves with a rope down to the wall, and we've nothing to do but to run along the wall to the end of the garden and jump down to the road, and we shall be in Linton in ten minutes, have two hours of glorious fun, and be back before Howitt is thinking of coming to his bed." Many faces were turned eagerly towards Tom. The plan was a daring one, and Armitage's face betokened angry determination to carry it out. Would Tom have the courage to do what all felt would be the right thing in this emergency? There was a pause, and Armitage thought he had gained the advantage. "You'll come, Ilderton?" he said, putting it in the form of a question, but looking as if he would have said rather, "I'll make you."

Tom looked fearlessly in his face, and answered, "Indeed, I shall not."

"I suppose its ma wouldn't like it to go out after dark, pretty dear!" said Armitage, in a mincing tone.

"I don't suppose either my father or mother would wish me to join in such a transaction as this," answered Tom, boldly; "and after Dr. Armstrong put us on our honour this very day not to go beyond bounds, I certainly am not going to show him that we are not worthy to be trusted."

"You're a sneak, Ilderton; I always said you were, and now you've shown yourself one. I suppose you'll go and peach to the doctor next."

Tom had started to his feet at the name "sneak," his cheeks were flushed, and there was an angry light in his eye that made even Armitage feel afraid, though he was a great deal bigger and stronger than the opponent whom he had been goading into passion.

There is no saying what might have been the end of the discussion, for Tom was very hot tempered; but at that moment the tutor just named, Mr. Howitt, came up, hearing angry voices, and said, "Holloa, boys! what's the row? Armitage, what are you about, sir? What has put you into such a passion, Snap?"

This was the name Mr. Howitt always gave Tom, who was a great favourite of his. He said he reminded him, by his faithfulness and trustiness, of a pet terrier of that name which he once possessed.

Armitage slunk off without answering, and Tom muttered something about Armitage having insulted him.

"Never mind, Snap," said Mr. Howitt, clapping him kindly on the shoulder. "If you go on doing right, as you have done ever since you came here, you need not mind a little bullying. You will have the approval of God and your own conscience, and you know, Tom, how much that is worth. But come along, boys; the eight o'clock bell has rung out; only, you were so busy with your quarrel, that I suppose you never heard it." Tom walked home with the tutor; but as the boys mustered for evening prayer, more than one managed to whisper—"Oh, Ilderton, I am so glad you stood out about going to-night. It would have been a shame, after what the old doctor said about trusting us; but if it had not been for you, that fellow Armitage would have got some of us into a scrape; for we shouldn't have dared to say no; now he'll have no one but Smith to go with him; he's such a coward, he dare not refuse Armitage, though he is frightened out of his wits to go, too."

Dr. Armstrong always read the lessons for the day at morning and evening prayers; he had a fine, sonorous voice, and was a beautiful reader. Tom started as he heard the doctor read out, in clear, grave tones, the well-remembered words, "None of us liveth unto himself." It seemed as if they were addressed directly to himself. In a moment, he was far, far away on the borders of a peaceful Highland loch; he could feel the fresh breeze fanning his cheek, and soft fingers running through his hair, and could hear the ripple of the water, as it came towards the shore in circling eddies from where a stone had fallen into the water. All came back with the vividness of reality; and even after he had gone to bed, he lay awake, thinking of his mother, and her story, and with a passing con-

sciousness that his bold stand for right that day had influenced so many of his companions for good. The tutor came his round as usual, saw the boys safely in bed, and then retired, after his hard day's work, to refresh himself with a little quiet reading and thought. The closing of his study-door was the signal for Armitage and Smith, who were not undressed, to jump out of bed, and make their escape in the manner proposed.

Tom could not sleep, a thing unusual with him; but he had been excited by the quarrel, and could not help speculating in his own mind as to whether Armitage's conduct would be found out, and what would be the result if it were. The whole events of the evening had impressed him more than words could ever have done, of the wide-spread influence for good or ill which even one boy could exercise over others; and with the thought, a loving recollection of many of his father's grave counsels and his mother's persuasive and interesting lessons came into his mind, and an earnest wish that he might prove worthy of such good parents filled his heart. He started as he heard the school clock toll out twelve.

"They are not at home yet," said he to himself; "and Mr. Howitt may come to bed any time now. I heard him say, this very day, that he liked to go to bed soon after twelve."

As this thought passed through his mind, he heard Armitage, speaking, in a thick, husky voice, "Confound it! I can't feel the rope; and the night is as dark as pitch." And adding some expressions not fit to be repeated.

At last he heard him say, "All right; here's the rope at last." And at the same moment, the rope, which had been fastened to a chest of drawers in the room, grated on the window-sill as it tugged from below.

Tom shut his eyes—he forgot that the room was dark—and did not wish Armitage to see that he was awake. He listened for him to come in at the window; but all was silent for a moment, then there was a heavy fall, a muttered oath, and a groan, as of one in pain. Tom was the only boy in the room awake; he sprang out of bed, and rushed to the window—

"What is it?" he said. "Armitage, Smith, are you hurt?"

"Armitage has fallen," said Smith, piteously; "and I dare not try to get in, it's so dark. I believe he missed the window—perhaps he's dead!" he hissed out, in an agony of fear; "he has stopped groaning, and is lying quite still."

"I'll go and get help," said Tom, anxiously.

"And then I shall be found out," said poor Smith, in despair. "Besides, I dare not remain alone on the wall; and I'm afraid to jump down for fear of jumping on him, and he, perhaps, dead. What shall I do? What shall I do? Oh, Ildy; I wish I'd followed you, and not minded his bullying. I've had such a wretched night; for he got half drunk, and was so cross with me; and now, perhaps, he's dead. I can't stay alone; indeed, I can't."

"You must stay; I won't be five minutes," said Tom, half in pity and half in contempt of the abject fear shown by his companion. In a minute a little white-shirted figure, and pale face, startled Mr. Howitt, as he was lifting his lamp off the study table, preparatory to coming to bed.

"Good heavens, Snap! what's the matter?" he

said, seeing the boy was so agitated that he could scarcely speak.

Tom told his story as well as he could, and Mr. Howitt, calling up Dr. Armstrong, immediately went out to look for Armitage, while Tom returned to the window to comfort and encourage poor Smith.

Armitage, it was found, had broken his leg in the fall, and fainted from the pain.

It need not be told that he was dismissed from the school; and the same disgrace would have befallen Smith, who was a widow's only child, and whose expulsion would have entailed bitter sorrow on an already broken-hearted woman, for she had had great trial; but at Tom's earnest entreaty Smith was forgiven, the whole story of Tom's good conduct in the affair having been related to Dr. Armstrong by the boys.

When Tom went home at Christmas, he told his parents what had happened.

"Ah, Tom," said his mother, smiling; "when you said you would not go, you threw a pebble you will never wish to recall, and you see how much good seed it has landed safely on the shore. I think you will see now, my boy, how true are the apostle's words, that 'none of us liveth unto himself;' and that Mrs. Grant was right in saying that these words applied to children as well as to grown-up people."

C. L. S.

Biblical Expositions.

A FEW NOTES ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW—(continued).

DAVID sinning, David penitent, and David forgiven has preserved many a contrite sinner when upon the verge of despair; and the wise king who has declared that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and that the great end of knowledge is "to depart from evil," teaches mankind by his apostasy from the service of the one true God that men need a power surpassing all earthly wisdom to preserve them from falling.

Rehoboam, the first king of the divided tribes, the son of Solomon the wise, and the grandson of David the devout, proclaims the mournful fact that rank, that wealth and power will not guard from peril the transgressor, and while speaking, he will point to a glorious temple pillaged by the hand of Shishak, the Egyptian spoiler.

Nor are these the only lessons that monarchs can teach; for King Abijah, with 500,000 of the foe dead upon the mountains; and Asa, the king, contending against the fierce African, with his 600 chariots of war and a million of soldiers; and Jehoshaphat with the surrounding nations leagued against him; and King Hezekiah, gifted with a life miraculously lengthened—one and all, Abijah, Asa, Jehoshaphat, and Hezekiah, declare this truth to both Judean and Christian, that prayer moves the hand that moves the world, and oft procures for the supplicant the aid that is needed.

In the government of nations and people, in the transactions of families, and in the affairs of the Church, the lessons conveyed are alike applicable. Listen again to a royal preacher, teaching not by words, but, alas! by deeds. God has defined the mode in which he is to

be approached; Uzziah dared to approach the Almighty by a forbidden and therefore an unacceptable act of worship, and for this presumptuous deed he was driven by the hand of God from his palace and his kingdom, a smitten outcast, to live and die dishonoured and alone. Let all who seek to worship God inquire diligently what are the services that he has promised to accept, and what are they that he has sworn to reject.

Hezekiah has taught men the efficacy of prayer, and Manasseh, Hezekiah's son, has taught the world the efficacy of a godly repentance; and Manasseh's conduct as a sinner, his contrition as a penitent, and his mercies as a believer, bid us despair of no man's reformation, and set before us the vast extent of the Divine compassion, and the transforming power of Divine grace.

Thus these ancestors of our blessed Lord, separately and collectively, teach us. Four of the kings had all godly fathers, but were themselves ungodly men. Good old Fuller makes a quaint remark upon this portion of Scripture:—"I find the genealogy of my Saviour strangely chequered with four remarkable changes in four successive generations: first, Rehoboam begat Abia—that is, a bad father begat a bad son; second, Abia begat Asa—that is, a bad father, a good son; third, Asa begat Josaphat—that is, a good father, a good son; fourth, Josaphat begat Joram—that is, a good father, a bad son. I see, Lord, from hence, that my father's piety cannot be entailed—that is bad news for me; but I see also, that actual impiety is not always hereditary—that is good news for my son."

For some reason understood at the time, Ahaziah, Joash, and Amaziah are left out of the catalogue of the kings of Judah; not certainly for being sinners, for Manasseh and Amion are these. The connection of these kings with idolatry may have subjected them to this omission: but omissions are also found elsewhere; for, in the Book of Chronicles, Cain and all his posterity are left out, and Simeon is omitted in the blessing of Moses; therefore, omissions that are justifiable in one case may, from a similar cause, be justifiable in another. It has been left to men of modern times to raise an objection where the men of a contemporary period found no cause for cavil.

The preservation of the Saviour's pedigree is in itself a lesson, and Scripture history thereby teaches us that whatever the Church of God needs will, by the providence of God, be secured so long as it is needed. The genealogies were preserved until the accomplishment of the great object for which they were designed, and then they perished; so that no Jew can now prove that he is descended from Abraham, or from David. This fact furnishes a presumption, at all events, that the Messiah has already come.

Verse 16.

"And Jacob begat Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ."

St. Matthew states that Jacob was father to Joseph, the husband of Mary; but St. Luke asserts that Heli was father to Joseph. This diversity of statement presents no contradiction. The supposed contradiction vanishes when we call to mind the manner in which, by legal appointment, the Jews sometimes traced their pedigree.

In Deut. xxv. the law enjoins that if one brother dies without children, the surviving brother shall marry the widow, in order to raise up issue for the deceased, which issue was to bear his name. In consequence of this Divine ordinance, a two-fold genealogy often existed among the Jews—the one legal, the other natural. This was the case with the progenitors of Joseph. Jacob and Heli were brothers. Heli died leaving no children. Jacob, in obedience to the Mosaic law, married the widow, and had a son named Joseph, and this Joseph was the husband of the Virgin Mary, and the reputed father of Jesus; therefore, when Luke speaks of Heli as the father of Joseph, he means his father according to law; and when Matthew calls Jacob the father of Joseph, he means his father according to nature. The one Evangelist presents to us the natural descent of Joseph in the pedigree given, and the other gives us the legal descent. In a matter of so much importance, we may feel assured that no mistake existed, for various reasons.

1. A work which betrayed a want of correct information at the very outset, would never have commended itself to both Jews and Christians, and never would have obtained favour amongst them.

2. The Jews were scrupulously attentive to their pedigrees, and it was their interest to be attentive.

3. The tables of descent were preserved in private families as well as among the public records.

4. The Gospel of Matthew was in existence for upwards of thirty years prior to the destruction of the genealogical tables, and therefore refutation was in the power of every man.

5. If there had been any error, or any mode of recording descent which custom had not sanctioned, or the law had not legalised, the Jews, from their hostility to the Messiah's claims, were both ready and able to expose the inaccuracy; whereas, the genealogical descent of Christ was never questioned. What is now difficult to explain was not so in apostolic times.

Verse 17.

"So all the generations from Abraham to David are fourteen generations."

In reckoning the numbers, we must arrange the names into three columns, and the last name on the first column becomes also the first name on the second column, and the last name on the second column is also the first name on the third column.

The Jews probably resorted to this tabular view as an aid to the memory; for thus arranged, the three columns presented a condensed history of the rise, the downfall, and the recovery of the Jewish nation.

The first division consists of patriarchs and judges, the second of monarchs, and the third of priests.

The first division may be regarded as the morning of Jewish history, the second as the mid-day, the third as the evening.

The first division exalts the nation to renown in the kingdom of David.

The second ends in sorrow and misery, when the Jews were led away captive to Babylon.

The third rescues them from bondage, and brings them into the glory of the Messiah's presence.

Verse 18.

"Mary was espoused to Joseph."

The espousal of Mary to Joseph was for the safety of the infant Saviour, and for the reputation of the virgin mother. The period of betrothal continued from six to twelve months prior to the marriage, and the parties thus pledged to each other were amenable to the law, if guilty of any act opposed to the sanctity of marriage.

Verse 20.

"While he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream."

Under the patriarchal dispensation, and under the Mosaic dispensation, the Almighty was pleased to make his will known to his servants by means of visions, dreams, angelic visits, prophecies, miracles, and a visible presence of the Deity. But four hundred years had passed away since Malachi, the last of the prophets, had said, "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me." Six hundred years had rolled on since Daniel the prophet was rescued by miracle from the jaws of the lion, and this was the closing miracle of the Old Testament history; and six centuries intervened between the night on which Nebuchadnezzar was taught by a prophetic dream, and the night on which the angels appeared to the shepherds. These Divine manifestations had ceased, but were all restored to do honour to the coming Messiah; for Zacharias, Mary, Joseph, and the men who kept watch over their flocks, received angels' visits; and the renewal of dreams, visions, prophecies, and miracles furnished testimony to the Redeemer's presence with the sons of men.

(To be continued in our next.)

AFFLICTION.

WHEN thy soul is filled with pain,
When thy life of life complain,
When thy very strength is vain,
Look to heaven, and look again,
Till it cheer thee.

Thunders, then, that round thee roll,
Will but solemnise thy soul;
All the lightnings of the pole
Only seem to scorn thy control.

None will scar thee,
While the sky is overcast.

While the hours of tempest last,
Till the clouds are spent and past,
In the Rock that standeth fast,
Go and hide thee.

Though thine heart be faint and weak,
Dim thine eye, and pale thy cheek,
There thy sole protection seek;

He, the lowly and the meek,
Will not chide thee.

Like the cedar freshly green,
After mountain storms have been,
So shalt thou ere long be seen,
And the silent sky serene.

Arch above thee.

He who sent the clouds of care—

He who chased the dark despair—

He shall whisper, "Learn to bear

"Calm and storm; for both prepare;"

"Lo! I love thee."

THE WORLD OF SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR,

AUTHOR OF "ERIC; OR, LITTLE BY LITTLE."

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

WALTER'S HOME.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What glad some looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light! MRS. HEMANS.

"GOOD-BYE, Walter; good-bye, Walter dear! good-bye;" and the last note of this chorus was "Dood-bye," from a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl of two years, as Walter disengaged his arms from his mother's neck, and sprang into the carriage which had already been waiting a quarter of an hour to convey him and his luggage to the station.

It is the old, old story: Mr. Evson was taking his son to a large public school, and this was the first time that Walter had left home. Nearly every father who reads these pages has gone through the scene himself; and he and his sons will know, from personal experience, the thoughts, and sensations, and memories which occupied the minds of Walter Evson and his father, as the carriage drove through the garden gate and the village street, bearing the eldest boy of the young family from the sacred and quiet shelter of a loving home, to a noisy and independent life among a number of strange and young companions.

If you have ever stood on the hill from which Walter caught a last glimpse of the home he was leaving, and waved his final farewell to his mother, you are not likely to have forgotten the scene which was then spread before your eyes. On the right-hand side, the low hills, covered with firs, rise in gentle slopes one over the other, till they reach the huge green shoulder of a mountain, around whose summit the clouds are generally weaving their awful and ever-changing diadem. To the left, between the road and a lower range of wooded undulations, is a deep and retired glen, through which a mountain stream babbles along its hurried course, tumbling sometimes in a noisy cataract, and rushing wildly through the rough boulder stones which it has carried from the heights, or deepening into some quiet pool, bright and smooth as glass, on the margin of which the great purple loosestrife and the long fern leaves bend down as though to gaze at their own reflected beauty. In front, and at your feet, opens a rich valley, which is almost filled as far as the roots of the mountains by a lovely lake. Beside this lake the white houses of a little village cluster around the elevation on which the church and churchyard stand; while on either shore, rising among the fir groves that overshadow the first swellings of the hills, are a few sequestered villas, commanding a prospect of rare beauty, and giving a last touch of interest to the surrounding view.

In one of these houses—that one with the crowded gables not a hundred feet above the lake, opposite to which you see the swans pluming their wings in the sunlight, and the green boat in its little boat-house—lived the hero of our story; and no boy could have had a dearer or lovelier home. His father, Mr. Evson, was a man in easy, and almost in affluent circumstances, who, having no

regular occupation, had chosen for himself this quiet retreat, and devoted all his time and care to the education of his family, and the ordinary duties of a country gentleman.

Walter was the eldest child, a graceful, active, bright-eyed boy. Up to this time—and he was now thirteen years old—he had had no other teaching but that of his father, and of a tutor, who for the last year had lived in the house. His education, therefore, differed considerably from that of many boys of his own age, and the amount of book knowledge which he had acquired was small as yet; but he was full of that intelligent interest in things most worth knowing which is the best and surest guarantee for future progress.

Let me pause for a moment to relate how a refined and simple-hearted gentleman had hitherto brought up his young boys. I do not pronounce whether the method was right or wrong; I only describe it as it was; and its success or failure must be inferred from the following pages.

The positive teaching of the young Eysons did not begin too early. Till they were ten or twelve years old nearly all they did know had come to them either intuitively or without any conscious labour. They were allowed almost to live in the open air, and Nature was their wise and tender teacher. Some object was invented, if possible, for every walk. Sometimes it was to find the shy recesses of the wood where the wild strawberries were thickest, or where the white violets and the rarest orchis flowers were hid; sometimes to climb along the rocky sides of the glen to seek the best spot for a rustic meal, and find mossy stones and flower-banks for seats and tables near some waterfall or pool.

When they were a little older, their father would amuse and encourage them until they had toiled up even to the very summit of all the nearest hills, and there they would catch the fresh breeze which blew from the far off sea, or gaze wonderingly at the summer lightning flashing behind the chain of hills, or watch, with many playful fancies, the long gorgeous conflagration of the summer sunset. And in such excursions their father or mother would teach them without seeming to teach them, until they were thoroughly familiar with the names and properties of all the commonest plants, and eagerly interested to secure for their little collections, or to plant in their gardens, the different varieties of all the wild flowers that were found about their home. Or, again, when they sat out in the garden, or wandered back in the autumn twilight from some gipsy party, they were taught to recognise the stars and planets, until Mars and Jupiter, Orion and Cassiopeia, the Pleiades and the Northern Crown, seemed to look down upon them like old and beloved friends.

It was easy, too, and pleasant, to teach them to love and to treat tenderly all living things—to observe the little black-eyed squirrel without disturbing him while he cracked his nuts; to watch the mistle-thrush's nest till the timid bird had learned to sit there fearlessly, and not to scurry away at their approach; and to visit the haunts of the moor-hen without causing any consternation to her or her little black velvet progeny. Visitors who stayed at the house were always delighted to see how all creatures seemed to trust the children; how the canary would carol in its cage when they

came into the room; how the ponies would come trotting to the boys across the field, and the swans float up and plume their mantling wings, expecting food and caresses, whenever they came in sight.

The lake was a source of endless amusement to them; summer and winter they might have been seen bathing in its waters till they were bold swimmers, or lying to read their books in the boat under the shade of the trees, or rowing about till the little boy of six years was allowed to paddle himself alone to the other side; and even when the waves were rough, and the winds high, the elder ones were not afraid to venture out. In short, they were healthy and manly mountain-boys, with all their senses admirably exercised, and their powers of observation so well trained, that they sometimes amazed their London cousins by pointing to some falcon poised far off above its prey, which was but a speck to less practised eyes, or calling attention to the sweetness of some wood-bird's note, indistinguishable to less practised ears.

Even in such lessons as these they would have made but little progress if they had not been trained in the nursery to be hardy, modest, truthful, unselfish, and obedient. This work had been effectually done when alone it can be effectually done, in the earliest childhood, when the sweet and plastic nature may acquire for all that is right and good the powerful aid of habit, before the will and the passions are fully conscious of their dangerous and stubborn power.

And much of this sweetness and nobility of character resulted from the secure foundation of religious teaching upon which their whole education had been based. Religion had never been forced upon them in a violent or unnatural manner, but they had been early taught by gentle influences and affectionate example to regard God not only as an awful Creator, but also as a loving Father; to lay their little sorrows at the feet of their Saviour as at the feet of a true and ever-sympathising friend; and to listen to the voice of their conscience as to the voice of God's Holy Spirit within their hearts, whispering to them the lovely and happy road which leads to whatsoever things are true, and pure, and honest, and of good report.

Let no one say that I have been describing some youthful prodigies. There are thousands such as I describe in our happy and well-ordered English homes; there might be thousands more if parents spent a more thoughtful care upon the growth of their children; there will be many, many thousands more as the world, "in the rich dawn of an ampler day," in the gradual yet noble progress of social and moral improvement, becomes purer and holier, and more like Him who came to be the ideal of the loftiest yet the lowliest, of the most clear-sighted yet the most loving, of the most happy and yet the most noble manhood.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

ST. WINIFRED'S.

Gay Hope is their's by Fancy led,
Less pleasing when possess'd,
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.

GRAY.

WALTER's destination was the school of St. Winifred. Let me here say at once that if any reader set himself to discover what and where the school of St. Winifred

fred is, he will necessarily fail. It is impossible, I suppose, to describe any school without introducing circumstances so apparently special as to lead some readers into a supposed identification. But here, and once for all, I distinctly and seriously repudiate all intention of describing any particular foundation. My object is to inculcate principles, not to describe localities; to give to all my readers the benefits of experience without the pain by which it is often acquired, and not to gratify a meaningless curiosity, or to while away an idle hour. In these pages, as in all that I have ever written, I have had no other hope and no other ambition than that of "lending ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."

St. Winifred's school stands by the sea-side, on the shores of a little bay embraced and closed in by a range of hills, whose sweeping semicircle is only terminated on either side by the lofty cliffs which, in some places, are fringed at the base by a margin of sand and shingle, and in others descend with sheer precipices into the ever-boiling surf. Owing to the mountainous nature of the country, the railroad cannot approach within a distance of five miles, and to reach the school you must drive through the dark groves which cover the lower shoulder of one of the surrounding mountains. When you reach the summit of this ascent, the bay of St. Winifred lies before you; that line of white houses a quarter of a mile from the shore is the village, and the large picturesque building of old grey stone, standing in the angle where the little river reaches the sea, is St. Winifred's School.

The carriage stopped at the grand Norman archway of the court. The school porter—the *Famulus*, as they classically called him—a fine-looking man, whose honest English face showed an amount of thought and refinement above his station, opened the gate, and, consigning Walter's play-box and portmanteau to one of the school servants, directed Mr. Evson across the court and along some cloisters to the house of Dr. Lane, the head master. The entering of Walter's name on the school books was soon accomplished, and he was assigned as private pupil to Mr. Robertson, one of the tutors. Dr. Lane then spoke a word of encouragement to the young stranger, and he walked back with his father across the court to the gate, where the carriage was still waiting to take Mr. Evson to meet the next train.

"Please let us walk up to the top of the hill, papa," said Walter; "I shan't be wanted till tea-time, and I needn't bid good-bye to you here."

Mr. Evson was as little anxious as Walter to hasten the parting. They had never been separated before. Mr. Evson could look back for the rare period of thirteen years, during which they had enjoyed, by God's blessing, an almost uninterrupted happiness. He had begun life again with his young children; he could thoroughly sympathise alike with their thoughts and with their thoughtlessness, and by training them in a manner at once wise and firm, he had been spared the greater part of that anxiety and disappointment which generally spring from our own mismanagement. He deeply loved, and was heartily proud of his eldest boy. There is no exaggeration in saying that Walter had all the best gifts which a parent could desire. There was something very interesting in his appearance, and very winning in his modest and graceful manners.

It was impossible to see him and not be struck with his fine open face, and the look of fearless and noble innocence in his deep blue eyes.

It was no time for moral lectures or formal advice. People seem to think that a few Polonius-like apophthegms delivered at such a time may be of great importance. They may be, perhaps, if they be backed up and enforced by previous years of silent and self-denying example; otherwise they are like seed sown upon a rock, like thistle-down blown by the wind across the sea. Mr. Evson spoke to Walter chiefly about home, about writing letters, about his pocket-money, his amusements, and his studies; and Walter knew well beforehand, without any repetitions *thep*, what his father wished him to be, and the principles in accordance with which he had endeavoured to mould his thoughts and actions.

The time passed too quickly for them both; they were soon at the top of the hill where the carriage awaited them.

"Good-bye, Walter. God bless you!" said Mr. Evson, shaking hands for the last time, and throwing deep meaning into those simple words.

"Good-bye, papa. My best love to all at home," said Walter, trying to speak cheerfully, and struggling manfully to repress his rising tears.

The carriage drove on. Walter watched it out of sight, and, turning round, felt that a new phase of his life had begun, and that he was miserably alone. It was natural that he should shed a few quiet tears as he thought of the dear friends from whom he had parted, and the four hundred strangers into whose society he was about to enter. Yet being brave and innocent, he feared nothing; and his rising sorrow soon found comfort and alleviation in the clear and vivid sense that one Friend was ever with him.

The emotions of a boy are as transient as they are keen, and Walter's tears were soon dried. As he looked round, the old familiar voice of the mountains was in his ears. He gazed with the delight of friendship on their towering summits, and promised himself many an exhilarating climb up their steep sides. And now, too, for the first time—for hitherto he had not much noticed the scenery around him—a new voice, the great voice of the sea, broke with its grand but awful monotony upon his listening ear. As he gazed upon the waves, glowing and flashing with the golden net-work of autumnal sunbeams, it seemed to dawn upon him like the discovery of a new sense; and he determined to stroll down to the beach before re-entering the gates of St. Winifred's.

He wandered there not only with a boy's delight, but with the delight of a boy whose eyes and ears have always been open to the beauty and wonder of the outer world. He longed to have his brother with him there. He picked up handfuls of the hard and sparkling sand; he sent the broad flat pebbles flying over the surface, and skimming through the crests of the waves; he half filled his pockets with green and yellow shells, and crimson fragments of *Delessaria sanguinea* for his little sisters; and he was full of pleasurable excitement when the great clock of St. Winifred's, striking five, reminded him that he had better go in, and learn something, if possible, about the order of his future life.

To be continued.)

WHITHER TENDING?

TELL me, brother, whither tending
On the battle-field of life?
Hast thou thought upon the ending
Of the conflict and the strife?
Time is flying, men are dying,
Dying in their guilt and sin;
Every second one is falling,
And the truth is heart-appalling,
Some can never enter in
To the life of bliss unending;
Tell me, brother,
Whither is thy spirit tending?

Is thy life a scene of trial?
Does thy heart with sorrow glow?
'Tis by pain and self-denial
Souls to heavenly meetness grow;
Be not careless, be not prayerless,
To your gracious suffering cling,
In the furnace, by the cross,
Christ will purge away thy dross,
And every sensual thing,
That thy spirit may be tending
To the life of bliss unending.

JUSTICE AND CHARITY.

"Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?
Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things."
Nor to do to others what we would wish them not
to do to us, is justice.

To do to others, under every circumstance, what
we would that they should do to us, is charity.

There was a man who by daily labour supported
himself, his wife, and young children; and as he
had good health, and strong arms, and easily found
employment, he could without much difficulty pro-
vide for his subsistence and that of his family.

But it happened that a terrible famine overspread
the country, and labour was in less request, because
it no longer offered any advantage to those who
paid, while at the same time the necessaries of life
rose in price.

The labouring man and his family then began to
suffer much. Soon having exhausted his little
savings, he was obliged to sell his furniture piece
by piece, then even some of his clothes, till, at
last, he was deprived of all resources, face to
face with hunger; and hunger had not entered his
dwelling alone—sickness had come with it.

Now this man had two neighbours: one richer,
the other poorer; therefore he went to the first,
and said, "We are in want of everything, myself,
my wife, and children. Have pity upon us!"

The rich man answered, "How can I help that?
When you have worked for me, have I ever with-
held your wages, or put off paying them? I have
never wronged you, nor any one else; my hands
are pure from iniquity. I am sorry for your dis-
tress; but every one must think of themselves in
these hard times; who knows how long they may
last!"

The poor father was silenced, and with his heart
full of anguish was slowly returning home, when
he met his poorer neighbour, who, seeing him
sorrowful and heavy-hearted, said to him, "What
distresses you? There are cares on your brow,
and tears in your eyes."

And the father, in an agitated voice, related his
trouble. When he had ended, the other replied,
"Wherefore then should you mourn over your
fate! Are we not Christian men, and how should
I leave my Christian brother in his misery? Come
and take part of what I still possess, and possess
by the mercy of God!"

The suffering family was thus provided for until
such time as it was able again to find means of
labouring for its necessities; and both these
Christian men were gainers by this deed of mercy.

The Progress of the Truth.

A FRENCH writer of celebrity recently gave to the world
a book which had cost him years of labour. He did not
belong to that large class of modern literary men who
write more than they read; he was a student, learned
and painstaking. In one of his volumes several allusions
to the Bible occurred, and they were all errors. Ignorance
of the Scriptures is common in our own country.
Even among persons professedly religious there are many
who prefer the writings of fallible men to the Word of
God, and among worldly people the greater part content
themselves with a vague general notion of Scripture
narratives and doctrines acquired in childhood, or by
occasional visits to church. Scripture sayings mingle
with their everyday talk more often than they are
aware; they quote some few familiar passages readily;
they discuss the question of its authority easily and
confidently, but they rarely study the book itself; they
know, in reality, very little of its contents. If such be
the case in this country, we need not be surprised to
learn that among a people with whom Bibles are still
scarce, a yet deeper ignorance of Scripture prevails. As
a matter of course that ignorance is followed by a low
condition of religion, for scepticism and indifference
flourish where there is no steady Bible reading. The
France of to-day, clever, powerful, prosperous, is with-
out a faith—almost without an aspiration. The philo-
sophy current in the days of Montaigne, summed up in
the motto, "What do I know?" though thoroughly
sensual in spirit, was respectable in comparison with
the gross Materialism of our own time, whose expression
is simply, "What do I care?" In order to show that
this is no exaggeration, we will quote an unexceptionable
witness, and one who will not be suspected of Protestant
sympathies—M. H. de Lagardie, in the *Revue Nationale*.
He is reviewing a novel, and considering a dictum of
the authoress, that "the religious idea does not belong
to the domain of works of fiction, and must be excluded
from it as altogether foreign and pedantic." Not denying
this, M. de Lagardie inquires why it is so, while in
England the case is so different. "I observe," he says,
"two good reasons: France is a Catholic country, and it

is an *irreligious* country. Among us, the common faith, and the prevailing indifference alike repel discussion.

Of religious indifference in France the evidences abound. To this is due the fact, that in a country where millions of Catholics do not believe all that their Church teaches, it does not bring forth a single schism. People do not roughly break a yoke which they can so easily slip from the shoulders, nor do they care to separate from a church to which custom renders it unnecessary to give the adhesion of the heart, or even the observance of outward forms. The innumerable sects of Protestant countries—voluntary manifestations of inward contests and scruples—which cause so much laughter among our so-called Catholics, prove incontestably the sincerity of the religious movement. The more light we possess the better we distinguish the variety of tints. Those who see in these diversities of opinion a symptom of failing faith, might say, with as much reason, that a balance is defective because the scales are moved by the weight of the smallest sand grain. Among us the religious conscience is a rusty balance of which the scales, majestically immovable, attest its impotency."

For a comment on this passage, we turn to the annual reports of the Evangelical Continental Society, just issued, and we find it stated in the report of M. Fisch, of the Evangelical Society of France, that "36,000 townships in France are still without any means of hearing the Gospel." The time appears to be highly favourable for effort. There is now almost complete religious liberty in France, which was by no means the case a few years ago, and may not be the case some years hence. The society, therefore, reasonably appeals for immediate help, in order that the present opportunity may not pass unimproved. The stations of the society in Paris are represented as in a prosperous condition. There are about 1,000 children in the schools, and this number would rapidly increase if rooms could be provided for them. About four millions of Bibles and New Testaments have been sold in the country by the colporteurs.

The French religious journals contain accounts of the visit of Richard Weaver, "the converted collier," to Paris. He appears to have preached as it were in fetters. The translators found a difficulty in rendering his ardent appeals, and he was obliged to speak with unwonted deliberation, to condense what he had to say, and frequently to repeat his words. Nevertheless, his evident sincerity gained him the respect of his audiences. One of his critics writes, "Mr. Weaver has not converted me to his views of Christianity; but he has touched me—I will even say, edified me. Why? Because I believe him to be himself thoroughly convinced, and really animated by an ardent and insatiable desire to do good." The same writer says, that he has "little sympathy with the class of preachers of which Mr. Weaver is one of the most remarkable examples;" and yet he would probably admit that the untutored evangelist, whose words, spoken under every disadvantage, "touched" and "edified" cultivated Frenchmen, might be very useful among men of another class and in his own country. Tens of thousands in London alone are perishing without the Gospel, and yet many

Christians are heard to say, like the French critic we have quoted, that they "have no sympathy with this class of preachers." The preachers in question are not very well educated, it is true, not much better perhaps than some of the fishermen of the Lake of Galilee, who were the first evangelists, but their success affords abundant evidence that in our day, as in times past, God is pleased to employ very various means to work out his own great purposes. Even now He perfects praise out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, and chooses the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. And the reason has as much force now as ever before; it is that "the excellency of the power may be of God" and not of man, and "that no flesh shall glory in his presence."

The Evangelical Society of Geneva is also engaged in sending missionaries and colporteurs into France. Last year there were about seventy scattered throughout sixteen French departments in the east, south-east, and west, with thirty-six missionary stations. "It is not much indeed," says the report, "when we consider the great number of places where such agents are needed; and chiefly when we consider the power of the enemies with which they have to contend. Their difficulty is not with the Government of France. Our Bibles and religious books are all stamped by the police before they are circulated; and a place of worship which had been closed has recently been opened by order of the Government."

The report bears its own painful testimony to the religious condition of France. "We have still, and more than ever, to fight against Popery, Materialism, Infidelity, and Rationalism. . . . Materialism envelopes society on all sides; by the infidel literature of the present day; by the Pantheistical doctrine of annihilation after death; by the thirst for luxury and worldly pleasures, by an intellectual indifference ready to answer with a sneer, 'Nothing is true; all is true.' The Protestant Liberal Union Society fosters infidelity; its pamphlets are read even in the remote villages of Poitou." The Geneva Theological College, which is the nursery of the mission work, contained forty-five students last year. Their religious life and Christian zeal are such as to inspire confidence. Among the last words of the late Dr. Gausson were these: "Pray for the School of Theology."

We reserve till next week some particulars of the progress of the Gospel in Italy.

Literary Notices.

The Life and Labours of Vincent Novello. By his daughter, MARY COWDEN CLARKE. London: Novello and Co., 69, Dean Street, Soho.

THIS tribute of a talented daughter to the memory of her father's genius will be read with pleasure by all who take an interest in the art with which the name of Vincent Novello stands so honourably associated, of whom his daughter truly says:—

To trace the career of one who has done more than any other single individual towards spreading a love and cultivation of the best music amongst the least wealthy classes

of England, must needs be interesting; and the example afforded by such a life, with the incentive given to persevere in a good resolve, even when circumstances appear far from encouraging, seems sufficient cause for pointing out this example to others, by recording the simple and uneventful biography which forms the subject of the present memoir (p. 1).

Educated in France, he, while still young, returned to England in the last vessel which quitted France for this country before the declaration of war at the close of the last century. His ability as a musician was soon recognised in England, and when only sixteen years of age he became organist at the chapel of the Portuguese Embassy, after which, he rapidly rose to a foremost place in his profession. We cannot give in our limited space a detailed account of his life; nor would a bare recital of facts in a singularly uneventful existence, be very entertaining to our readers. We would rather draw attention to the means by which he rose—to his economy of time, his indefatigable study, his punctuality.

Net only in professional engagements was he scrupulously exact, but he observed the same precision with regard to pleasure appointments. He liked to be earlier than the time specified. In his professional avocations he was so punctual in attendance, that during the seven-and-twenty years that he taught in one school, he never missed a single day in the bi-weekly lessons given there (p. 21).

Of his enthusiasm for his art; of his domestic life, which he keenly loved, instead of neglecting and despising it as so many public men do, we have no room to speak in this place. We cordially recommend to our readers the interesting little book in which Mrs. Cowden Clarke has recorded the notices of her father and mother.

Club Night. A Village Record. Edited by Mrs. C. L. BALFOUR. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

THIS little work, well and pleasingly written, is calculated to do much good amongst the humbler classes of the community, in which quarter we should wish to see it extensively circulated.

Searchings of Scripture and its Teachings. By a LAYMAN. London: James Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

A LITTLE volume, both useful and interesting. We can recommend it especially to young students of Holy Scripture.

First Lessons in the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ. For Families and Schools. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

A GOOD epitome of the life of our Lord. We have no doubt that it would be of use to young persons who find it difficult to collect a continuous narrative from the Gospel records.

Christ is All and in All. Two Discourses by Rev. JOHN STEVENSON, D.D., Vicar of Patricbourne with Bridge, Kent. London: Printed for the Prayer Book and Homily Society, 18, Salisbury Square, E.C.

Two simple but, at the same time, eloquent sermons, setting forth the sum and substance of Christianity. They are in every way worthy of Dr. Stevenson's high reputation.

Musical Notices.

WE have received a large packet of music from Messrs. Boosey and Sons, of which we proceed to notice the most important items:—

The Royal Road to Music.—This is a useful and excellent little compendium, and one written in so clear and perspicuous a style that it could not fail to be understood by the veriest beginner. It does not only content itself (as is the case with the greater part of instruction books) with limiting its observations to the study of the pianoforte, but treats slightly of the differences and peculiarities of other instruments, and possesses much sensible and practical instruction on the management and improvement of the voice. Indeed, we question if the part referring to the "best method for cultivating the vocal organs" is not the most valuable part of the whole book. As a manual for the use of schools, it could be confidently recommended, and the learning by heart of certain portions would considerably assist to do away with that pernicious practice, only too much in vogue, of giving children long pieces of music to learn, while they are at the same time almost ignorant of all proper foundation for understanding or performing them independently of their teacher.

New Music.—Messrs. Boosey have lately published six new numbers of "The Musical Cabinet," beginning at No. 76, which contains a selection of ballads, bravuras, &c., by Sir Henry Bishop—very old friends under the new face of their now well-known yellow paper cover. It is a very fair selection; "The Pilgrim of Love," "Bid Me Discourse," and "Tell Me my Heart," being sufficiently general favourites to render the volume acceptable to every one. No. 77 is but a very inferior collection; the first two songs by Claribel are quite unworthy attention, and the three of Mr. Balfe's would have done well to have remained amongst the MSS. of that composer; the other compositions the book contains are of a similar calibre. In No. 78 we have a volume of popular airs, English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh, which would no doubt be very useful as small pieces for young beginners, for which purpose we should imagine it has been compiled. In No. 79, those young ladies who are seeking for pretty, easy drawing-room pieces, will find the object of their search, the "Chant du Berger" being an agreeable little specimen of that style of music; "May Flowers" also is simple and pleasing. No. 80 consists of twelve short pianoforte pieces by Stephen Heller, and is certainly the most acceptable volume of the six. It contains the "Tarentelle" in A flat (a general favourite); "Trois Melodies," and several of "Les Nuits Blanches," Nos. 9 and 4 being particularly pretty. No. 81 is a useful Christmas book, without boasting much as to the originality of its contents.

Messrs. Boosey have also published many adaptations of the airs from Schachner's oratorio "Israel's return from Babylon," some of which are pleasing, and all easy. They have been arranged, both as solo and duett, by Rudolph Nordman, and in a still simpler form, for more juvenile performers, by Mr. Brinley Richards.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor begs to intimate that he is unable to avail himself of the following MSS.:—

The Three Shepherds. On Tramps. Mr. Kidson's MS. The Blacksmith's Forge. Requiem for the Old Year. Noon. The Sisters of Mercy; or, the Star in the East. Ida. The Gospel at the Gold Fields. Visits to Willowbrook Rectory.

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON,

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

A SECOND WARNING.

DURING the course of the next evening, as dusk was deepening into night, Edward entered his old master's private studio in the Newman Street Academy, and received a cordial greeting from jolly John Buckmaster, who was already enjoying his pipe and his customary evening tumbler of brandy-and-water. The veteran's face wore a more than usually pleasant smile as he looked towards his former pupil, who, in accordance with pupil etiquette, stood at the door of the peculiar *sanctum*, and did not presume to cross the threshold until he had been specially invited to do so. There was also another sign that the visitor was welcome; for on John Buckmaster's antique little table—the very same table at which John's father and grandfather (sturdy yeomen both, in their respective days) had been wont to sit—stood a second glass, containing a second and unappropriated tea-spoon.

"Come in, boy—come in, and don't stand there on formality and the threshold," cried the teacher. "Can't you manage to forget that you were once upon a time one of my lads, and that purely in the way of business—just so that my other boys mightn't be jealous—I had to keep you at a distance? Try to forget it, Master Ned; or is it too much for an old man to hope that a cheery, smiling boy may still learn to treat him as an equal? Anyhow, come in, and take your tumbler of pure water with a thimbleful of gin in it. Even a thimbleful of wholesome spirit will help to break down ceremony."

When Edward had complied with this invitation, and was stirring his not overpoweringly strong gin-and-water, John Buckmaster inquired—"Well, and how did you like dining with the rich man?"

"Very much. The Clock House is a fine place."

"It's a big place, of course: a great man can't enjoy his health in a small place. You think the gardens well laid out?"

"They are beautiful. Of course, you've seen them?"

"Of course, I have. Three or four times a year I go up and dine with the great man. Turvey is a queer lot, isn't he? Philip and I are old friends. Indeed, it was Philip Turvey who introduced me to Mr. Newbolt. Long ago, he had a brother (Daniel Turvey)—a poor, broken-down scarecrow, who died in Bartholomew's Hospital, nearly twenty years since. Daniel Turvey used to mix my colours and make himself useful in my studio, and off and on was my servant, from the time when the 'recognised father of decorative art' collapsed from the effects of over-joy at hearing of the battle of Waterloo! Ha! ha! ha! I see your eyes, Ned Smith; I see, Philip has told you all about the father of decorative art! Ha! ha! ha! Well, my man Daniel was Philip's elder brother, and perhaps I did

him a few kindnesses, in quite a small way—was, in point of fact, a very easy-going master; and when he was knocked down by a runaway horse in Holborn, and taken to the hospital, I, as a matter of course, went down to the hospital, and saw the poor, worthy old scarecrow, and sat with him an hour or so every day till he died. The doctors let me see him whenever I wished. Well, my little attentions to Dan made Philip my friend; and a very useful friend he has been to me. Mr. Newbolt isn't the only client he has brought to Newman Street; he's a queer customer, and gives me a hearty laugh every time I see him; but he has a good, honest heart of his own, has Philip; and he has put many a guinea into my pocket. When he offers to help you, don't be too proud to thank him, my lad, for by my faith, he'll keep his word."

"Don't be afraid about my pride. Mr. Turvey and I are already fast friends."

"Well," rejoined John Buckmaster, "if Philip is an out-of-the-way lot, I'll be hanged if John Harrison Newbolt, M.P. for Harling, isn't a much drollier commodity. If I dine much oftener at that man's house I shall be struck with apoplexy through laughing in my sleeve at what he says and does, while I'm in the very act of drinking his wine."

"I did not find him so very laughable," replied Edward, whose sense of honour forbade him to ridicule the man at whose table he had dined. "He strikes me as a clever man in a certain sort of way, and without doubt he is very hospitable. Riches are enviable; but a man who dispenses great wealth liberally is at least respectable."

"Bravo, lad; stick up for the man whose mutton you've cut, and whose money you've pocketed," rejoined the old artist, whose kindly nature was not without an alloy of harmless cynicism, and who was quite as alive to the weaknesses of his neighbours, as was "that prating cockcomb, Mr. Rupert Smith." "But, mind you, I never said John Newbolt wasn't without his good qualities. Don't you ever fall into the fault of those people who, because they can't help laughing at one side of a man's character, have no eyes for the other and better side. Pshaw! Newbolt a respectable man! I should think he is! He's as thoroughly honest a fellow as can be found in all London (which, thank God, contains a few people besides rogues); though he's as bouncible a man as goes to bed within twelve miles of Cheapside, he does a world of charity without making any fuss about it; and though he does a good deal of mischief, in his loud, noisy, overbearing way, I do verily believe the man always means to do good—just when he is most in the wrong. There's something in his 'liberty, equality, and fraternity' notions, notwithstanding his pride of purse, and ostentatious tastes; for he is an ostentatious man, although he keeps up only one house—his 'little place,' as he calls it—when he could well afford to maintain two or three. Still, his mere sentiment about republicanism, and all that sort of thing, is quite honest. Master and servant could never live together as he and Turvey have done for years, if the master hadn't much genuine liberality of feeling, and sincere sympathy with those beneath him in station. Still, he's got his droll points, Master Ned. You mayn't

find him laughable; but, I'll bet a penny, your smart barrister friend, Mr. Rupert, will make rare fun of him, the first time they meet in Farnival's Inn."

"I thought, sir," retorted Edward, drily, "you didn't approve Rupert's fondness for turning other people to fun."

"Bless your simple head and honest heart, Ned Smith," cried the senior, colouring and firing up at the allusion, "I don't object to a humorous dog who has his laugh in fit places. John Buckmaster would be the last man living to rail at a youngster for indulging in harmless, rollicking gaiety, so long as he does not violate all rules of decorum and gentlemanly feeling. I have my laugh out at Mr. Newbolt, but I keep my amusement to myself while at his table, on his premises, within ear-shot of his household. I don't get his gardener and grooms round me, and then mimic his bouncible manner and bumptious speeches to them. I don't say to Philip, 'Your master is the queerest chap in all creation; let's laugh at him.' No; I wait till I find myself in private with a friend whom I can trust, and who has himself seen the droll exhibition, and then, over a glass of grog, I say, 'Isn't it uncommonly funny?' That's a very different thing from what Mr. *Barrister* Rupert Smith did. That impudent young rascal mimicked me in my own house, and to my own pupils. 'Old Bucky, indeed!' I old-Buckied him last time he brought his superb broad-cloth and pink kid gloves into this room! I warmed him! I skinned him! I rubbed salt over him! He kept on smiling, but I knew what his smiles meant. A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain still—and that's just what he is! He had better not come bothering up here too often; or one of these fine days I'll old-Bucky him out of my street door; that I will!"

After which outburst of emotion John Buckmaster re-filled his pipe, lit it, and in less than a minute and a half smoked himself into his usual good-humour.

"Well, Ned Smith," he inquired, when his wrath had thus quickly subsided, "we'll leave Mr. Newbolt alone for a minute, and talk about something else. Have you seen your pupil?"

At the moment of putting this question, the old artist was enveloped in a wreath of smoke; but Edward could see his eye twinkling brightly through the smoke.

"Yes, I have seen my pupil."

"Indeed! A nice young gentleman? ay?"

"He isn't a young gentleman."

"Humph! not an old one, surely?"

"He isn't a man at all; he isn't even a boy."

"What, then; you are to be a squire of petticoats, are you? Miss Ida going to learn of you?"

"No, sir," returned Edward, with a great effort, blushing crimson as he spoke; "I have engaged to give Miss Flo two lessons a-week; and I am to have a guinea a lesson. I am in luck's way. I shall soon be thinking myself a rich man."

Whereat John Buckmaster broke out into a hearty peal of laughter, which laughter died away as he said, "Well, I wondered how long I should be in getting the truth out of you."

"Then you knew beforehand all about it—I mean before I came to-night?"

"Of course I did; knew it all, weeks ago."

"But you never told me so?"

"Mr. Newbolt asked me not. Well, Miss Flo is a pretty girl, isn't she?"

"She is very pretty. I never saw a more beautiful young lady."

"But, mind me, Ned Smith, you mustn't fall in love with her."

"You think there is need to give me the caution?"

"Well, Miss Flo is very pretty; and youngsters are not always very wise when they hear the rustling of a silk dress, and catch a glimpse of a pair of dainty feet peeping out under it."

"There is good reason for apprehension," Edward answered, lightly.

"No, there isn't, boy; you are not such a fool as to fall in love where you can't win," stoutly replied the elder.

"And why shouldn't I win, if I made up my mind to woo her?"

"Well, well; I don't say, lad, you have no recommendations to any woman's favour, whoever she may be; but you couldn't make up your mind to woo a young lady who is your pupil, without first—"

"Getting the consent of her father, who pays me munificently for my service," put in Edward, quietly. "Of course. You needn't tell me that, sir."

"Then," was the rejoinder, "I needn't tell you why you will never hear Miss Flo say, 'Yes, I will,' to you. You must be preciously dull at reading character, and Mr. Newbolt must have been strangely uncommunicative, if you haven't already discovered that the Grand Seigneur of the Clock House means his darling to be something more than a working artist's wife."

"He told me so."

"Of course, he did. He tells everybody so. The member for Harling is a great man in the City, and can do a great deal in various lines of business, but he can't keep a secret, unless he's bound in honour, for the sake of others, to keep it. Whatever comes uppermost in his mind, he blurts out on the first provocation. All his vanities, and affections, and quaint ambitions he wears outside his waistcoat—so that any fool with an eye in his head knows how to laugh at him. That old man's sweetest and most frequent day-dream is seeing that darling girl of his married to a man above her father's station in life. You know that?"

"I know it."

"And he'd see your neck stretched to the length of his arm before he'd consent to have her marry you, or any fine lad like you. The grapes are above you, and you're so made that you can't climb to them."

"There's no question of climbing, Mr. Buckmaster. If a man ascends a steep, when honour orders him to keep at its foot, he don't climb the ascent; he only crawls."

"Right, lad. When Nature made you, she took the best stuff and right implements in hand; that she did! You'll have your troubles, doubtless, like all the rest of us; but you'll never be brought to shame; for there isn't the place in you on which the devil can lay a good clutch, when he wishes to drag you to mischief."

"Ah! sir, if he can find a point into which he can force one of his nails, it's enough for him."

"Where did you get that thought from, my lad? from some quaint old sermon?"

"I learned it from experience," answered Edward, gravely.

"Then," rejoined John Buckmaster, having first emitted a dense globe of smoke from his lips, "you picked up that morsel of truth from human nature, which is, without question, the oldest sermon that was ever written."

A pause.

After which Edward said, lightly, "But haven't you done a rash thing in putting me so near a temptation which may sorely try my firmness of principle, though it will never overcome my honour?"

"No, I hope not. Truth to tell you, when I found out what I had done, and reflected how beautiful and altogether superior a young lady she is, I did for a few minutes trouble myself with thinking I hadn't done you any great kindness. But I didn't know what I was doing until I had done it."

"How so?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I was dining about a month since at a club-dinner of literary men; the company was made up of authors, two or three artists, and as many gentlemen, who, though they make no pretensions to be authors or artists, like the society of both. Mr. Newbolt was of the party. There's no question that he enjoyed his dinner; and he did his best to persuade himself that he enjoyed the company. Talk, somehow, turned upon art-students, and the talk wasn't of the most flattering kind for youngsters: if some of my lads had been present, they'd have heard what would have made their ears tingle. Many of the remarks were cruel and unjust; and thinking of my lads here in Newman Street, I fired up, and stood forth as the champion of the rising generation. Of course, my defence was opposed, and criticised, and cavilled at: and so we went on, jawing and contradicting each other—every one saying a good deal more than he'd have put his hand to next morning—till I began to sing the praises of a certain pupil of mine, whom I could have mentioned by name, though I didn't. Perhaps I was something too hot in my manner of putting what I wished to say; I *am* too warm sometimes. Anyhow, nobody answered me; and so the matter dropped for the night."

"Well, how did it come up again?"

"Just this way. Three days afterwards, Mr. Newbolt called here, and, after a little talk, said, 'By the way, Buckmaster, who is that promising young artist you made so much row about the other night?' I laughed, told him you had two rather decent pictures just hung in the Octagon Room, advised him to look at them, and hinted that he had better buy them. Nothing more occurred then. After a few more days, he called again, made a great fuss about both your pieces, and said he meant to have them. The fancy had seized him that the figure of the girl in 'For Ever,' and her face also, but in a slighter degree, resembled Miss Flo. And mind ye, there is a wonderful similarity in style and spirit between the two. Mr. Newbolt didn't underrate the similarity; and when he had done making a noise about it, he went on to ask lots of questions, all

which inquiries resolved themselves into the one question, 'Were you every whit as much a gentleman and man of honour as I had maintained you were? Of course, you know how I answered him.'

"Yes; go on."

"Twenty-four hours had not passed before he was in here again, asking if you could be trusted to instruct a young friend of his in oil-painting, and whether you would care to undertake such work. Thinking (though I really can't say why) that his young friend was one of his grandsons (for he has several grandchildren by his married daughters), I answered 'yes' to both questions. You could do the work in first-rate style; and, as guineas were not over plentiful with you, would do it, if you were well paid. That was my answer; and I added that I should advise you to accept his offer, since a young man, who had his own way to make in the world, can't do better than earn his living as soon as possible, and not waste more of his little capital than he can help. Whereupon, he almost took the breath out of my body by saying in his imperious way, just as if you were a fine poodle, and he meant to buy you, 'Then I'll take the young fellow on your recommendation, and have him up to the Clock House to teach Flo, who wishes to learn to paint in oils.' 'Whew!' I answered, 'that's a ticklish experiment, Mr. Newbolt. They're both young people: she's a sweet, lovely creature, and he a young gentleman whom any girl might fall in love with. How would you like your daughter to marry an artist?'"

"You actually said that to Mr. Newbolt?" exclaimed Edward, rising from his seat.

"I tell you I said it, don't I?"

"What did he answer?"

"'Pho!' he replied, 'there's no fear of that. My daughter, bless her innocent soul! would not form an attachment for any man who didn't take a vast deal of pains to instruct her in the art of love. She's a mere child, far too young insensibly to glide of her own accord into romantic fancies; and he is a gentleman and man of sensitive honour; so there's no danger that he will abuse my confidence, and make love to my child when he ought to be teaching her to paint. Now, you see why your description of his character took such hold on me; I saw from your words the other night that he was just the bit of cattle I was looking out for.' There, boy, that's exactly what he said. He called you a bit of cattle."

"Did nothing more pass between you, Mr. Buckmaster?"

"Very little. I didn't care to say that while he was thinking only of his child, I was thinking much more for you than for her; I didn't tell him that though she might, in a spirit of girlish mischief, amuse herself with playing at love (it's wonderful how soon pretty girls begin to do that sort of thing! And why should they not? It's very pretty to watch them at it!), there was little fear that the petted daughter of a purse-proud family would seriously and genuinely wish to marry her drawing-master; still less did I care to hint that though you wouldn't steal his daughter's affections, there was just a possibility that she might steal yours, smile at them as

pretty toys, and make you a wretched man for a great part of your life."

"Dear sir, dear sir!" ejaculated Edward, greatly excited by his old master's communications, and deeply touched by the veteran's exhibition of parental care, "how strange it is that you thought of all this!"

"Strange! not so strange as you think!" answered the teacher, putting down his empty tumbler, and speaking in a subdued voice. "Young John Buckmaster, nearly fifty years ago (a handsome fellow he was then, though I say it), fell in love where he didn't win, where he didn't woo, because honour forbade him. Well, he never married; never loved again. There, there, that's enough about the old scoundrel who keeps the Newman Street Academy. You've got the outlines of his life's picture; fill them up according to your taste. You know the woman's face he still must bring into every picture he paints. Don't forget to put that into the life's picture. That's enough. No, lad; I'll tell you one thing more. The lady who once wore that face died two years since (her beauty went with her throughout life), and she was buried in that great garden of the dead which you pass as you walk to Harrow. The next tomb is empty; it's mine—I have bought it; and when I die, you shall lay me by her side. The pride of this world will permit me to have that marriage."

There was silence after this speech.

When John Buckmaster had lit another pipe he recurred to his strange interview with Mr. Newbolt. "I felt it would be wrong to say more to him," he continued, "for words would have touched him rudely on his tender point—love of his child—and would have been likely to create embarrassment for you. If I had done wrong, it seemed to me that the mischief was beyond amendment; so I held my tongue. But he saw the cloud on my face, and made me promise not to dissuade you from accepting his offer; bound me also not to mention Flo's name to you till he had come to terms with you. Laughing, as he went away, he said, 'I shall take care to show him at starting that Flo is intended for his betters.'"

"He is very hard and insolent," said Edward, bitterly.

"He is; but he is a good-hearted man, all the same for that."

"Could I not even yet hold back?"

"You have made an engagement, lad."

"True, true; I must keep my word."

"And he'll be a strong friend to you. No one ever worked for John Harrison Newbolt, and repented it. A young man, starting in life, mustn't throw away his chances. Moreover, now you've been well put on your guard, there is no danger of your falling in love with her, is there?"

"There is no danger of that," assented Edward, thinking how the dreaded evil had come to pass already—had come to pass before ever he had exchanged words with the rich man's child.

Never before had Edward been guilty of an evasion bordering so closely on prevarication.

"Well, sir; I'll bid you good evening, now," he said, sadly.

"Good night, Ned Smith, if you must be off. But, one more word, before you go."

"I am attending."

"You and your friend Mr. Rupert are very thick, eh?"

"I have often told you so, Mr. Buckmaster."

"You have no secrets from him, I suppose?"

"Very few."

"Come, you have a few, then," said John Buckmaster, a smile brightening his face. "I am glad of that. You are not, then, so completely under his thumb as I thought."

Edward smiled, too. The young man knew at length how much he was liked by his old master; and during the few preceding days he had begun to think that John Buckmaster's antagonism to Rupert was attributable to jealousy, not less than to the trivial insult, on which the veteran laid such unreasonable stress.

"Yes; I have a few," he replied.

"Then, Ned, take my advice, and put your professional intercourse with Miss Flo amongst the number."

"I mean to do so. I had decided to do so; and I mean to carry out my resolution. He was with me this morning, and when I told him about yesterday's dinner, I was silent about her. I mean always to be silent about her."

The young man spoke these words with great decision.

Again was John Buckmaster's face illumined with a smile of intense satisfaction.

"And you won't talk about the young lady to any of your artist friends—my pupils, for instance? It wouldn't be well to give them occasion for idle talk."

"Good heavens! Mr. Buckmaster," exclaimed Edward, angrily, "how can you imagine I could be guilty of the indelicacy of breathing one syllable about her—in the studios or anywhere—to any person not in her confidence as well as my own?"

"Tut, tut!" laughed the old master, holding out his hand for a farewell shake; "don't be angry with me. You're a right good boy. Heaven bless you!"

Whereupon Edward Smith quitted the teacher's house, and walked slowly back to Furnival's Inn, thinking how he had been warned, for the second time, not to fall in love with the girl who had for many months held his heart in her keeping; thinking, too, with compassionate sympathy, of what the grey-headed painter had revealed of his past life. Yes; John Buckmaster had done at least one work, and mastered at least one stern lesson of self-sacrifice. Edward had always felt that a mighty power of virtue and unobtrusive goodness lived beneath the old man's rough exterior.

(To be continued.)

REMEMBER for what purpose you were born. Through the whole of life look at its end, and consider, when that comes, in what you will put your trust. Not in the bubble of worldly vanity, it will be broken; not in worldly pleasures, they will be gone; not in great connections, they cannot serve you; not in wealth, you cannot carry it with you; not in rank: in the grave there is no distinction.—*Bishop Watson.*

UNITARIANISM NOT "THE TRUTH."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN SULLIVAN."

V.—THE RANK AND DIGNITY OF CHRIST.

OWEN. Welcome once more. And now, I suppose, we are to take up the question, What is the true character and position ascribed in Scripture to Christ?

WHITE. Yes; this, you will perceive, is a question which demands a separate consideration. A great and wonderful Being appeared on earth about eighteen hundred years ago. It is no dream of modern times that he claimed to himself the honour due to God; for it was for this very thing, which they termed blasphemy, that the Jews often assailed his life. "For a good work we stone thee not; but for blasphemy; and because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God" (John x. 33). This being the case, and it being quite clear that this pure, sincere, and peaceable Being did continually excite the wrath of the Jews by the claims to a Divine rank which he made, let us look a little into the matter, and see what was really the purport of his language. That he was a pretender—an impostor—is a profaneness of which even the Unitarians are not guilty. That he must have known the truth of what he asserted, and was no self-deceiver, is equally clear. What we have, therefore, to inquire into is, how, if his words do not fairly bear such a construction, the Jews came so to mistake him? For it is quite evident that it was this claim, more than anything else, which excited the wrath of the Scribes and Pharisees against him. And, truly, if any mere creature should appear on this earth and should represent himself to be the eternal God, the anger and indignation of men would justly be excited by such a pretension.

OWEN. Unquestionably. You propose, then, first, to review those passages in the Gospels which give the words of Christ, and to see what is their combined strength and meaning?

WHITE. Yes; or rather, perhaps, to take the whole view of the four Evangelists, and to see whether it presents Christ to us as one claiming the prerogatives of Deity; or merely as one sent to speak of God, and to make him known to mankind.

OWEN. But how will you do this, without requiring the length of a treatise?

WHITE. I hope it may be possible to pass rapidly over the four narratives of the Evangelists, and to notice merely those things which seem to carry an important meaning. For instance, at the very opening of the first and earliest of the Gospels, St. Matthew declares that "Mary was found with child of the Holy Ghost." He adds, that "this was done" in fulfilment of a prophecy, that a virgin should bring forth a son, and his name should be Emmanuel, God with us.

Unitarians quibble about the prophecy, but the chief thing is the fact. The Holy Ghost is, we say, God; the Unitarians say, an emanation from God; but either way, the child Jesus was the Son of God. Now, invariably, the child is of the same nature with his father; hence, a Son of God is of God's nature and essence. This is the first fact we learn, at the very opening of the New Testament.

The next circumstance we have already noticed.

At the baptism of Christ, we behold, or hear, the whole Trinity: the Messiah, receiving baptism; the Holy Spirit, descending on him; and the Father, speaking from heaven, and acknowledging his beloved Son.

OWEN. But I know that the Unitarians will remind you, that all Christians are called "sons of God."

WHITE. Unquestionably; when united to Christ, and viewed by the Father as "in him," then, as he is the Vine, so they are branches of the Vine: as he is "the Son of God," so they become sons of God. But we shall presently see the vast distinction that necessarily exists between being "the eternal Son," and being made sons by adoption.

Meanwhile, I must not pass over one other passage in this third chapter of St. Matthew. He declares John the Baptist to be the voice spoken of by Isaiah, in his 40th chapter. Now Isaiah's words are, "Prepare ye the way of Jehovah, make straight in the desert a highway for our God." So that here we have the plainest assertion that, in Matthew's view, John, being the harbinger of Christ, was the harbinger of "Jehovah," "our God."

And, as to the vast distinction between the Sonship of the Father and the sonship of believers, compare Matt. vi. with Matt. xi. In Matt. vi. 31, 32, the disciples are taught to rely upon their heavenly Father. "Take no thought what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." This is the sonship of dependent creatures. But in Matt. xi. we meet with the Sonship of an "equal with God." "All things are delivered unto me of my Father: and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal him." You see that the difference is as great as between heaven and earth.

OWEN. Yes; I see that it is vast, indeed.

WHITE. Well, now pass on to the 18th chapter, where our Lord unreservedly declares to his disciples, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Couple this with his last promise, in the closing verse of this Gospel: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." How can this language be justified, if used by a man, or any other creature, however exalted? Think you that the archangel Gabriel would dare to say to any human beings, "Wherever, at any time, you may assemble and invoke my name, I will be with you?" or, "Do this which I command you, and rely on my being always present with you to aid and strengthen you?" Do you not perceive, at a glance, that not the highest angel could make such a promise without presumption? for that it involves two attributes which belong only to God: Omniscience, or a knowledge of all prayers offered up, at all places, and throughout all times; and Omnipresence, or a power of being everywhere at the same moment of time. Both of these attributes are claimed by Christ, and he cannot but have known that he was thereby asserting his own intrinsic Godhead.

Once more, as concerning St. Matthew's Gospel. At its very commencement, we find our Lord enunciating the great command, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou

serve." Yet, in no fewer than seven instances (at viii. 2, ix. 18, xiv. 33, xv. 25, xx. 20, xxviii. 9 and 17) in this same Gospel, do we find direct and positive worship paid to Christ, and never forbidden by him. Now, when John attempted to worship the angel, in Rev. xix. 10, he was instantly forbidden. "See thou do it not: I am thy fellow-servant: worship God." What shall we say, then? Did Christ impiously arrogate to himself honours which did not belong to him?—far be the thought—or did he merely accept that which was his due? The conclusion is inevitable. If he did not sin—and we know that he was "holy, harmless, undefiled"—then he was rightly worshipped, for he was God.

OWEN. So you conclude, I suppose, your review of the first Gospel. We shall hardly be able to dwell at the same length upon the other three.

WHITE. No; and it is hardly needful to notice at any length the testimony of St. Mark and St. Luke, seeing that they go, in a great measure, over the same ground. St. John's statements, however, we must notice, for it is clear that, writing, perhaps, forty or fifty years after St. Matthew, it was his express object to render more clear and definite our views of Christ's real position and character. The first three Evangelists had asserted with plainness the Godhead of Christ; and this might have led to something like Arianism, or a belief in a chief and a secondary God. St. John, therefore, was empowered to give men some further insight into the Divine nature; and he opens his Gospel by a statement which at once puts an end to all Arian notions of a Supreme God creating or calling into existence an image of himself, and sending that image into the world as a great prophet and teacher of mankind. No one can read his first chapter without seeing that its subject is Christ. The Word of whom the writer speaks is that person who "dwelt among us," and to whom John the Baptist bore witness. He is called, in ver. 34, "the Son of God," as he had been called by Matthew, Mark, and Luke. But that which was John's particular province was to explain, "by inspiration of God," what this Word, this Son of God, had been before he tabernacled amongst us. Perhaps, had there been no fourth Gospel, the Arians would have found some foothold for their theory, that this "Son of God" was first created when Mary brought forth her child in the stable at Bethlehem. All such notions, however, are dissipated by the opening passages of this Gospel. We there learn, in the plainest and most positive terms, that this "Word," who "was made flesh, and dwelt among us," had existed from all eternity in the closest fellowship with the Father; had created the world, and the starry heavens, and had given life to every living thing. He "was in the beginning with God." He was not created, for he was himself the Creator. He did not receive life from the Father; but "in him was life," and from him that life flowed forth to all men. As eternal—as the Creator—and as the source of life, "he was God;" and this in the fullest sense of the word. Yet he was not another God, distinct from the Father; but he was "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person." Thus, all room and scope for the Arian theory, of a greater and a lesser God, was for ever taken away.

OWEN. I do not understand—though we talked of it the night I was at Newton—how the Unitarians get over this decisive passage.

WHITE. I have read the best Unitarian comments upon this chapter, and they all consist of a vain striving to get rid of the meaning. The "Word," or Logos, they say, means the soul or genius of God, and is borrowed from Philo, a Platonising Jew. But at verse 14 this heavenly personification of "the genius of God" is dropped, and the subject changes to the man Christ Jesus, who, they admit, was "a living and human manifestation of the character of God." And so they think that they slip out of the difficulty.

OWEN. Yes; but a man must be very ready to accept any plea or pretence, if this way of explaining the thing will satisfy him. Nothing can be plainer than that the main subject of the first eighteen verses is the true character, rank, and authority of "the Word." That "Word" is identified with Christ by the two particulars—that he was "made flesh and dwelt among us," and that "John bare witness to him." And it is impossible to suppose that verses 1 to 13 speak of one thing, and the following verses of some other thing; for at verses 10, 11, we read that "he was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not"—words which cannot apply to "the genius of God," but which do apply to the man Christ Jesus.

WHITE. Evidently; and the main fact of the whole, which no ingenuity can conceal, is this: that this "Word, which was made flesh," was, from all eternity, "with God," was the Creator of all things, and the source and fountain of life. But let us pass on to a few other passages in this Gospel. At chapter v. 21—23, Christ himself says, "As the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them; even so the Son quickeneth whom he will. For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son; that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father." It is scarcely possible, surely, for words to express more clearly the idea of equality than do these. But equality is impossible between the Everlasting and Almighty God and a mere creature, such as the Unitarians represent Christ to be.

Again, in chap. viii. 58, Jesus takes to himself the incommunicable name of God—I AM; and the Jews again take up stones, to stone him as a blasphemer. The like circumstance occurs again in chap. x. 30, where Jesus expressly declares that "I and my Father are one." Surely, if he were a mere creature, as the Unitarians believe, the Jews were scarcely to blame when they accused him of blasphemy.

In chap. xii. John quotes a passage from Isaiah, adding, "These things said Esaias, when he saw his glory, and spake of him." We turn to the passage in Isaiah, and there we read: "I saw the Lord, sitting on a throne, high and lifted up; and above it stood the seraphim; and one cried to another, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory. Then said I, Woe is me! for I am a man of unclean lips, and mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts" (chap. vi. 1—5). The inference is unavoidable: in the Evangelist's view, speaking and writing by the

inspiration of the Holy Ghost, Christ was "the Lord of hosts."

I must not stop to dwell upon many more passages; but will just observe, in passing, that in chap. xiv. 9, Christ says, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." In chap. xx. 28, Thomas addresses him as "my Lord and my God," and is approved; and in chap. xxi. 17, Peter appeals to his omniscience: "Lord, thou knowest all things." On the whole, I feel that few things can be more certain than this, that a plain, sincere man, sitting down to read, with seriousness, the Gospel of St. John, with his mind quite unbiassed by any controversialists, will inevitably come to the conclusion that the Lord Jesus Christ is very and eternal God.

OWEN. I think so. But shall we have time, now, to go through the rest of the New Testament?

WHITE. No, I suppose not; but we may notice briefly the Acts of the Apostles, and leave the Epistles until our next meeting. The first two chapters of that history of the Primitive Church are manifestly Trinitarian. They speak again and again of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; but I will not stay to dilate upon them. I hasten on to chap. vii., where the death of Stephen is narrated. And here I remark, that we are accustomed to look with horror at the conduct of the Church of Rome, in leading dying men to trust themselves to the care of the blessed Mother of our Lord, or to some saint; but what other lesson than this is taught in Acts vii., unless Christ be indeed God? Stephen dies, not praying to God the Father, but to Christ; and this conduct is recorded without the least caution or censure. If, in calling upon Christ, he was calling upon God, all is right; but if Christ was merely a creature, then his prayer was idolatrous. Yet the inspired writer relates the fact without adding one word of censure.

Of the remainder of this book I chiefly observe that again and again is the Holy Ghost brought forward as a mighty worker—a Divine person. The Spirit gives directions to Philip. The Spirit says: "Separate me Barnabas and Paul." "The Holy Ghost spoke by Esaias the prophet" (chaps. x., xiii., xxviii.). Indeed, as I have said, the three Persons in the ever-blessed Trinity seem constantly before the mind's eye of the writer. No sincere and honest inquirer can fail to see that the writer of this book of the Acts was entirely a Trinitarian. But I see that we must pause here, for our time has expired.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO TRAIN THE MEMORY ARIGHT.

BY W. BOWEN ROWLANDS, ESQ., B.A.

No. IV.

It would be entirely foreign to my purpose to give anything like a catalogue of distinguished men who have been conspicuous for powerful memories; still, we may perhaps not unprofitably pause, ever and anon, to glance at some striking instance which presents itself to our notice. The late Dr. Arnold possessed a strong, and, at the same time, useful memory. In his latter years this recollecting power seems to have depended mainly on association; but in his earlier days he gave many indications of possessing this faculty in an eminent

degree. His father, who was collector of the customs at Cowes, died when Arnold was as yet scarce six years old; and one of the few recollections which the future head-master of Rugby retained of his father was, that when only three years old, he received from him Smollett's History of England, as a reward for having accurately recounted the stories that were connected with the several portraits and pictures which illustrated the different reigns. One example given us of Dr. Arnold's powers of memory is certainly well nigh marvellous. We read that, in his professorial chair at Oxford, he quoted Dr. Priestley's Lecture on History, solely from his "recollection of what he had there read when he was eight years old." His memory was wont to manifest its strength in small and minute details; not even forgetting the precise state of the weather on certain days, nor the "exact words and position of passages which he had not seen for the space of twenty years."

But I purpose to consider now more especially the means of fixing some particular work, or portion of a work, in the memory; and to inquire how far *writing* may be made subservient to that end.

Gibbon, while chronicling the extended subjects of study which he pursued at one period of his life, writes as follows: "This various reading, which I now conducted with discretion, was digested, according to the precept and model of Mr. Locke, into a large common-place book—a practice, however, which I do not strenuously recommend. The action of the pen will doubtless imprint an idea on the mind as well as on the paper, but I much question whether the benefits of this laborious method are adequate to the waste of time; and I must agree with Dr. Johnson, that what is twice read is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed."

In this passage we have the entire question broadly and fairly stated; the decision that each student will arrive at for himself will mainly depend on previous habituation and individual facility either in the one direction or the other. I must, however, express my own conviction that Locke was nearer the truth than either Johnson or Gibbon. Let us now hear the words of one of England's greatest sons, Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam:—"Scarce anything can be more useful in the ancient and popular sciences, than a true and solid help for the memory—that is, a just and learned digest of common-places. Some, indeed, condemn this method as prejudicial to erudition, hindering the course of reading, and rendering the memory indolent; but we judge it is of great service in studies to bestow diligence and labour in setting down common-places." And again he writes even more decidedly, "*The help for the memory is writing*, and we must observe that the memory, without this assistance, is unequal to things of length and accuracy, and ought not otherwise to be trusted." These are words which are well worthy the attention of all students. Dr. Johnson, indeed, has somewhat contemptuously attacked such notions as those advanced by Lord Bacon; but I cannot imagine that his arguments (if arguments they may be called) carry much weight with them. They are to be found in the seventy-fourth number of the "*Idler*." If they prove anything, it is only this: that a man of great natural powers may, and often does, recollect accurately enough what he reads or hears, without

having recourse to writing; but the majority of my readers will, I imagine, agree with me in dissenting from his dictum, that "the act of writing itself distracts the thoughts." I believe that the personal experience of nine out of ten among our great scholars would utterly negative such a statement.

It is, of course, impossible to lay down exact rules which shall suit all alike; and his will be a vain endeavour who shall attempt to throw all students into one Procrustean bed. The judgment of Mr. Mason on this point is at once sensible and temperate. "Recur," he says, "to the help of a commonplace book, according to Mr. Locke's method, and review it once a year. But take care that, by confiding to your minutes or memorial aids, you do not excuse the labour of the memory, which is one disadvantage attending this method."

To make matters plainer and more directly applicable to ourselves, let us take a particular case. I would earnestly disclaim any idea of absolute dictation, or any wish to appear authoritative; my object is, simply to lay before my readers what appears to me the best and easiest method of imprinting any given subject on the memory. I say *appears* to me; and this partly from individual experience, partly from external influences.

Let us suppose, then, that a student is engaged on the history of England. The first thing to be done, is to get a good *working* copy of the particular author he may make up his mind to read, in fair type, and possessing a tolerably broad margin. Let the *same* book be constantly used; it is scarcely credible how important this is in a memorial point of view. Read over the entire work, or portion of the work to be mastered, marking the most important facts, dates, and sentiments, in pencil. I mention pencil, inasmuch as it is possible that some passages may be marked on a first perusal, which may not afterwards appear to require such distinction. Having thus obtained a general view of the scope and substance of the work, the student should re-commence its perusal; this time dwelling longer on particular parts, and noting, if his memory be weak, their position in the book from which he reads. He should also have a map open before him, and never omit recurring to it at the mention of towns, rivers, and the like. And now comes in the common-place, or, as in this case we should more properly term it, note-book. In this the leading features, and the leading ones only, of each reign, with their dates, must be entered, with appropriate remarks of his own; those, however, must be short and judicious. In the margin of the book itself references to similar or dissimilar statements in other authors may be registered, and well-selected observations noted. By the time that the student has thus completed the second perusal of his author, he will be prepared to give it another and more cursory "reading through." This finished, he will be enabled to give a very tolerable account, not only of the recorded facts, but of the particular writer's tendencies and leanings. As for the dates, I purpose considering them more particularly when I come to treat of artificial aids to memory.

Should the student be required to submit this portion of history for examination at an after period, his marked copy of the author will enable him at once to seize on the most important passages; and his note-book will supply him with a digest or epitome of the whole. However, if this be not

required, he will have for ever imprinted on his mind a respectable acquaintance with the facts and characteristics of that part of the vast area occupied by historic inquiry.

Thus in two points will this method, I conceive, prove advantageous to the student: namely, in the acquisition of knowledge for, and directly applicable to, himself alone, and also in providing a means whereby he can easily recur to and reproduce that knowledge when circumstances may require.

Talking over what has just been perused is also vastly conducive towards fixing it in the mind. Dr. Timothy Dwight, the President of Yale College, owed no small proportion of his Biblical knowledge to this expedient. A great part of the instruction which Dwight received was at home with his mother, before he was six years old. The nursery was her school-room; and in addition to his stated task, he watched the cradle of his younger brother. Here, after his regular lessons had been duly recited, he read through much of the historical portions of the sacred Scriptures. He then gave an account of what he had read to his mother; and his biographer tells us that by this method he gained an intimate acquaintance with the inspired record. "So deep," he says, "and distinct was the impression which these *narrations* then made upon his mind, that their minutest incidents were indelibly fixed upon his memory." The good service which Dwight's Bible knowledge rendered him in expelling infidelity from Yale College, is familiar to all who are acquainted with his life and works.

This power of memory has not unfrequently been pressed into strange and singular service; and rulers have sometimes found it useful, both to increase the love, as well as to stifle the dislike, felt towards them by their subjects. Our own King Edward IV. may perhaps serve as an example of the latter of these two cases; so great was the fidelity of his memory, that it was no easy task to mention a single individual of any importance, even in the most distant counties of his kingdom, with whose history, character, and influence he was not accurately acquainted; thus, every design of rebellion, every project of revolt or of opposition to his government, was, in the words of an historian, "suppressed almost as soon as it was formed."

Although this may be far from a desirable use of a strong and tenacious memory, it certainly conveys to us a powerful picture of the immense advantages which might belong to such a faculty when rightly trained and rightly exercised.

(To be continued.)

Memorials of Illustrious Men.

GEORGE WITHER.

IN the year 1625 London was desolated by that terrible scourge, the Plague. Beneath the power of a frightful pestilence, human life was poured out like water; the strength of youth was impotent to resist it; the efficacy of drugs was unavailing to stay it, the rich man's coffers could not bribe it, and the most skilful physician's treatment was baffled by it. Terror, grief, and suffering reigned over the doomed city, and hundreds of thousands forsook their habitations and fled for their lives.

Few, indeed, were the brave spirits that ven-

tured to look at the calamity without quailing; yet there were some such, and among them George Wither, a man entitled, as a sacred poet, to a distinguished place among his contemporaries. This individual, designated by Baxter "honest George Wither," was then residing in London, and he determined voluntarily to remain there, for the express object of keeping alive in himself and others the memory of the awful judgment inflicted by the Divine hand on a guilty people. The results of his melancholy experience he afterwards embodied in a singular poem, entitled "Britain's Remembrancer."

The Plague first broke out in the house of a Frenchman "without the Bishop's Gate," and Wither describes with much animation the general consternation that ensued upon the dreadful discovery, and the multitude of remedies and preventives proposed. The streets were carefully cleansed, and all kinds of herbs and perfumes, or, in the absence of them, pitch, rosin, tar, &c., were burnt to purify the air. Soon sprang up a host of empirics; one offering as a certain remedy a noted perfume, another an antidote which had been applied with the greatest success at Constantinople when the pest raged there. Many were induced to wear round their necks amulets, made of arsenic, which they esteemed a sure protection.

Wither then lived by "Thames' fair bank," probably in the Savoy, and in his parish the mortality amounted to "nearly half-a-thousand" weekly. At first the disorder spread slowly, but soon it raged with terrible fury, in spite of all precautions and the Government instructions, which were as unavailing as all other measures. But the steps of the destroyer were wrapped in mystery, and none could tell whence it came, nor whither it went. Men looked with terror and dismay on each other; they were—

Fearful grown

To tarry or converse among their own;
Friends fled each other; kinsmen stood aloof;
The son to come beneath his father's roof
Presumed not; the mother was constrained
To let her child depart unentertained.

In the midst of the general confusion and flight, the Lord Mayor, regardless of the desertion of his brother magistrates, remained at his post, and nobly devoted himself to the heavy duties that devolved on him. On the 21st of June a general day for prayer and fasting was agreed to by the House of Commons (in times of trouble men betake themselves to their knees); and on the 11th of July Parliament adjourned from Westminster, and met at Oxford on the 1st of August. In the meantime our poet preserved his equanimity, and observed, with watchful eye, all that transpired. Often he walked about in the streets, where, at every turn, scenes and sounds of sorrow and distress presented themselves. He describes the deserted state of the great city as he beheld it in his walks: "much peopled Westminster" was almost entirely forsaken, and Whitehall, which, not three months before, had been the scene of festivity, and courtly merriment, and wild revelry, lay now silent and solitary. The Strand, at that time the residence of the most powerful and wealthy of the nobility, where Wither had often seen "well nigh a million passing in one day," had nearly become an unfrequented road. No smoke from the City houses told of hospitality and mirth; the Inns of Court were deserted; the "Royal Change," the great

mart for all nations, was avoided as "a place of certain danger;" and the Cathedral of St. Paul's, which was then the general resort of the idle and inquisitive, had "scarce a walker in its middle aisle." The mansions of the rich citizens looked uninhabited; no ladies in gay attire looked through the wickets—

The empty casements gaped wide for air.

A more perfect picture of sorrow and desolation than he has drawn, it would be difficult to conceive. Disease brought its companion, poverty; numbers of half-starved wretches wandered about in miserable destitution, and there was no help to meet their grievous necessities.

In a touching and impressive manner, the poet has described the wearisome hours of night during this awful time:—

So long the solitary nights did last,
That I had leisure my accounts to cast;
And think upon, and over-think those things
Which darkness, loneliness, and sorrow bring.
My chamber entertained me all alone,
And in the rooms adjoining lodged none.
Yet, through the darkness, silent night did fly,
Sometimes an uncouth noise, sometimes a cry,
And sometimes mournful callings pierced my room,
Which came I neither know from whence, nor whom.
And oft, betwixt awaking and asleep,
Their voices who did talk, or pray, or weep,
Unto my listening ears a passage found,
And troubled me by their uncertain sound.

Gladly the watcher beheld the sun appear, and with his bright beams dispel the gloomy shadows:—

That from my tumbled bed I might arise,
And with some lightness refresh my eyes;
Or with some good companions read or pray,
To pass the better my sad hours away.

When oppressed with the loneliness and mourning of the town, he occasionally wandered into the fields, where, however, the scenes were scarcely less painful. Sometimes a solitary wretch, plague-stricken, cowered beneath a hedge; sometimes a hasty messenger, dispatched in search of aid, with haggard looks passed by; and presently a groan of stifled agony told that some unhappy being had come there to die alone and unassisted.

It was natural the poet should contrast with these woeful sights and sounds the cheerfulness of past summers, when the dash of the oar kept time with the music upon the crowded river, and "Islington and Tottenham Court" were visited by pleasure-parties for their "cakes" and the "cream" of their rich dairies.

It was not until after many weeks had passed, during which Wither had gone out in the morning and returned in the evening in safety, that it pleased God to send "his dreadful messenger" to the poet's dwelling. The pestilence attacked its occupants with so much violence as quickly to destroy five, and leave another sick. Wither now began to feel the terrors of personal alarm. He grew weaker every day, but communicated his sufferings and apprehensions to none. After having passed a sleepless night, he arose one morning with the "round, ruddy spots," the fatal signs of infection, upon his breast and shoulders; but the mercy of the Almighty, in whom he had placed his trust, brought him out of this great danger.

At length the Plague, having attained its height, began to decline; the numbers of deaths dimin-

ished daily, and, before the winter was ended, the citizens had returned to their homes, and—

Another brood
Soon filled the houses which unpeopled stood.

In this pestilence John Fletcher, the dramatic poet, perished. He had been invited to accompany a gentleman "of Norfolk or Suffolk" into the country, and only remained in London while a suit of clothes was being made; but, before it was completed, he was seized by the dread malady and quickly died. Thus it was that "one was taken and another left." It is impossible to contemplate the conduct of Wither during this calamitous season of fear and suffering without a feeling of admiration and respect. Amidst all these perils the Christian poet dwelt serene and undisturbed; throughout the continuance of the Plague he never removed from the centre of infection "the distance of a mile." Yet, the arrow flew harmlessly past him by day, the terror did not strike him in the night; and when it was permitted, as it were, to set its dread mark upon him, he was preserved from destruction. He knew that an arm was around him which never wearied, and an eye watching over him which never slumbered nor slept, and his soul enjoyed the peace of assured confidence. Oh! the blessedness of the man whose trust the Lord is, who can say with David, "He is my refuge and fortress, my God, in him will I trust."

Great and many had been the vicissitudes of George Wither's life. His youthful days were spent in luxury. "Hounds, hawks, and horses" were at his command, and all that was pleasant was provided for him by friends "without his cost or labour." In the spring of 1603, at the age of sixteen, he was sent to Magdalen College, Oxford, and entered under John Warner, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, "a sound logician and a good and ripe scholar," whose kind affection as a tutor won the lad to the love of what he taught him. But all these fair prospects were speedily overcast, and he was compelled, by family reverses, to seek his fortune, and go "without a friend into the world alone."

His poetical genius early developed itself, and, had he lived in happier days, would have been the source only of happiness to himself and benefit to others; but, filled with virtuous indignation at the flagrant vices of the age, he scourged them with his pen, and by his freedom gave offence to those who wanted not the power to punish the man who had too faithfully portrayed their misdeeds. For this offence Wither was committed to the Marshalsea prison, where he suffered much, being, as he says, "many days compelled to feed on nothing but the coarsest bread, and sometimes locked up twenty-four hours together, without so much as a drop of water to cool his tongue," and falling sick, the help of a physician was denied him; so that "if God had not, by resolutions of the mind infused into him," enabled him to wrestle with these afflictions, he must have been overcome. "But of these usages," he adds, "I complain not; he that made me, made me strong enough to despise them." In this forlorn condition, Wither consoled his lonely hours by the composition of various poems, one of which, called "The Prisoner's Lay," is a beautiful and ingenious adaptation of Scripture to his own case. It was, indeed, good for him to suffer, if he could thus gather consolation in the midst

of sorrow, and surrender up his mind to holy meditations:—

By my late hopes that now are crossed,
Consider those that firmer be,
And make the freedom I have lost
A means that may remember thee:
Had Christ not thy Redeemer been,
What fearful state hadst thou been in!

Or when, through me, thou seest a man
Condemned unto a mortal death;
How sad he looks, how pale, how wan,
Drawing with fear his panting breath—
Think, if in that such grief thou see,
How sad will "Go, ye cursed" be!

Again, when he that feared to die
(Past hope) doth see his pardon brought,
Read but the joy that's in his eye,
And then convey it to thy thought:
Then think, between thy heart and thee,
How glad will "Come, ye blessed" be!

But the best fruits of those tedious and melancholy hours of our poet's imprisonment were his sacred songs, entitled "Songs and Hymns of the Church," many of which, he assures us, were composed at midnight, when his ignorant and malevolent traducers were asleep. They breathe an unaffected piety and plaintive harmony of expression, mingled with much tenderness and simplicity. Passages full of beautiful reliance upon the mercy and long-suffering of our heavenly Father abound in almost all his compositions; and the spirit of his supplication is so pure and beautiful, that we doubt not for an instant it found acceptance. Speaking of his own personal experience, he says:

One while my ways are pleasant unto me,
Another while as full of cares they be;
I doubt and hope, and hope and doubt again,
And many a change of feeling I sustain
In this my journey; so that now and then
I lost, perhaps, may seem to other men;
Yea, to myself awhile, when sins impure
Do my Redeemer's love from me obscure;
But whatace'er betide, I know full well
My Father, who above the clouds doth dwell,
An eye upon his wandering child doth cast,
And he will fetch me to my home at last.

And so, we doubt not, it was. Happy was it for Wither that he was able, in the cultivation of this gift of sacred poesy, to find solace amid all the trials of his long and agitated life.

For nearly half a century he was "a watchman for the nation," unceasingly warning it of its crimes and vices. Through the dangers of the pestilence, and all the changes of Government (for he lived, he tells us, under eleven different Governments: Elizabeth, James, Charles I., the King and Parliament together, the Parliament alone, the Army, Cromwell, Richard Cromwell, a Council of State, the Parliament again, and Charles II.) he pursued the same course. Often did the storm of adversity beat upon his spirit, but never subdued it: he continued unchanged—at one time threatened with "loss of limb and tortures," at another glad to escape from his enemies with "life and raiment." He was imprisoned in the Marshalsea, Newgate, and the Tower, frequently without any means of procuring the commonest necessities. Yet, if he sometimes murmured, he did not faint. In the midst of all he derived peace and consolation from a sincere reliance on the mercy of Heaven, often exclaiming that he was "excellently sad," and that God infused such happiness into his heart that grief

became to him "comfort's mother;" so that, under one of his heaviest calamities, he could exclaim—

But, Lord, though in the dark
And in contempt thy servant lies,
On me there falls a spark
Of loving-kindness from thine eyes.

In this joyful confidence of faith he held on his way, even to the end; and his aged hand continued, almost to the last hour of existence, to labour in that cause to which he gloried that he had devoted the morning of his days. He expired on the 2nd of May, 1667, at the age of seventy-nine.

Perhaps the best production of Wither's muse was his spirited paraphrase of the 148th Psalm, that Divine song of sacred praise to the God and Father of righteous men in all ages. The last two verses are as follows:—

From the earth's vast hollow womb,
Music's deepest bass shall come,
Seas and floods, from shore to shore
Shall the counter-tenor roar
To this concert; when we sing,
Whistling winds, your descent bring:
Which may bear the sound above;
And so climb from sphere to sphere,
Till our song th' Almighty hear.

So shall He, from heaven's high tower,
On the earth his blessings shower;
All this huge, wide orb we see
Shall one quire, one temple be.
There our voices we will rear
Till we fill it everywhere;
And enforce the fends that dwell
In the air to sink to hell.
Then, oh, come! with sacred lays,
Let us sound th' Almighty's praise.

Biblical Expositions.

A FEW NOTES ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW—(continued).

Verse 22.

"Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet."

The events were not accomplished that the prophecy might be fulfilled; but the prophecy was uttered because the events would be fulfilled. Whatever were the causes that contributed to bring about the events designated as "all this," they might all be summed up in the fulfilments of the Divine purpose, of which the prophecy was a declaration.

The expression, "that it might be fulfilled," occurs in various places, and sometimes when the event spoken of can scarcely be regarded as a fulfilment of the words spoken. This will be understood if we examine the manner in which God is pleased to fulfil his great predictions. To many prophecies there is a threefold fulfilment: first, the historical; secondly, the spiritual fulfilment; and, thirdly, the final fulfilment. Of this triple accomplishment, the second Psalm furnishes an example; the first fulfilment being in the reign of David; the second at the time of our Lord's advent; and the final accomplishment, we believe, will be at Christ's second coming; and as these predictions pass from prophecy into history by their minor fulfilments, they become, to a certain extent, emblematical of the great and final accomplishment of the prophecy. These

preliminary events which come to pass are termed by divines an inchoate fulfilment; and it is probable that this view of the fulfilment of prophecy may explain the words of our Lord, when he says that of those with whom he conversed some should not taste of death until they had seen Christ coming in his kingdom. The first fulfilment was eight days after, at the transfiguration on Mount Tabor; the second, at the destruction of Jerusalem. The first may be viewed as emblematical of Christ's coming in glory with his attendant angels; the second was an emblem of Christ coming in judgment to destroy those who would not have this King to reign over them; and the two minor fulfilments united shadow forth the great day of decision, when shall take place the glorification of the redeemed, and the destruction of the ungodly. In the sense of a minor or inchoate fulfilment, we must sometimes understand the expression, "that it might be fulfilled."

The prophet referred to in ver. 22 is Isaiah; the immediate and literal fulfilment seems to be related in Isa. viii. 1—4. To comfort Ahaz, king of Judah, in his distress at the invasion of his kingdom by the Syrians, the Lord sent the prophet to him to foretell the future Saviour.

Verse 23.

"Shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us."

Does the ordinary mode of explanation do justice to this portion of Scripture? We think that it falls short of its meaning, and that many cherish, if not erroneous, at least defective, views respecting the appellations by which the Saviour is described. St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Philippians, when speaking of Christ and his mediatorial office, says, "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow." To the inquiry, What is this pre-eminent name? the customary reply is, Jesus; but this cannot be a correct reply, for the name of Jesus is equivalent to Joshua in the Hebrew tongue, and, therefore, was an ordinary name among the Jews. The name of Jesus was one that was conferred upon Christ at his birth, whereas the pre-eminent name was given as the result of the sacrifice by Christ in his work of atonement. Moreover, the Apostle does not say that at the name Jesus every knee should bow, but at some other name by which Jesus shall be called; and we believe that the prophet Jeremiah, in chap. xxiii. 5, solves the difficulty, and enables us scripturally to expound the Apostle's words: "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and a King shall reign and prosper. In his days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely; and this is his name whereby he shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness." St. Paul, receiving this as a Divine promise, says, "Every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord"—that is, Jehovah—"to the glory of God the Father." When the Son of God shall take unto himself the glory which he laid aside at his incarnation, then shall he also take to himself the name that is above every name; that is, the incommunicable name—the shuddering name, as the Jews express it—JEHOVAH, who was, and is, and is to come—the self-existing God; and this

self-existing and glorious Being will be "the Lord our Righteousness," to all them that believe.

As the words of the Apostle have been, we think, too often misunderstood, and thereby a portion of the glory due to Christ has been obscured, so also a portion of the exalted privileges of the Church of Christ has been unseen. In like manner, the angel's announcement contains a fuller meaning than that which is generally assigned to it. When we speak of Christ dwelling among the sons of men, and of his name denoting a Divine Saviour, what new idea is imparted by saying that his name shall be "Emmanuel," or "God with us?" How often is the Saviour styled Emmanuel? Are there not thousands of Christian people who never give this title to Christ, neither when speaking of him nor when in prayer speaking to him? By the term "God with us," we must understand God in some way visibly manifest; if it denote only God's invisible presence, it denotes that which has existed through all time; therefore, the words impart no new idea, they give no fresh views of God's goodness, and confer no new blessing upon the Church of Christ. Our Lord is not visibly amongst us, for he assured his disciples that he must be absent for a season, but that he would send to them the Comforter, to abide with them continually, and that hereafter he would come again and receive them unto himself, that they might be where he was and behold his glory. Consequently, we are of opinion that the two names of Christ, Jesus and Emmanuel, refer to different periods in the history of the Church of Christ. In the Church militant here on earth, he is Jesus, to save; in the Church triumphant hereafter, he will be "Emmanuel," or "God with us;" when the Church redeemed with his blood and without spot, invested in his righteousness, shall be ushered into his kingdom, and he shall reign before his saints gloriously as "King of the Jews, King of the Gentiles, King of kings, and Lord of lords." Therefore, as Bishop Pearson expresses it, "The angelical 'God the Saviour' is, in the highest propriety, the prophetic 'God with us.'"

(To be continued.)

JOURNEYING.

"COMPANION, the night is advancing,
And darkness rolls up on the day,
And I hear, through the mist and the gloaming,
A river that crosses our way."
"Friend, when first we set out in the dawning,
In the grey light, so cold and so dim,
Placed He not, in the far sky above us,
A star that might lead us to Him?"
"In the blaze and scorch of the noontide,
With the desert on either hand,
Found we not in the drought the shadow
Of a rock in the weary land?"
"And now, while the daylight is waning,
And, trembling, we enter the night,
Shall not we, His redeemed, in the darkness
See light in His glorious light?"
"Beyond, I know that the river
Is deep, and the day grows dim,
But the anguish, and pain, and darkness,
Shall lead us at last to Him."
"I know how strong is the current,
As it rushes by rock and bend;
But 'Behold, I am with you always—
Always, unto the end.'"

THE WORLD OF SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR,

AUTHOR OF "ERIC; OR, LITTLE BY LITTLE."

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

NEW BOYS.

Parolles.—I find my tongue is too fool-hardy.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, Act iv., sc. 1.

THE Famulus—"familiar"—as the boys called him, directed Walter across the court to the rooms of the housekeeper, who informed him about the places where his clothes and his play-boxes would be kept, and the dormitory where he was to sleep. She also gave him the key of a desk in the great school-room, in which he might, if he chose, keep his portable property. She moreover announced, with some significance, that she should be glad to do anything for him which lay in her humble power, and that the day after to-morrow was her birthday. Walter was a little puzzled as to the relevancy of the latter piece of information. He learnt it at a subsequent period, when he also discovered that Mrs. Higgins found it to her interest to have periodical birthdays, recurring two or three times at least every half year. The years which must have passed over that good lady's head during Walter's stay at St. Winifred's—the premature rapidity with which old age must have subsequently overtaken her, and the vigour which she displayed at so advanced a period of life—were something quite extraordinary of their kind.

Towards the great school-room Walter accordingly directed his steps. The key turned out to be quite superfluous, for the hasp of the lock had been broken by Walter's predecessor, who had also left the trace of his name, his likeness, and many interesting though inexplicable designs and hieroglyphics, executed with a red-hot poker, on the lid. The same gentleman, to judge by appearances, must have had a curious entomological collection of spiders and earwigs under his protection, and had bequeathed to Walter a highly miscellaneous legacy of rubbish. Walter contemplated his bequest with some dismay, and began busily to dust the interior of the desk, and make it as fit a receptacle as he could for his writing materials and other personal possessions.

While thus engaged, he could not help being secretly tickled by the proceedings of a group of boys standing round the large unlighted stove, and amusing themselves, harmlessly for the most part, with the inexperience and idiosyncrasies of various new comers. After tiring themselves with the freaks of a mad Irish boy who had entered into the spirit of his own cross-examination with a high sense of buffoonery which refused to grow ill-tempered, they were now playing on the extreme gullibility of a heavy, open-mouthed, bullet-headed fellow, named Plumber, from whom the most astounding information could extract no greater evidence of sensation than a little wider stare of the eyes, and an unexcited drawl of "Really though?" One of the group, named Henderson, a merry-looking boy with a ceaseless pleasant twinkle of the eyes, had been taxing his own invention to the uttermost without in the least exciting Plumber's credulity.

"You saw the fellow who let you in at the school gates, Plumber?" said Henderson.

"Yes; I saw some one or other."

"But did you notice him particularly?"

"No; I didn't notice him."

"Well, you should have done. That man's called 'The Familiar.' Ask any one if he isn't? But do you know why?"

"No," said Plumber.

"It's because he's got a familiar spirit which waits on him," said Henderson, mysteriously.

"Really though?" said Plumber, and this time he looked so frightened that it was impossible for the rest to avoid bursting into a fit of laughter, during which Plumber, vaguely comprehending that he was considered a very good joke, retired with discomfiture.

"You fools!" said Henderson; "if you'd only given me a little more time, I'd have made him believe that Lane had a tail, and wore his gown to conceal it, except when he used it to flog with; and that before being entered he would have to sing a song standing on his head. You've quite spoilt my game by bursting out laughing."

"There's another new fellow," said Kenrick, one of the group. "Come here, you new fellow," called two or three of them.

Walter looked up, thinking that he was addressed, but found that the summons was meant for a boy, rather good-looking but very slender, whose self-important attitude and supercilious look betrayed no slight amount of vanity, and who, to the apparent astonishment of the rest, was surveying the room and its appurtenances with a look of great affectation and disdain.

"So you don't much seem to like the look of St. Winifred's," said Kenrick to him, as the boy walked up with a delicate air.

"Not much," lisped the new boy; "everything looks so very common."

"Uncommonly common; common to the last degree!" said Henderson, imitating his manner.

"And is this the only place you have to sit in?"

"Oh, by no means," said Henderson; "each of us has a private apartment furnished in crimson and gold, according to the simple yet elegant taste of the owner. Our meals are there served to us by kneeling domestics on little dishes of silver."

"I suppose you intend that for wit," said the new boy, languidly.

"Yes; to do you, to wit," answered Henderson; "but seriously though, that would be a great deal more like what you have been accustomed to; wouldn't it, my friend?"

"Very much more," said the boy.

"And would you politely favour this company," said Henderson, with obsequious courtesy, "by revealing to us your name?"

"My name is Howard Tracy."

"Oh, indeed!" said Henderson, with an air of great satisfaction, and making a low bow.

"I am called Howard Tracy because I am descended lineally from both those noble families."

"My goodness! are you really?" said Henderson, clasping his hand in mock transport. "My dear sir, you are an honour to your race and country! you are an honour to this school. We are proud to be associated with such a distinguished aristocrat!"

"Perhaps you may not know that my uncle is the Viscount St. George," said Tracy, patronisingly.

"Is he, though, by George!" said Henderson, yawning. "Is he that St. George who

'Swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door!'"

But finding that the boy's vanity was too obtuse to be amusing any longer, he was about to leave him to the rest, when Jones caught sight of Walter, and called out—

"Halloa, here's a new fellow grinning at the follies of his kind. Come here, you dark-haired chap. What's your name?"

"Evson," said Walter, quietly approaching them.

Before getting any fun out of him, it was necessary to see what kind of boy he was; and as Jones hardly knew what line to take, he began on the commonest and most vulgar tack of catechising him about his family and relations.

"What's your father?"

"My father is a gentleman," said Walter, rather surprised at the rudeness of the question.

"And where do you live?"

"At Semlyn."

"And how old are you?"

"Just thirteen."

"And how many sisters have you?"

Walter rather thought of asking, "What's that to you?" but as he saw no particular harm in answering the question, and did not want to seem too stiff-backed, he answered—"Three."

"And are they very beautiful?"

"I don't know; I never asked them. Are yours?"

This last question was so perfectly quiet and unexpected, and Jones was so evidently discomfited by it, that the rest burst into a roar of laughter, and Henderson said, "You've caught a tartar, Jones. You can't drop salt on this bird's tail. You had better return to Plumber, or St. George and the dragon. Here, my noble viscount, what do you think of your coeval? Is he as common as the rest of us?"

"I don't think anything about him, if you mean me by viscount," said Tracy, peevishly, beginning at last to understand that they had been making a fool of him.

"Quite right, St. George; he's beneath your notice."

Tracy ran his hand through his scented hair, as if he rather implied that he was; and being mortified at the contrast between his own credulous vanity and Walter's manly simplicity, and anxious, if possible, to regain his position, he said angrily to Walter, "What are you looking at me for?"

Not wishing to be rude, Walter turned away, while some one observed, "A cat may look at a king."

"Ay, a cat at a king, I grant you," answered Henderson; "but not a mere son of Eve at any Howard Tracy."

"You are laughing at me," said Tracy to Walter again, in a still angrier tone, seeing Walter smile at Henderson's remark.

"I've not the slightest wish to laugh at you," said Walter.

"Yes, he has. Shy this at him," said Jones, putting a great bit of orange peel into Tracy's hand.

Tracy threw it at Walter, and he without hesitation picked it up and flung it back in Tracy's face.

"A fight! a fight!" shouted the mischief-making group, as Tracy made a blind blow at Walter, which his antagonist easily parried.

"Make him fight you. Challenge him," said Jones. "Invite him to the milling-ground behind the chapel after first school to-morrow morning."

"Pistols for two, coffee for four, at eight to-morrow," said Henderson. "Trample on the dragon's tail, some one, and rouse him to the occasion. What! he won't come to the scratch? Alack! alack!

'What can ennoble fools or cowards?

Not all the blood of all the Tracys, Dragons, and Howards!'"

he continued, mischievously, as he saw that Tracy, on taking note of Walter's compact figure, showed signs of declining the combat.

"Hush, Henderson," said Kenrick, one of the group who had taken no part in the talk; "it's a shame to set two new fellows fighting their first evening."

But Henderson's last remark had been too much for Tracy. "Will you fight?" he said, walking up to Walter with reddening cheeks; for Tracy had been to school before, and was no novice in the ways of boys.

"Certainly not," said Walter, coolly, to everybody's great surprise.

"What! the other chap showing the white feather, too! All the new fellows are cowards, it seems, this time," said Jones. "This'll never do. Pitch into him, Tracy."

"Stop," said Kenrick; "let's hear first why he won't fight."

"Because I see no occasion to," said Walter; "and because, in the second place, I never could fight in cold blood; and because, in the third place—"

"Well, what in the third place?" said Kenrick, interested to observe Walter's hesitation.

"In the third place," said Walter, "I don't say it from conceit, but that boy's no match for me."

To any one who glanced at the figures of the two boys this was obvious enough, although Walter was a year the younger of the two. The rest began to respect Walter accordingly as a sensible little man, but Tracy was greatly offended by the last remark, and Jones, who was a bully and had a grudge against Walter for baffling his impertinence, exclaimed, "Don't you be afraid, Tracy. I'll back you. Give him something to heat his cold blood."

Fired at once by taunts and encouragements, Tracy did as he was bid, and struck Walter on the face. The boy started angrily, and at first seemed as if he meant to return the blow with compound interest; but suddenly changing his intention, he seized Tracy round the waist, and in spite of all kicking and struggling, fairly carried the humiliated descendant of the Howards and Tracys to a far corner of the room, where, amid a shout of laughter, he deposited him, with the laconic suggestion, "Don't you be a fool."

Walter's blood was now up, and thinking that he might as well show, from the very first, that he was not to be bullied, or made a butt with impunity, he walked straight to the stove, and looking full at Jones (who had inspired him already with strong disgust), he said, "You called me a coward

just now; I'm not a coward, though I don't like fighting for nothing. I'm not a bit afraid of you, though you forced that fellow to hit me just now."

"Aren't you, saucy young cub? Then take that," said Jones, enforcing the remark with a box on the ear.

"And you take that," said Walter, returning the compliment with as much energy as if he had been playing at the game of "Pass it on."

Jones, astonished beyond measure, sprang forward, clenched his two fists, squared, and blustered with great demonstrativeness. He was much Walter's senior, and was utterly taken by surprise at his audacity, but he seemed in no hurry to avenge the insult.

"Well," said Walter, heaving with indignation, "why don't you hit me again?"

Jones looked at his firm and determined little assailant with some alarm, slowly tucked up the sleeves of his coat, turned white and red, and—didn't return the blow. The ten-bell beginning to ring at that moment gave him a convenient excuse for breaking off the altercation. He told his friends that he was on the point of thrashing Walter when the bell rang, but that he thought it a shame to fight a new fellow; "and in cold blood, too," he added, adopting Walter's language, but not his sincerity.

"Don't call me a coward again, then," said Walter to him as he turned away.

"I say, Evson, you're a regular brick—a regular stunner!" said young Kenrick, delighted, as he showed Walter the way to the hall where the boys had tea. "That fellow Jones is no end of a bully, and he won't be quite so big in future. You've taken him down a great many pegs."

"I say, Kenrick," shouted Henderson after them, "I'll bet you five to one I know what you're saying to the new fellow."

"I bet you don't," said Kenrick, laughing.

"You're saying—it's a quotation, you know, but never mind—you're saying to him, 'A sudden thought strikes me; let's swear an eternal friendship.'"

"Then you're quite out," answered Kenrick.

"I was saying, Come and sit next me at tea."

"And go shares in jam," added Henderson; "exactly what I said, only in other words."

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

FRIENDS AND FOES.

"He who hath a thousand friends hath not one friend to spare,
And he who hath one enemy shall meet him everywhere."

ALREADY Walter had got some one to talk to, some one he knew; for in spite of Kenrick's repudiation of Henderson's jest, he felt already that he had discovered a boy with whom he should soon be friends. It doesn't matter how he had discovered it; it was by animal magnetism; it was by some look in Kenrick's eyes; it was his light-heartedness; it was by the mingled fire and refinement of his face, which spoke of a wilful and impetuous, yet also of a generous and noble nature. Already he felt a sense of ease and pleasure in the certainty that Kenrick—evidently no cypher among his school-fellows—was inclined to like him, and to show him the ways of the school.

They went into a large hall, where the four hundred had their meals. They sat at a number

of tables arranged breadthwise across the hall; twenty or thirty sat at each table, and either a master or a monitor (as the sixteen upper boys were called) took his place at the head of it.

"Now, mind you don't begin to smoke," said Henderson, as Walter went in, and found most of the boys already seated.

"Smoke?" said Walter, taking it for a bit of good advice; "do fellows smoke in hall? I never have smoked."

"Why, you're smoking now," said Henderson, as Walter, entering among the crowd of strange faces and meeting so many pairs of eyes, began to blush a little.

"Don't tease him, Flip," said Kenrick; "smoking is the name fellows give to blushing, Evson; and if they see you given to blushing, they'll stare at you for the fun of seeing the colour mount up in your cheeks."

Accordingly, as he sat down, he saw that numerous eyes were turned upon him and upon Tracy, who happened to sit at the same table. Tracy, unaccustomed to such very narrow scrutiny, blushed all over; and as he in vain looked up and down, this way and that, his cheeks grew hotter and hotter, and he moved about in the most uneasy way, to the great amusement of his many tormentors, until at last his eyes subsided finally into his tea-cup, from which he did not again venture to raise them until tea was over. But Walter was at once up to the trick, and felt thoroughly obliged to Henderson and Kenrick for telling him of it. So he waited till he saw that a good dozen fellows were all intently staring at him; and then looking up very simply and naturally, he met the gaze of two or three of them steadily in succession, and stared them out of countenance with a quiet smile. This turned the laugh against them; and he heard the remark, that he was "up to snuff, and no mistake." No one ever tried to make Walter smoke again, but for some time it used to be a regular joke to pass round word at tea-time, "Let's make Tracy smoke;" and as Tracy always *did* smoke till he got thoroughly used to it, he was generally glad when tea-time was over.

In spite of Henderson, who poked fun at them all tea-time (till he saw that he really embarrassed them, and then he desisted), Kenrick sat by Walter, and took him more or less under his protection; for an "old boy" can always patronise a new comer at first, even if they are of the same age.

From Kenrick Walter learnt, rather to his dismay, that he really would have no place to sit in except the big schoolroom, which he would share with some fifty others, and that he would be placed in a dormitory with at least five or six besides himself.

"Have you been examined yet?" asked Kenrick.

"No; but Dr. Lane asked me what books I had read; and he told me that I was to go and take my chance in Mr. Paton's form. What form is that?"

"It's what we call the Virgil form. Have you ever read Virgil?"

"No; at least only a few easy bits."

"I wish you joy, then."

"Why? what sort of a fellow is Mr. Paton?"

"Mr. Paton?" said Henderson, "he's not a man at all, he's a machine; he's the wheel of a mill; he's a cast-iron automaton; he's—well, you'll soon find out what Paton's like; anything but 'a patten of bright gold,' at any rate."

"Oh! oh! turn him out for his bad pun," said Kenrick, hitting him with a pellet of bread; for which offence he immediately received "fifty lines" from the master at the other end of the table.

"Don't abuse Paton," said a boy named Daubeny, which name Henderson had long ago contracted into Dubbs; "I always have found him a capital master to be under, and really very kind."

"Oh, you; yes," answered Henderson; "if we were all gifted with your mouse-like stillness in school, my dear old Dubbs—"

"And your metallic capacity of grind, my dear old Dubbs," added Kenrick.

"And your ostrich-like digestion of crumbed rules, my dear old Dubbs; why, then," said Henderson, "we should all be boys after Paton's heart."

"Or Paton's pattern," suggested Kenrick; so it was now Henderson's turn to shudder at a miserable attempt at a pun, and return Kenrick's missile, whereupon he got a *hundred* lines, which made him pull a very long face.

"Who's to be your tutor, Evson?" he asked, after this interlude.

"I suppose you're going to pick him to pieces, now," said Daubeny, smiling; "don't you believe half they say of him, Evson."

"Depends on who he is, oh, virtuous Dubbs!" said Henderson; "his end shall be 'pieces,' as Punch says, if he deserves it."

"He told me I was to be Mr. Robertson's pupil," said Walter.

"Hum-m!" observed Kenrick.

"Why, what sort of person is he?"

"Some of his pups detest him, others adore him."

"Why?"

"Oh, if you're sharp, and successful, and polite, and gentlemanly, and jolly, and all that sort of thing, he'll like you very much, and be exceedingly kind to you; but if you are lazy, or mischievous, or stupid, or at all a pickle, he'll ignore you, snub you, won't speak to you. I wish you'd been in the same pupil-room with me."

"Who's your tutor, then?"

"Percival; there, the master who is chatting and laughing with those monitors. He's a regular brick," said Kenrick. "Halloa! tea's over."

"And you've been chattering so much that the new fellow's had none," said Henderson, as a bell rang and one of the monitors read a short Latin grace.

The boys streamed out, and Kenrick helped his new friend to unpack his books and other treasures, and put them in his desk, for which they ordered a new lock. The rest of the evening was occupied with "Evening Work," a time during which all the boys below a certain form sat in the schoolroom, and prepared their lessons for the next day, while a master occupied the desk to superintend and keep order. As other boys who were in the same form with himself were doing no work, Walter did not suppose that any work would be expected of him the next morning, and he therefore occupied his time in writing a long letter home. When this was over he began talking to Henderson, of whom he had a thousand questions to ask, and whose chief amusement seemed to consist in chaffing everybody, and whom, nevertheless, everybody seemed to regard as a friend. At nine a bell rang, the whole school went to chapel, where a short evening service was held, and then all but the higher forms, and the

boys who had separate rooms, went to bed. As Walter lay down to sleep, he felt at least a century older than he had done that morning. Everything was marvellously new to him, but on the whole he was inclined to take a bright view of things. Two of the things which had happened to him gave him special delight; the sight of the sea, and the happy dawn—for as such he regarded it—of a genuine, hearty, boyish friendship, both with Henderson and Kenrick. When the gas was turned off, tired out with his journey and his excitement, he quickly fell asleep.

And, falling asleep, he at once passed into the land of dreams. He was out on the sea with Kenrick and Henderson in a row-boat, and all three of them were fishing. First there was a pull at Henderson's line, and, tugging it up, he caught—not a fish, but Jones, who, after a few flounderings, lay down in the fish-basket. As this did not in the least surprise any of them, and excited no remark whatever, they set to work again, and Kenrick had a bite this time, which proved to be Howard Tracy, whom they laid quietly in the bottom of the boat, Jones assisting. The third time Walter himself had a tug, and was in the act of hauling up Dubbs, when he became conscious that the boat was rocking very violently, and he felt rather surprised that he was not sea-sick. This seemed to give a new current to his thoughts, for all of a sudden he was out riding with some one, and his horse began to rear in the most uncomfortable manner, right on his hind legs. He kept his seat manfully; but no! that last rear was too much, and, suddenly waking, he was at once aware that his bed was rising and falling in a series of heavy shakes and bumps, whereby he was nearly flung off the mattress. He instantly guessed the cause, for, indeed, Kenrick had given him a hint of such a possibility. He knew that some one, wishing to frighten him, had got under the bed, and was heaving it up and down with his back. All that he had noticed when he undressed was, that there were several big fellows in the dormitory, and he knew that the room had rather a bad reputation for disorder and bullying.

Being a strong little fellow, brave as a lion, and very active, Walter was afraid of no one, so, springing up during a momentary cessation of the mysterious upheavals, he instantly made a dash under the bed, and seized some one by the leg. The leg kicked violently, and as a leg is a particularly strong limb, it succeeded in disengaging itself from Walter's hands—not, however, till it had left a slipper as a trophy; and with this slipper Walter pursued a dim white figure, which he could just see scuttling away through the darkness to the other side of the room. This figure he overtook just in time to give it some resounding smacks with the sole of the slipper; when the figure clutched a counterpane off the nearest bed, flung it over Walter, and made good an escape, while Walter was entangled in the voluminous folds. Walter, however, still kept possession of the slipper, and was determined next morning to discover the owner. He knew that it was probably some bigger fellow, who had been playing this game, and his common sense told him that it was best to take it good-humouredly as a joke, and yet, at the same time, to make it as little pleasant as possible for the perpetrator, even if he got

thrashed himself. A bully, or a joker of practical jokes, is not likely to do things which cause himself a certain amount of discomfort, even if he succeeds in causing a still greater amount to some one else.

(To be continued.)

Department for Young People.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

As soon as Edward joined his father next morning, he asked him what it was he had promised to tell him.

"I was going to remind you," said his father, "of that dreadful accident at the Hartley Colliery, two years ago. You can remember that, can you not?"

"Yes, papa. I remember hearing you read an account of it from the newspaper."

"Well now, what was the cause of the death of all those poor fellows? They were not crushed by falling rocks or stones, but the impure air they drew into their lungs was such that it destroyed life."

"Just as the want of air in the diving-bell did," said Edward.

"Precisely so. And do you not see, Edward, how these truths, derived from natural science, may be applied? Even as the life of the body is destroyed by impure air, or by the want of air, so is the life of the soul ruined by sin, or starved by the want of the consolations of religion."

Edward seemed struck by the analogy, and remained silent and attentive, while his father showed him some experiments connected with what they had been talking about.

"Now, about the rain and dew," said Edward, as his father, having put away his apparatus, placed himself once more in his easy-chair.

"I had not forgotten our order of arrangement," said his father, kindly smiling, "and much pleasure it affords me to instruct so willing a boy as you are."

"It is a singular thing that we can weigh that which we cannot see; a fact which, you must remember, Edward, has been proved to be strictly true of the atmosphere. For it is known that upon the body of a full-grown man, its pressure is equal to thirty thousand pounds. You will ask me then how he is able to bear such a weight."

"I remember," exclaimed the boy. "It is, papa, because this great weight presses *equally on every side*."

"Yes; and we have a resistance within ourselves, of which we are not conscious, which opposes the force exercised upon us with an equal force."

"But this fine and impalpable vapour is the cause of what I was speaking about, the rain and dew, so that you will not be surprised at its weight."

"How is that, papa?"

"I think you will best understand by an illustration. Have you ever noticed the steam from a railway engine?"

"Yes, papa," said the boy, "I can hardly see it when it first comes out, but soon it turns into great white clouds."

"Just so," rejoined his father; "the water is at first an invisible vapour, but when it meets the cold air it turns again into water, in minute drops, which cause the appearance you see. Thus, all the vapour in a current of air, when it meets a colder stream, is condensed, and becomes mist or rain."

"Oh! thank you, papa. That is very plain, and I shall never forget it." And now, what makes those rain-drops become so hard as to be hail-stones?"

"The air, you know, is, from various causes, ever in a state of movement," replied his father, "and those little frozen globules were formed at a very great height in the atmosphere before they descended to us. For example: if rain traverses a very cold stratum of air, it is sure to form into hail. And this is why we have sometimes hail at all seasons, as it depends upon the operation of cold in the higher regions of the atmosphere, and it is therefore in no way remarkable even if it should fall in summer—as it sometimes does."

"What causes the rain, papa, to come to us in little drops?" said Edward. "I have often wondered what formed them and the hail-stones like little round balls?"

"To explain this," said Mr. Russell, "you must remember what I said just now, that an equal pressure takes place on every side of the little drop of water or ice, so that in its fall it becomes round. It is by taking advantage of this principle that shot is made; for melted lead is let fall through a large sieve, placed at the top of a very tall tower; in its fall it becomes round, and continues so by being suddenly cooled in a tank of water below."

"Why, then, papa, is snow never seen in summer as well as hail?"

"Snow consists of the finer particles of vapour, and never appears until after a period of intense cold, when the atmosphere, during winter, freezes the vapour into star-like forms, with wonderful regularity, just like crystals," returned Mr. Russell. "But I am sorry to be obliged to go earlier than usual to-day, Edward. On some future occasion I will talk to you again."

Progress of the Truth.

SOME interesting particulars of the work in Italy have been received from the "Nice Foreigners' Evangelisation Society." The struggle between the government of the king and that of the Pope on the question of the temporal power, and the divisions to which it has given rise among the Romish clergy themselves, are paving the way for a reform of the Romish Church, which, it is believed, cannot be far distant. Whether this reform will be more or less of an external character, must depend upon the extent to which the minds of the people shall have been brought under the influence of the Gospel. The report says:—

In the midst of this contention among the great ones, there is a spiritual work steadily progressing among the people, in forwarding which this committee rejoices to take an active part. The growing infidelity of the country

urgently demands our efforts to make known the vital truths of the Gospel; and the unsettled state of the Roman Catholic Church and the Government, during their conflict with each other, affords a favourable opportunity. Time must not be lost, for if a reconciliation should take place between the King and the Pope, laws would probably be passed to diminish the free action of Protestants.

The progress of the Gospel in the two last years in Northern and Central Italy is very considerable—in no place more so than in the capital of Lombardy. Already the committee have, with much thankfulness, recorded the blessing of God on the labours of their evangelists, and they are happy to add that the last letters they have received are most gratifying. In Milan, where both their evangelists are supported by the Evangelical Continental Society, there was only one small place of meeting two years ago; there are now two, both of them commodious, and a third will be opened at the end of the present month, and a third evangelist employed to assist those whose labours have increased by being so blessed. The estimated number of hearers, besides those of the Waldenses and Wesleyans, is 1,300, and the communicants exceed 500. Meetings are held for the study of the Scriptures with the communicants, by which they become established in the great truths of the Gospel. In Bologna also, considerable progress has been made during the past year.

The report contains a very interesting narrative of the struggles of an earnest, simple-hearted evangelist, supported by the Evangelical Continental Society, who was sent two years ago to do the work of a pioneer in the Marches:—

This part of Italy having been for ages strictly under the government of the Pope, the state of it cannot be surpassed in any other country for ignorance, bigotry, or stolid indifference. English Christians can hardly be brought to realise the obstacles to be surmounted by those who first carry the Gospel into regions where Papal darkness has long reigned. It is hoped that while the progress in Milan and Bologna call forth praises to God, the following statements will lead many to pray earnestly that the faith and courage of the evangelist may be sustained, and the Spirit of God be given with great power to enlighten and convert those who hear him.

The evangelist made attempts in Sinigaglia, Fano, Pesaro, and Rimini—towns near the eastern coast along the line of railway which descends from Bologna to Ancona. In the first he does not appear to have had success; in the second he got a few to listen in inns, shops, and in a room in which he held meetings. The persecution was active, and at last he was driven out. In Pesaro and Rimini, though much persecuted in the former, he has been favoured with more success.

The following are extracts from his letters:—

Pesaro, 5th May.—On Sunday morning I set off from Fano to Pesaro to hold the meeting. Before I arrived the delegate had sent a brigadier for me, and had been told that I was at Fano; the brigadier was charged to find some others of the brethren, and Pettinari and Antonari had to appear. The delegate called them Protestants and Lutherans. They said they were neither, and that they knew nothing else than Christ crucified and his Gospel; and that they could not understand why they should be thus treated by him. He then asked them in a playful manner who had seduced them. "No one," they said; "it is our own choice." Pettinari added, "It is ten years since I became desirous of knowing the Gospel, and now that God has given me grace to know it, do you want to prohibit it?" "No," replied the delegate, "but I should like to know who has seduced you and also whether any boys go with you." He replied, "The Gospel is for all; I take my child." "You are doing a pretty thing, indeed!" he replied. "We have plenty of good religious books, you can use them." "No; it is our duty to teach nothing but the Gospel of Jesus."

Certainly the contempt which is openly cast upon us is great, and the weak ones are discouraged; but, thanks be to God, there are some strong enough to give a reason of the faith and hope which they have in Jesus. In the evening the brigadier came to the meeting, when the subject of

my exposition was, "the thieves on the cross." At the end he said, "I have been much pleased, and I hope you will receive me among you when I am out of the service, for this is truly interesting for the soul." The evangelist concludes his letter thus: "May God increase our faith, so that we may have patience and Divine wisdom in the midst of this unhappy city."

"At Fano I took to speaking the Gospel in the inns and cafes all day long."

On the 9th June, he writes that he has been holding some good meetings at Rimini. The meeting at Fano has been held two or three times a week since it commenced, but the persecution caused by the priests is great. B., whose brother, a banker at Rome, allowed him 100 francs a month, now writes that he cannot send him more, as he has become a Protestant. He is ready to lose all, rather than draw back.

On the 13th July he writes from Pesaro: "I have this day returned from Fano. It is impossible for me to hide from you the trials I am passing through, but your letter has consoled me; it is an excellent balm. I am often cast down, but not destroyed. I will give you some idea of Fano:—On the 21st of June, a crucifix was set up, and a pulpit, from which four discourses were preached against me and all heresy; on the 23rd, a letter was sent me, full of menaces. On the 28th, when I had returned home, there was a popular demonstration, with cries of 'Death to the heretic!' and 'Put the Protestant who denies the faith out of the city.' The authorities of Fano all co-operated against me; twice in the day I was obliged to go to them. The priests are all preaching like so many emissaries of Satan. On Sunday, the 5th July, I had the room full of auditors. On Monday, I was compelled to go to the delegate and the syndic, who charged me to have no more meetings. I appealed to the Statute of the Kingdom, Art. 32. I was obliged to bear many insults with patience, but in this affair I had at least the opportunity of presenting Christ Jesus, while with all my power I resisted their depriving me of my rights. On the 8th I was summoned to appear before the prefect. He was more gentle, and informed me that the accusations made against me had their origin in what I had said in shops. He begged me to discontinue them for a time, until the National Guard had withdrawn, so as not to exasperate the priests to make demonstrations. I did not think it right to persevere. From the 6th to the 12th many attempts were made to get me to leave Fano; so that yesterday I found myself with the husband and wife, and the old man aged eighty-one, who could not leave the house in consequence of injuries from stones thrown at him. It is impossible to describe the amount of persecution in those parts—my children having been run after in the streets with cries of 'Protestants'; they have been beaten, and were told that they ought to be baptised in the river; my wife, also, has to bear insulting words from the women; and I have been advised by kind friends not to go into the central streets. I am no longer able to take a walk, as my life is hunted like a hare. After thirteen months in Fano, the only fruit is one old man of eighty, who has been tempted with money to send me out of his house. Another man and his wife give me the best hopes; but the old man is ready, even to enduring the funeral pile. I would say before God, as did St. Paul, that as regards this city I have nothing on my conscience. I have done for it all that was in my power; and if I must leave it, I am content to do so, for God has, in the midst of danger, made me see one single soul converted. The work truly is his, not mine."

On the 23rd September he writes from Pesaro, that he will be without a *locale* in that place in the month of November. "Several of us have been seeking for one, but I have been rejected by all, as if I were the worst of men. But we have at last found an avaricious man, whose god is money, who will take us into his house, or rather his stable, under the condition of paying a year's rent in advance. We shall probably close with him."

"And now, being obliged to come to a decision whether it is well to remain in these parts, I am inclined to say, after my late experience at Rimini, that I ought to remain, since the friends at that place beg of me so earnestly to be firm—at least, a little longer. Here, at Pesaro, the meeting does not increase—eight to twelve persons are usually present, but I can say that some of them are worthy Christians."

"I have received an invitation to go to the barracks of the Gens d'Armes to announce the Gospel; for there is a brigadier who seldom fails of coming to our meeting, and bringing others. Dear sir, if I have expressed a wish to leave Pesaro, I do not know whether it has not come from my dead heart and from my spirit being depressed by continual scorn, not so much of myself as of my family, when at Fano. In truth, I do not like to give up Rimini; my landlord weeps when I leave it for Pesaro."

"Pesaro, 9th Oct.—Immediately on receiving this letter, I beg you to send me a few lines, for without a good *locale* I cannot remain here; and as it is extremely difficult to find any one willing to receive me into his house, I believe we must adapt ourselves to circumstances, though it is an injustice to demand a whole year's rent in advance. But let it not appear that I am anxious to remain at Pesaro, for I am most willing to go; nevertheless, some ought in this case to come, considering the promising state of things at Rimini, in which place also we cannot any longer meet in the house of Gaetano, who changes his residence at the end of the month. Here in Pesaro, I have a reunion three times a week in the barrack of the Gendarmerie, at one o'clock p.m., which reunion consists of the servant and cook of the prefect, besides the sergeant and corporal and several policemen, and three women. We meet in number, seven, nine, ten, or twelve persons. The under-prefect has come to the room in the evening, as also the captain of the gendarmerie, an excellent man. Four students have come to the meeting in consequence of having read the answer to the bishop; they came for the first time on the 26th; they are well-educated and moral men. That evening I spoke upon the third chapter of John, and they expressed satisfaction. On the second occasion of their coming, a discussion arose upon the subject of the Divinity of Christ, one of the students, named Ventinini, defending the truth equally with myself. This evening, not having made preparation, I merely spoke in general terms, and the hearers were satisfied. The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth evenings I took up the subject more fully, according to the small ability which the Lord has given me. Of these four fine young men, two have purchased Bibles, and one a Testament. One only has any remaining doubts, and the others only need the effectual application of the truth to their hearts. Satan has indeed begun to sift us as wheat is sifted, by means of that diabolic book of Renan upon the 'Life of Christ'; I say diabolic, for I have read two volumes. But who can say whether God has not permitted this to awaken us? we having become drowsy in the Church of Christ, and this being a day when we ought to be very watchful, for the enemy comes with all the seductions possible. Yes, let us watch and pray, clinging more and more closely to the cross of Christ, like Mary sitting at his feet, seeing that God has given to us to choose the good part, which shall not be taken from any one, either by Satan or his servants."

From the same, Oct. 12, 1863:—"I have to inform you that on Saturday there was circulated in all the churches an invitation to all persons to come to the cathedral, where were to be held conferences, and the theologian, Ortolani, was to speak against Protestantism, in which invitation I was insulted under the name of an incarnate Satan. Immediately the police carried off all these invitations, and on Sunday, at four o'clock, the crowd could not enter the cathedral; the police, high and low, were there in disguise; and the orator, seeing himself thus surrounded, changed the subject of his discourse, and scarcely touched on Protestantism, only pointing to Luther as putting down the worship of images, and to us as worse than Luther. I repeat that the meeting in the barracks continues; and that all the police, high and low, wish me well; and wonderful it is that the Lord has honoured me to preach there where so much opposition was long raised against me. Blessed, then, be the name of the Lord Jesus, who accomplishes what we could not even think of. On Saturday I had another difficulty on the subject of our Lord's Divinity, but I never quoted the passages of Scripture referred to in my letter of the 8th. Wherefore, I again request any book suitable upon this subject, seeing that I must be master of it, since these sad tares are more than ever sown in our poor Italy. Pray to the Lord for me, that he may give me more and more the spirit of grace."

(Signed) "GAETANO GHIANIEL"

Can we read of the painful struggles of this solitary soldier of the Cross without sympathising with him and offering up prayer for him, as he earnestly entreats us to do in almost every letter? His own conviction, and ours also, is that God has employed him to sow much good seed, and that others will enter into the harvest.

Literary Notices.

Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile. By JOHN HANNING SPEKE, Captain H.M. Indian Army. Blackwood and Sons, 1863. 8vo., pp. 653.

[FIRST NOTICE.]

"A NOBLE purpose nobly won" might well be taken by Captain Speke as the motto of the narrative of this wonderful journey. The problem which puzzled the world from the earliest times, which all the wisdom of the Egyptians could not solve, has been solved. That which Pharaohs and Emperors, Roman Viceroy and Turkish Pacha longed to achieve, has been achieved; and by whom? By two intrepid Englishmen, who, with no pomp of retinue, no vast resources to fall back upon, carried out their determination by simple energy of will, by courage that feared not beast nor savage, and by diplomatic tact which could unravel the meshes of even African deceit. There is but one thing about this book which we could wish had been otherwise; we allude to the way in which Captain Speke mentions those who had preceded him, or accompanied him, if indeed he mentions them at all. Captain Grant's name does not occur as often as we had expected in the narrative; and Mr. Petherick, who has long been our consul at Khartoum, and done as much as any man in promoting African discovery, is spoken of in no better terms than as "an ivory merchant who had spent many years on the Nile" (p. 4). We have alluded to a defect; let us turn to an excellence of the narrative—its unadorned simplicity of style. In plain, vigorous language, probably in almost the very terms in which he wrote his diary at the evening halting-place, Captain Speke relates the occurrences of each day: so that with no comment of his, no exaggeration of difficulties, we can see how numerous and incessant were the obstructions which the expedition had to contend with, and how hard-won was its ultimate success. We purpose to trace Captain Speke's route from the beginning to the end, and then to put together the different notices he gives us of the African tribes, so as to set before our readers as clear a view as we can of the nature and character of the natives who inhabit the country through which he passed.

Captain Speke had discovered the Victoria Nyanza Lake on July 30th, 1858, and came to the conclusion that it would eventually prove to be the source of the Nile. On his second expedition, therefore, he determined to re-visit and explore this lake, and, if possible, descend the Nile from the point at which it issues from it. His starting point was Zanzibar, an Arab settlement on the east coast of Africa, ruled by an Arab Sultan. In the introduction to his travels he thus briefly and graphically describes the country through which he had to pass:—

The continent of Africa is something like a dish turned upside down, having a high and flat central plateau, with a

higher rim of hills surrounding it; from below which, externally, it suddenly slopes down to the flat strip of land bordering on the sea.—Page 14.

On October 2nd, 1860, the party started from Zanzibar. For the next fifteen days their march lay across the flat strip, a district termed Uzaramo; "uniformly well covered with trees and large grasses, which, in the rainy season, are too thick, tall, and green to be pleasant; though in the dry season, after the grasses have been burnt, it is agreeable enough, though not pretty, owing to the flatness of the land."

We give Captain Speke's account of the start, because it not only shows the fatigue inseparable from African travel, but is a good illustration of the faithless, runaway character of the African population:—

Starting on a march with a large mixed caravan, consisting of one corporal and nine privates, Hottentots (these had been given him by Sir George Gray at the Cape); one jemadar and twenty-five privates, Beluchas (a guard of honour given by the Sultan to conduct the expedition through Uzaramo); one Arab, Caffa Bashi, and seventy-five freed slaves; one kirangozi, or leader, and one hundred negro porters; twelve mules, untrained, three donkeys, and twenty-two goats; one could hardly expect to find everybody in his place at the proper time for breaking ground; but, at the same time, it could hardly be expected that ten men, who had actually received their bounty money, and had sworn fidelity, should give one the slip the very first day. Such, however, was the case. Ten out of the thirty-six given by the Sultan ran away, because they feared that the white men, whom they believed to be cannibals, were only taking them into the interior to eat them; and one pagazi (negro porter), more honest than the freed men, deposited his pay upon the ground, and ran away too. Go we must, however; for one desertion is sure to lead to more; and go we did. Our procession was in this fashion: the kirangozi, with a load on his shoulder, led the way, flag in hand, followed by the pagazis carrying spears, or bows and arrows in their hands, and bearing their share of the baggage in the shape either of bolster-shaped loads of cloth and beads covered with matting, each tied into the fork of a three-pronged stick, or else coils of brass or copper wire, tied in even weights to each end of sticks, which they laid on the shoulder; then, helter-skelter, came the Wanguas (freed-men), carrying carbines in their hands, and boxes, bundles, tents, cooking-pots—all the miscellaneous property—on their heads; next, the Hottentots, dragging the refractory mules laden with ammunition boxes, but very lightly, to save the animals for the future; and, finally, Sheikh Said and the Beluch escort; while the goats, sick women, and stragglers brought up the rear.—Page 18.

The two travellers divided the work of the expedition between them. Captain Speke took observations and timed the rate of march, for the purpose of constructing a map. Besides this, he sketched, and kept a diary—a duty which he says was the most troublesome part of all his work—and made geological and zoological collections. "With Captain Grant rested the botanical collections and thermometrical registers. He also kept the rain gauge, and undertook the photography." Their rate of march seems to have averaged ten miles a day.

On leaving Uzaramo, the party began to ascend the hills forming the east coast range—the rim which surrounds the central plateau. The elevation of that plateau above the sea is 2,500 feet, while the highest peaks of the hills surrounding it attain a height of 5,000 or 6,000 feet.

The hill-tops and sides, where not cultivated, are well covered with bush and small trees, amongst which the bamboo is conspicuous; whilst the bottoms, having a soil deeper and richer, produce fine large *Acacia*-trees of exceeding beauty, the huge calabash, and a variety of other trees.

Here, in certain places, where water is obtainable throughout the year, and wars, or slave-hunts, more properly speaking, do not disturb the industry of the people, cultivation thrives surprisingly; but such a boon is rarely granted them. It is in consequence of the constantly recurring troubles that the majority of the villages are built on hill-spurs, where the people can the better resist attack, or failing, disperse and hide effectually.—Page 31.

Again, when in the centre of the hills, he says:—

The scenery was most interesting, with every variety of hill, roll, plateau, and ravine, wild and prettily wooded; but we saw nothing of the people. Like frightened rats, as soon as they caught the sound of our advancing march, they buried themselves in the jungles, carrying off their grain with them. Foraging parties, of necessity, were sent out as soon as the camp was pitched, with cloth for purchases, and strict orders not to use force; the upshot of which was, that my people got nothing but a few arrows fired at them by the lurking villagers, and I was abused for my squeamishness.—Page 43.

By the last week in November, they had descended from the hills into the country of Ugogo, a wild "plateau of rolling ground," where their powers of endurance were sorely tried by famine, the desertions of their men, and the treacherous intrigues of the native chiefs. Heavy rain fell almost incessantly, and it was with difficulty that they pushed through the thick jungle. Of course, the native porters seized the opportunity for stealing off, with their loads, into the bush. For meat they depended on their guns. At last, however, they got through, and arrived in safety on Christmas Eve, 1860, at Kaze, "the great central slave and ivory merchants' dépôt." There they were hospitably entertained by Musa, an Arab chief.

The presence of these Arabs is one of the greatest impediments to travelling in this part of Africa. They are ever ready to engage in war, because in war they can obtain most easily and cheaply a supply of that which is of the greatest value to them—slaves; and they encourage feuds between neighbouring tribes, because a feud is a state of things favourable for the catching and selling of captives. At the present time, there was a greater commotion than ordinary. The Arabs were waging war against a native chief, Manua Sera by name, and had allied themselves with a wandering and ferocious tribe, the Watuta. This so terrified all the other natives, that our travellers could obtain no porters, every man being afraid to leave his home. For nearly four months the expedition was detained by these causes at Kaze.

Kaze is the capital of Unyamuezi, the Country of the Moon, and is distant from the coast about three hundred miles, in a straight line. Captain Speke thus describes the district:—

It is little inferior in size to England, and of much the same shape; though now, instead of being united, it is cut up into petty states. There are no historical traditions known to the people; neither was anything ever written concerning their country, as far as we know, until the Hindoos, who traded with the east coast of Africa, opened commercial dealings with its people in slaves and ivory, possibly some time prior to the birth of our Saviour, when, associated with their name, Men of the Moon, sprang into existence the Mountains of the Moon. These Men of the Moon are hereditarily the greatest traders in Africa; and are the only people who, for love of barter and change, will leave their own country as porters, and go to the coast, and they do so with as much zest as our country folk go to a fair. The whole of their country ranges from 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea-level—a high plateau, studded with little

outcropping hills of granite, between which, in the valleys, there are numerous fertilising springs of fresh water, and rich iron ore is found in sandstone. Generally industrious—much more so than most other negroes—they cultivate extensively, and make cloths of cotton in their own looms; smelt iron, and work it up very expertly; build temples (mud cottages) to live in over a large portion of their country, but otherwise live in grass huts; and keep flocks and herds of considerable extent.—Page 85.

Incessant difficulties now beset the expedition, into which we need not enter minutely. Captains Speke and Grant at first started northward together. The difficulty of getting porters forced them to separate, and Captain Speke went forward a few miles alone; but the troubles caused by the never-to-be-satiated rapacity of the native chiefs—to every one of whom a tribute and a present had to be paid—and the desertion of his men, through fear of the Watuta, and through reluctance to forced work, and finally his own illness, forced him back to Kaze. This was in July, 1861. With no longer delay than was necessary, he engaged two new guides, and started afresh, still in advance of Captain Grant, and proceeded northwards. The same fate befell him a second time. He entered the territory of a chief named Lumeresi, who professed friendship, and demanded, as usual, a more than usually extortionate tribute. Here the guides deserted; Grant was absent, and Speke fell ill. Under this pressure of misfortune, no wonder he wrote—

I knew not what to do, for it appeared to me that, do what I would, we would never succeed; and in my weakness of body and mind, I actually cried like a child over the whole affair. I would rather have died than have failed in my journey, and yet failure seemed at this juncture inevitable.—Page 149.

We think that few men, save the most true and lion-hearted, would have written that paragraph. It is only the really great who dare confess to the weakness that sickness and disappointment reduces them to. At last the prospect seemed to brighten, as it often does when it seems to be darkest, and Captain Grant was enabled to rejoin Captain Speke, after having been pillaged by false friends on the road; and the two started together, and reached the kingdom of Usui in safety.

Then began, over again, the same system of tedious extortion. In every petty kingdom they met with a like demand for money—that is, for brass wire and clothes, and when that was given, an equally rapacious demand for more. Sometimes they had to put up with shameless thieving, and to take to their fire-arms as a protection. Once, indeed, they gained great credit from the natives for shooting a magician, who hitherto had been believed to be invulnerable. The superstitions of these people were curious. A royal minister would accept gladly a sixpenny pocket-handkerchief, as a present for his master, and deem it "an imperial work, worthy of kings;" but he dreaded to receive a six-chamber revolving rifle, "for fear the king, his master, should think he had brought him a malign charm, and he would be in danger of losing his head." All this delay, within fifty miles of the Nyanza Lake, must have sorely tried our travellers' patience. At last, however, they got clear, and having spent the time from January to November in travelling a distance of a hundred miles, they got clear of "protectors and pillagers," and entered the district of Karague.

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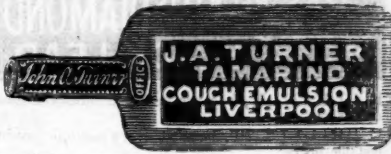
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[13]



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